

JANUARY 1907.

TEN CENTS

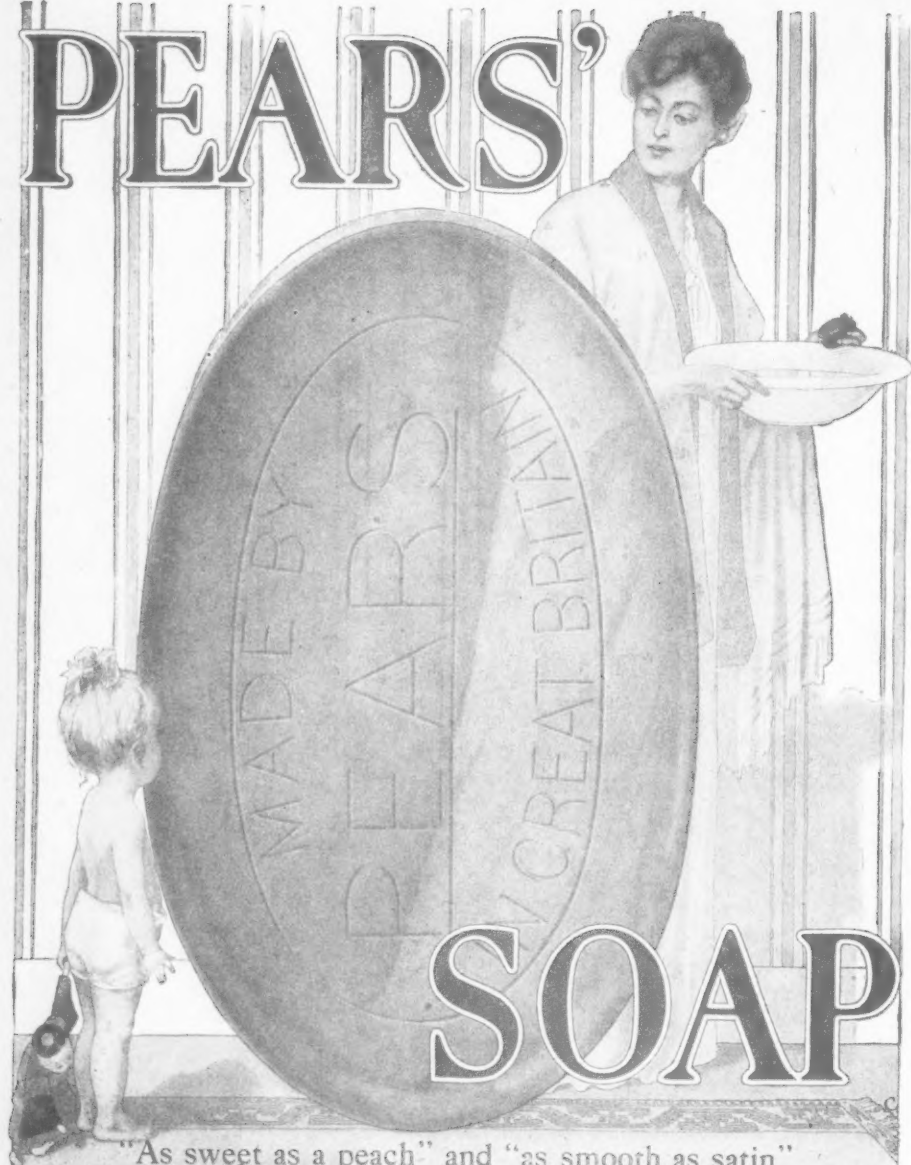
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



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PEARS'



"As sweet as a peach" and "as smooth as satin"
is baby's skin after a bath with Pears' Soap

Matchless for the Complexion

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

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My Creed

Faith in God

Hope for myself and
helpfulness for others

Charity and love
for all humankind

Joe Mitchell Chapple.



A WINTER STORM ON THE MAINE COAST

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXV

JANUARY, 1907

NUMBER FOUR



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHEN the president returned from Panama, hale and hearty, one of the first questions asked him was, "Will the canal be dug?"

"*Ab-so-lutely!*" and in that word, when uttered by Theodore Roosevelt, there is an emphasis and meaning which cannot be misinterpreted.

With the realization that three-fifths of the Culebra cut—the great obstacle which puzzled and baffled the engineers—has already been dug, it is not unreasonable for the president to confidently expect to make a trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific via Panama Canal.

Bronzed from the sea voyage, in his usual health and vigor, and with all the vivacity of earlier days, the president began his work promptly at nine-forty-five in the morning, after his arrival from Panama. It was quite a change from the somewhat dull time that the city had had without him. There were not many visitors at the White House during those days, but the moment it was understood that the revolving chair in the executive office was once more occupied, the steady stream began. Among the first callers were Vice President Fairbanks and Senator Cullom, preceding the stream of senators and congressmen who had returned to the city.

As the vice president was leaving the White House, he met Secretary Root.

"Good morning, Mr. Secretary, how is the Ambassador to the Whole World today?"

The secretary seemed in no wise surprised,

but, proving the power of association, cheerfully replied that he was "feeling bully."

Secretary Taft and Secretary Shaw came in together, and the former was laughing heartily at one of the new Shaw jokes. Everybody entered the cabinet room in good humor.

Did the president enjoy the trip?—why, he did not need to say so! Every action, every word, told the story positively, and it was plain that he had returned invigorated, to say nothing of the importance of having personally inspected the great undertaking of the age, as well as visiting Porto Rico and coming into personal touch with the men behind the guns in Uncle Sam's great navy.

For the few days on the high seas the president was care and fancy free—not a moment of the time dragged, for the navy boys made it a merry time for the president. There were concerts and entertainments, and talent of all kinds was in evidence, from the highest class of concert obligato music to a few "purring" rounds with the gloves.

The president left his barber at home, and yet he returned without a scar, after having shaved himself all the time he was gone, and on shipboard, too. Now, the question is, "What kind of razor did he use?"

* * *

It was on a beautiful morning that the president began work on his return. The doors and windows were all open, and the bright autumn time of Washington was at its



GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
AFTER MARCH 4, 1907



GEORGE VON L. MEYER, NEWLY APPOINTED POSTMASTER
GENERAL AFTER MARCH 4, 1907

best; the glory of the fall day seemed to gild and beautify everything. The cabinet officers were prompt in arriving, and none of them had to "ring in late." There was Postmaster General Cortelyou, who came along with a mammoth "lunch basket" from the Postoffice Department. This wicker basket is lined with stout leather and contains post-office documents and appointments, and other matters which require perhaps more detail work from the president than is bestowed on any other single department.

At eleven o'clock on the same day, the first



OSCAR S. STRAUSS, WHO SUCCEEDS METCALF AS SECRETARY OF COMMERCE AND LABOR

cabinet meeting was held that had occurred since November 8. There is no doubt that a graphic and picturesque account of the Panama trip was given, and I heard it said that Burton Holmes will have to look close to his "travelogues" if ever the president takes to the lecture platform.

* * *

AS the Louisiana entered Hampton Roads, all hands were piped on deck, and the president made a memorable speech which some of the navy boys have committed to



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

memory. In those few minutes, he indicated the thorough grasp of what is essential for the making of a superlative navy. He pointed out the fact that every enlisted man who remained with the service for thirty years would retire at the age of fifty or fifty-five on a pension of approximately \$900 a year. He also appealed to each man to fit himself in time of peace, so that he could continue to turn a new page in the long honor roll of United States history. He complimented the navy on the

Washington, and Charles W. Anderson, collector of revenue; in New York, were there in person to plead the cause of the dismissed infantry men.

After a few days, the reports of the different departments were to be issued, and every cabinet officer was at work giving the finishing touches. There never has been a year in which the staid, and sometimes perfunctory, documents called reports—issued by the various departments—have been so galvanized



AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AMBASSADOR, BARON HENGELMULLER AND WIFE AND DAUGHTER, AT WHITE HOUSE

marvelous advance made in marksmanship, and asked them to remember the word "forward,"—and then the engines were let out a link or two and a speed record was made appropriate for the swift pace of the strenuous passenger aboard.

* * *

THAT first day's session was a busy one, and the president stood pat on his order to discharge the colored troops who participated in the affair at Brownsville. Mr. E. G. Scott, private secretary to Booker T.

with live reading matter as they are now. They will look like letters from Patroleum V. Nasby when simplified spelling is exclusively used.

The cabinet meeting lasted far into the lunch hour, so I thought I would make a round of the departments and see how they were getting on. It is a long walk up to the Agricultural Department, and there is no street car available, but I felt repaid when I saw how rapidly the handsome new marble building was progressing, but even now it will

not be adequate to the demands of the Agricultural Department, though it is but now issuing its tenth annual report.

* * *

AT the first cabinet meeting held after the president's return from Panama, he was enthusiastic over the fact that he had "seen the dirt fly" and had talked and mingled with the workmen, whom he found in good spirits. It is certainly encouraging that dur-

Since his voyage, the president has officially urged in his message that the people of Porto Rico should have citizenship and be known abroad and at home as American citizens.

* * *

Every officer and enlisted man now afloat realizes more than ever that no stauncher friend of the navy than President Roosevelt ever occupied the presidential chair. Their appreciation of his friendship was manifest



BRITISH EMBASSY DRAWING ROOM

ing the last three months not a single American has died in Panama from disease, which proves that sanitary conditions there must be well in hand. All other details of the canal work came under the vigilant eye of the president, and it is surprising what can be seen in eighteen days when the specific purpose of the visitor is "observation."

The president was highly honored by the people and officials of Panama, and the cordiality of his reception cemented a bond of friendship between the United States and this youngest republic.

after leaving Porto Rico, on the deck of the Louisiana, in the entertainment given him, which was generally voted a most successful performance. At this festivity, there were reserved seats on the "stage," and everybody entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion. While rigid discipline is always maintained on board a man-of-war, this was one time when the officers and commissary department were not immune from the jokes of the funny man among the Jacky artistes.

The program of the evening opened with the overture "The Bridal Rose," and closed

with a bout between the bo'sun's mate and the gunner's mate, revealing a wide variety of talent—an extra round thrown in for good measure.

One thing which impressed the president was the fact that so many men in the navy spend their spare moments in improving their



COLONEL BROMWELL, THE PRESIDENT'S AIDE DE CAMP

mental condition. He was especially gratified to learn that a number were taking a course in a correspondence school.

* * *

IT is always interesting to be in Washington at the opening of Congress, for even at the last moment the street cars and

cabs and hotels are filled with the late comers. There is a hearty handshake at the station and the hotels. What a living spectacle of Democracy this procession at Washington represents! They come from every state and territory—there are delegates from Porto Rico, Hawaii, and far-off Alaska. It is well to pause and consider the remarks of Macaulay as to the futility of republics. Conditions today are such as could not have been conceived of in those early days, when philosophers measured the great Future by a prescribed Present.

The government of the United States today is essentially a business corporation; a sort of mutual company, as it were, meeting to preserve the old-fashioned standards of integrity and probity, yet always casting the weather eye on the business phase of the propositions as they come and go.

The old-time lobby has passed away, and the larger knowledge of public affairs that today comes even to remote constituencies, has brought them into close contact with



PORFIRIO DIAZ, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO

affairs at Washington, closer than even the lobbyist was in years gone by. In fact, sometimes one has to go away from Washington to get a good perspective of the doings at the Capital. The rigidity of regulations in re-



THE PERSIAN MINISTER
MR. CONSTANTINE PENN, MINISTER
FROM DENMARK
BARON VON STERNBERG, GERMAN AM-
BASSADOR

VISCOUNT AOKI, FIRST JAPANESE AM-
BASSADOR SENT TO THIS COUNTRY

M. CALVO, COSTA RICA MINISTER
BARON VON SWINDEREN, NETHERLANDS
MINISTER
CHIKIH BEY, TURKISH MINISTER

gard to giving out news to the public is another simple evidence of the strictly business methods of the present administration.

There may be some who mourn the past glories of forensic eloquence, the fascinating



CONGRESSMAN REUBEN O. MOON OF PENNSYLVANIA

uncertainties that followed the manipulations of devoted and strong individual leadership, but most will agree that today it is well the actual leadership rests more than ever with the people. Public sentiment was never so sensitive as today. The old-time qualities that counted in leadership are no longer all-powerful. The primary ballot has eliminated personal contact with the people, and when candidates are elected, in many cases, the people are surprised that they have chosen a man of such unknown good qualities, and, on the other hand, they are often surprised that they are voting a name without knowing the man—a method which has, in some instances, proved disappointing.

* * *

THE secretary of the Agricultural Department was in a genial frame of mind, because—his report was finished. The first nine pages of this document literally reads like a romance. Mere figures cannot convey an adequate idea of the facts with which it

deals; for it is astonishing to learn that \$6,784,000,000 represent the production of American farms, an increase of nearly a half-billion over 1905 and of \$636,000,000 over 1904. Most of the gain in 1906 is due to the increased production of food, horses and animals, and to the high prices prevailing. The general crops reveal gains in values over the crops of 1905, giving a total and substantial increase of \$22,000,000.

The value of all cereal crops dropped \$40,000,000, but that did not seem to make much difference, as the yield increased 100,000,000 bushels. Corn still remains king, with nearly three billion bushels production, valued at over a billion dollars. Cotton is \$640,000,000; hay, \$600,000,000; potatoes, \$150,000,000; barley, \$165,000,000; tobacco, \$55,000,000; sugar, \$34,000,000; flax seed, \$25,000,000; rice, \$18,000,000; rye, \$17,000,000, and hops, \$7,000,000. The reader will notice that we are now "talking in millions," and the prophecy that in future we shall "talk



CONGRESSMAN BEMAN G. DAWES OF OHIO

in billions" must not be regarded as wholly the vision of an impractical dreamer.

If this increase continues, the American farmer will illustrate in a new manner the old myth of Midas, who turned everything

he touched into gold, but no disastrous results will follow the wealth of the modern Midas, for the tendency of the present time is to see that the worker shall not lose his rightful share of the stream of gold which he has labored to bring forth; while his own common sense will save him from the sad fate that befell the poor old king long ago.

* * *

WHEN it comes to energy and eloquence, the career of Assistant Secretary Reynolds is one of the chief factors of the G. O. P. (Grand Old Party) game, in which good play is always looked for under the emblem of the elephant.

A controversy recently arose in reference to a charge on some elephants which were being imported into this country, and while the decision was pending the beasts were left on the hands of the department through which they were obliged to pass, and of which Secretary Reynolds is one of the moving spirits. But "Jimmy" was equal to the emergency, and his training as secretary of a state central committee now served him well.



CONGRESSMAN WALTER F. BROWNLOW OF TENNESSEE

He thought, "If I can only provide hay enough for those elephants to keep them in good condition until I deliver them to their owners, I shall be all right."

So he arranged to have the animals exhibited, and the gate-receipts realized funds enough to pay for the keep of the elephants while they remained in the possession of



CONGRESSMAN JOHN A. MOON OF TENNESSEE

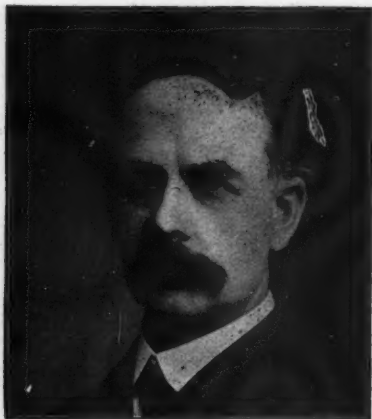
Uncle Sam. They were not only kept, but they were well-fed with bundle after bundle of rich, sweet-scented meadow hay—and all owing to the ingenuity of Jimmy Reynolds!

Before he thought of this plan for feeding his charges, he certainly must have felt some perplexity, for he was heard to say:

"When it comes to putting up hay for cows and horses, or sheep, I know what to do; but when it is a case of elephants, and supplying car-load lots, I am rather in a quandary. Our Oriental friends have their troubles, as well as the fellows who run conveyances with gasoline and electric sparkers."

The trouble in keeping the elephants was, of course, that, being seized for the duties, there was no appropriation for feeding them; for, strange to say, Congress has not considered the possibility of such an occurrence, and has provided no fund for the purchase of hay to feed elephants, and no money can be appropriated for this or any other purpose until it is accounted for. It looked for a time as though the elephants might die of

starvation, but when Secretary Reynolds gazed into the eyes of the hungry beasts his sympathy was stirred, and the waving trunks were no longer lifted in vain.



JOHN S. HAMILTON, EX-PRESIDENT AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION, HOOPESTON, ILL.



H. F. WHEELER, MANAGER HOTEL ST. JAMES
WASHINGTON, D. C.

RIDING on the train going into Cleveland the other day, I was interested in conversing with a veteran conductor of the Lake Shore Road. We fell to discussing the appointment of James R. Garfield, as a member of the president's cabinet. We were then passing Mentor, the old home of the martyred president. Out on the horizon was the old farm home which the president loved so

well. As we passed by Garfield Lane, named in honor of the president, the conductor remarked:

"Many a time I have stopped the train here, and," with a thoughtful whiff at his pipe, "I remember how the president loved this place, and his boys—they are good boys too,—love the old home. I recall the time when the train had Roscoe Conkling on board. An imperious cuss he was, but we just felt like obeying his black eyes.

It was evident that the old friends and neighbors had followed the career of the Garfield boys with a great deal of interest. Harry Garfield, long a prominent citizen of Clevel-



MRS. CLARK, WIFE OF SENATOR CLARK OF MONTANA

land, is now in New York, and "Jimmy"—as he is known among his intimates—has been a friend of President Roosevelt for some time past, and they have enjoyed many a hard-fought game of tennis together. It is especially appropriate that he should "serve" at inside "court" and keep the ball bounding.

Then, as the train passed through, we looked upon the beautiful monument at Lake View, where rests the remains of President Garfield, who will always be remembered as the boy who followed the canal tow path to the presidency, and whose sons have reflected honor upon a great name in history.



MRS. ST. BULMER, ONE OF WASHINGTON'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES
 MISS WILLIAMS, DAUGHTER OF HON. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS OF MISSISSIPPI
 MISS FRANCES CASSEL, DAUGHTER OF CONGRESSMAN CASSEL
 MISS ENID SHAW, DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
 MISS GLADYS LAWSON, DAUGHTER OF THOMAS W. LAWSON
 BARONESS ELIZABETH ROSEN, RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER
 MRS. PERSHING, DAUGHTER OF SENATOR WARREN OF WYOMING
 MISS MARION LAWSON, THIRD CHILD OF THOMAS W. LAWSON
 MISS ROCKHILL, DAUGHTER OF THE UNITED STATES MINISTER TO CHINA
 MISS THEODORA SHONTS, DAUGHTER OF COMMISSIONER SHONTS
 MISS ERMA SHAW, DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
 MISS EVLYN WALSH, DAUGHTER OF THOMAS F. WALSH. NOW ABROAD



CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM J. ZENOR OF INDIANA

WHENEVER a new proposition comes up in Washington, there is a large corps of men who insist upon delving into the archives of the past, to find out a precedent for the decision.

After the president dismissed the infantrymen on account of the affair at Brownsville, it was soon discovered that no less a person than General Robert E. Lee had taken a similar course on account of a lynching which occurred at Fort Davis. Strange as it may seem, both that disturbance and the one now agitating military circles were occasioned by the killing of a bartender. A bartender was killed at Brownsville, and a bartender was lynched at Fort Davis because he had killed a member of the company by striking him with his fist.

The Lee incident occurred during the administration of President Buchanan, but there is no official record of it. In the Lee case the responsibility was assumed by the general himself, who was then in command of the troops in Texas.

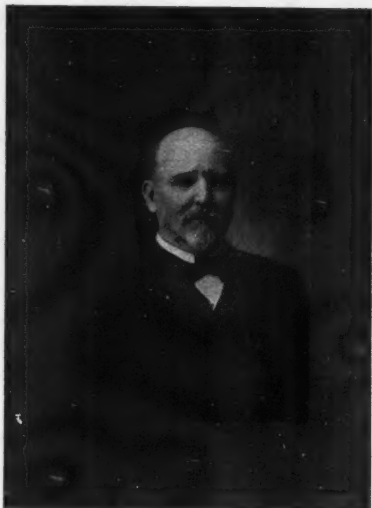
The only surviving member of this company, as far as known, is Captain J. C. Hesse, who is now employed in the office of the military secretary of the army. Captain Hesse was one of the sixty-five members dismissed, but through a personal appeal, and the proving of his previous record and innocence of

complicity with the offence, he was vindicated of any blame.

* * *

CONGRESS will open this year with two Moons in the legislative firmament, and mighty active Moons they are, too.

Congressman John A. Moon of Tennessee served on the Congressional Postal Commission, which met prior to the convening of



CONGRESSMAN EBENEZER J. HILL OF CONNECTICUT

Congress to consider the advance of rate on second class matter from one to four cents, as recommended by Assistant Postmaster General Madden. A vast amount of testimony was taken, and while it is evident that there are abuses, it did not seem to be a logical way of remedying them to raise the rate, thus striking a blow to the periodical interests of the country in order to get at these few abuses. A more rigorous scrutiny of postal arrangements was advocated, but the second class rate will not likely be advanced for the reason that in all the history of postal legislation the tendency has always been to lower the price of mail matter and not to advance it. The commission consisted of Senators Penrose and Carter and Representatives Overstreet of Indiana, Gardiner of New Jersey and Moon of Tennessee.

The other Congressman Moon hails from Pennsylvania. He is a Republican, and is

descended from John Moon, one of the earliest judges of Pennsylvania, who served on the king's commission in 1684.

Mr. Reuben Osborn Moon was a school-teacher in his early days, and later professor in a prominent institution of learning in Philadelphia, and has been prominently engaged in educational and literary fields.

* * *

A STORY is going the rounds of the army and navy circles concerning a young bride and groom who came to Washington for their honeymoon. One day the groom was not feeling very well, and the bride suggested that while he lay down and rested, she would go to do some shopping, and having

"Honey, honey, open the door. I'm back."

Dead silence inside the room, and the lady waiting outside the door began to have dread visions of serious illness inside, or else a creeping fear that the bridegroom had forgotten her and departed in search of some of his old-time bachelor friends. Still, she made a final effort.

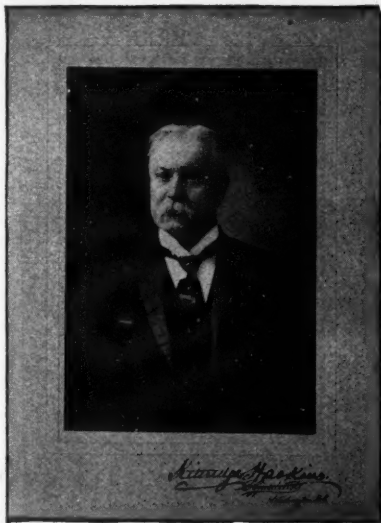
"Honey, are you very ill? Shall I get the doctor, honey?"

She tapped long and loud this time, and when she paused a gruff voice shouted from inside:

"There's no honey here. This isn't a beehive—it's a bathroom."

* * *

A BILL has been introduced in Congress to make the Jamestown Exposition a loan of a million dollars. One who is thoroughly conversant with the facts, insists that no appeal to Congress ever possessed more merit. The precedent of loaning to expositions was made at the time of the St. Louis Exposition, when \$4,500,000 was loaned, and this loan was paid on the dot, and did much to make that great World's Fair the success it was. While the Jamestown Exposition is only asking for a modest amount, compara-



CONGRESSMAN KITTEREDGE HASKINS OF VERMONT

established the gentleman comfortably on the couch, the little lady departed.

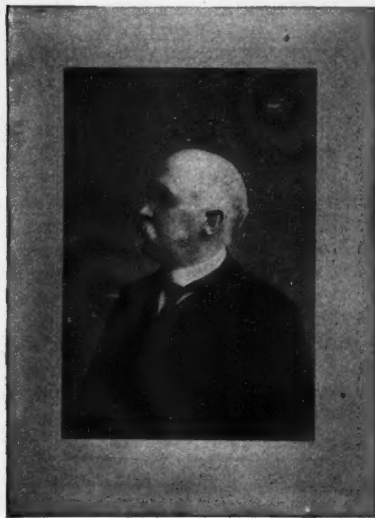
In several hours she returned with her arms full of bundles and the pride of possession in her heart. She came confidently to a door in the long corridor and tapped.

"Here I am, honey."

No answer.

"Honey, honey! It's me. Open the door, honey."

Silence within the room. The little bride began to feel discouraged, but she called and tapped more vigorously than ever.



SENATOR HENRY E. BURNHAM OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

tively, it has much more to offer than the St. Louis Exposition in the way of collateral se-

curity, for not only has it the prospect of gate receipts—which alone would insure the prompt payment of the loan—but the Jamestown organization owns a site and property which are very valuable, and such as have not been possessed by former expositions. They



CONGRESSMAN IRVING F. WANGER OF PENNSYLVANIA

are in the unique position of owning the right and title in fee simple. It is hoped that there will be an awakening in Congress concerning the great importance of making this exposition a success.

The Jamestown Exposition will do more to attract and enthuse the people regarding the navy and its requirements, and will stimulate a broader spirit of national enthusiasm than any other event scheduled for years past in the annals of the nation. It is earnestly hoped that no congressman or senator will hold back in a proposition that means so much to the welfare of the whole country as the making of the Jamestown Exposition a superlative success. Any man who will take pains to look into this matter, will at once see that it will not only do much ethically and economically, but will be of tangible value to the commercial and industrial interests of the country. Many instances might be cited where the growth of new industries and products have found their inception at an exposition, which is often an effective means of

exploiting American manufactures and products throughout the world.

* * *

CONDITIONS would not be normal in Washington unless there was a suggestion of diplomatic friction somewhere—the “acute” situation so often told about—and now a small, black cloud appears on the horizon—the Japanese situation in Frisco, where the citizens desire to educate the Japanese in separate schools. In this matter Congressman E. A. Hayes, from San Francisco, has taken an aggressive stand, insisting that the people on the spot possess a clearer view of the situation and understand it better than those at a distance, and he sees no reason why the Chinese should be discriminated against in favor of the Japanese.

In this connection, a similar remark was made by a Southern member in reference to race conditions in the South. He stated that people who had not come into actual contact with racial difference could not understand the feeling aroused by it. Diplomatic tact



CONGRESSMAN HENRY E. STEVENS OF CONNECTICUT

and a little time usually straightens out even the “acute” tangles.

The general opinion is that the president is anxious to safeguard every interest of the Japanese, for whom he has evinced a most



MRS. FRANCOIS B. MORAN, A GREAT D. A. E. WOMAN
 MRS. S. J. BOWIE, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN BOWIE OF ALABAMA
 MRS. VAN DUZER, WIFE OF THE REPRESENTATIVE FROM NEVADA
 MRS. ELIHU ROOT, WIFE OF SECRETARY OF STATE. A NOTED SOCIETY LEADER
 MRS. JOHN B. HENDERSON, WIFE OF EX-SENATOR HENDERSON
 MME. BAKHMETIEFF, WIFE OF THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR TO JAPAN
 WIFE AND DAUGHTERS OF THE NEWLY-APPOINTED POSTMASTER GENERAL
 MRS. WILLIAM TAFT, WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR
 MRS. OLMSTED, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN OLMSTED OF PENNSYLVANIA
 MRS. WILLIAM LOEB, WIFE OF PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT
 MRS. R. A. ALGER, WIFE OF SENATOR ALGER OF MICHIGAN
 MRS. C. W. FULTON, WIFE OF SENATOR FULTON OF OREGON

friendly feeling. At the same time, Secretary Metcalf's report has thrown a new light upon the situation, and one which brings the old doctrine of "state rights" into a new and most perplexing prominence.

* * *

AS Postmaster General Cortelyou sits at his desk, which stands diagonally across the corner of his room, one sees the same genial, quiet, forceful man who served as secretary to President McKinley. Here his work was as carefully laid out as when he was clerk in the Postoffice Department, with all the neat-

ripe with age. Then he came upon a handsome concert hall decorated with all the magnificence of modern Italian art. In one of the adjoining music rooms was an Italian master giving a lesson; and it was most suggestive of the musical methods of various peoples to watch Mr. Cortelyou's representation of the manner of the Italian *maestro*. How he walked the floor swiftly to the rhythm of the chords of Chopin, snapping his fingers to give accent and tempo—this quick, staccato sound rang out clearly and sharply above the chords of the piano. It really seemed that it would be impossible for a pupil to fail



CONGRESSMAN GILBERT N. HAUGEN OF IOWA



CONGRESSMAN CHARLES E. FULLER OF ILLINOIS

ness and precision that characterizes all that he does, or that comes under his supervision.

It will interest many of our music-loving readers to learn that the postmaster general, noted for exact detail and painstaking precision in all his work, is one of the best musicians in Washington. He was formerly a student at the New England Conservatory of Music. In heart and soul, he is a true musician, and his familiarity with technique and composition has no little part in infusing a real harmony and system into all his work. I was interested in the story which he told of his visit to Milan, Italy. He related how he found its noted musical conservatory located in an old monastery—dark, dreary,

to catch the spirt of a composition thus taught. The Italian teacher interpreted the theme of the master with a "snap of his finger," thus indicating a deep interest in the theme, and utterly reversing the usual interpretation indicating contempt by a "snap of the fingers."

Mr. Cortelyou had much to do with introducing the musicals at the White House, and has done much to popularize a love of standard music. His sterling loyalty to his old musical ideals, and continued effort to advance them at the capital certainly reflects great credit on the institution at which he studied, of which he is now considered one of the most honored of many celebrated pupils.

A POINT of etiquette recently raised in diplomatic circles queries when and how typewritten letters may be used—when they are and are not correct. The typewriter has come to be so largely employed in almost every class of correspondence that one young man who desired to propose to his sweetheart is said to have had recourse to his stenographer and typewriter girl, and having thus declared his passion and asked for a favorable answer, signed the letter in the usual way, indicating to whom it was dictated and by whom the dictation was given; and then was greatly surprised to learn that the young lady

in longhand rather than on the typewriter. All the president's invitations and regrets are engrossed in a splendid style of penmanship, which resembles the old-time copper-plate, discursive, *chef-d'oeuvres* of Dunton, Scribner and other celebrities, once masters of the almost lost art of beautiful penmanship; and while this fashion prevails, the art of writing will not be quite obliterated in official Washington. Those who have seen these exquisite specimens of chirography have been reminded of the days of dainty and intricate scrolls, spread-eagles flying with outstretched wings, artistic arabesques made with beau-



CONGRESSMAN GORDON RUSSELL OF TEXAS



CONGRESSMAN JAMES A. HUGHES OF WEST VIRGINIA

objected to this method of declaring his affection! She resented "dictation" in wooing.

Now, if a man has quite forgotten the art of handwriting—if the writing muscles of his right hand have become atrophied, and chirography is no longer possible to him, he may have a letter written for him in exquisite longhand; for there are still experts in the art, and he is sure to be quite correct. There is still extant exquisite longhand, written in the durable, old-fashioned, black ink that suggests the use of a quill and sand-box, and to these letters may be appended the undecipherable signature of the man who has forgotten how to write. So now, if you think of inditing a social letter, see that it is written

tifully shaded lines, and capitals perfect in design and proportion, and it certainly seems that such an art is worthy of preservation.

* * *

THE appointment of Attorney General Moody to the Supreme Bench is looked upon as showing that the social and economic development of the country has stimulated the belief that there should be an adequate development of the practical efficiency of the highest legal authorities of the country to meet the obvious growth and development along other lines.

Over at the Department of Justice it was evident that there is going to be



CONGRESSMAN CHARLES E. TOWNSEND OF MICHIGAN

no abatement in the proceedings against the Standard Oil Company. Every technicality and every phase of law in the construction of words in the English language is being brought into play, and this promises to develop into one of the greatest legal battles ever known in the history of the country.



CONGRESSMAN STEVENS E. HENRY OF ROCKVILLE, CONN.

With his dancing-blue eyes and ever-present dimple, it is difficult to conceive of the whilom, energetic young Massachusetts congressman—late a member of Roosevelt's cabinet—with the ineffable dignity of wig and gown. With the wig eliminated from the state regalia of the chief justice, and no other insignia than the black gown, the visitor will see at the end of the bench a young man in the prime of his power, and still possessed of the same avidity for knowledge as when a law student and young attorney at Haverhill.

The appointments for the new cabinet were sent to the senate at the opening session; and hereafter Secretary Cortelyou will preside in

GENERAL H. H. BINGHAM, FATHER OF
THE HOUSE

the Treasury Department, where he will have a view from his window of the equestrienne statue of General William Tecumseh Sherman.

Attorney General Moody's policy in the Department of Justice is by many interpreted to be in keeping with the spirit of law-making and law-enforcement evident at this time. Some philosophers have insisted that the old common law is not adequate, and a too conventional adherence to it has kept the initiative of our law-makers in abeyance, so that



MRS. RIDGELY, WIFE OF COMPTROLLER
OF THE CURRENCY
MRS. GUZMAN, DAUGHTER OF NEW COL-
UMBIAN MINISTER
MRS. CORTELYOU, WIFE OF THE NEWLY-
APPOINTED SECRETARY OF
THE TREASURY

BARONESS HELEN VON GISKRA, WIFE OF
THE COUNSELLOR OF THE AUSTRIA-
HUNGARY EMBASSY
MISS HELEN CANNON, DAUGHTER OF
SPEAKER CANNON
SENORITA ELISA WALKER - MARTINEZ,
DAUGHTER OF THE CHILEAN MINISTER

MME. HANGE, WIFE OF THE NEW MINIS-
TER FROM NORWAY
MRS. ST. PFISTER, BRIDE OF NAVAL AT-
TACHE ST. PFISTER OF THE ITALIAN
EMBASSY
MADAM NABUCCO, WIFE OF THE BRAZIL-
IAN AMBASSADOR

our efforts in that direction have not kept pace with our economic development. The presumed sanctity of the right of civil contract, time-honored and sacred, has been one great aid in building up monopoly; and many sapient prophets look for tremendous changes in



CONGRESSMAN HENRY D. FLOOD OF CONNECTICUT

the future interpretation of existing law during the coming decade.

* * *

WHEN a son is found following a father's footsteps in a congressional career, it is regarded as an indication of a certain strength in American institutions that is not often calculated upon in a democracy. While the republic does not recognize birth as in any way a qualification, still it does recognize ability that asserts itself in the wise son of a wise father.

When the sudden death of Congressman John L. Sheppard shocked his colleagues and constituents, they did honor to his memory in electing Morris Sheppard, his sturdy and energetic son, who finished the unexpired term of his father in the Fifty-Seventh Congress, and ably filled the position which his father had signally honored. He has been elected to each succeeding Congress by large majorities, and after several years of

service, it may be well said that Congressman Morris Sheppard has certainly proved the wisdom of his constituents in electing him to fill the place of his father.

Mr. Sheppard is a lawyer and a bright member of his profession, and has never shirked his duty to the Lone Star State. He is a smooth-faced young man, with a positive and aggressive manner of undertaking the work before him, and he seems to never tire of talking about his home town and his constituency. Alert and progressive, Mr. Sheppard represents a type of the New South, and his home city of Texarkana, now awakening to the full and great possibilities in partaking of the wave of progress and prosperity which is sweeping over the empire of the Southwest.

* * *

WITH the death of Samuel Spencer, president of the Southern railway, one of the commanding figures of the railroad



CONGRESSMAN MORRIS SHEPPARD OF TEXAS

world has forever passed from the stage of life.

Virginian born, a civil engineer, he began life as a rod-man, climbing up steadily by the force of his individuality and ability and energy. In 1888 he became president of the Baltimore & Ohio road, and after that was associated with the great work which has

been carried on in the amalgamation of the Southern railroad interests. Among those who have met and known Samuel Spencer, there will be but one conclusion concerning the man—a bigger, broader, brainier man never held the interests of a railroad system in his hands.

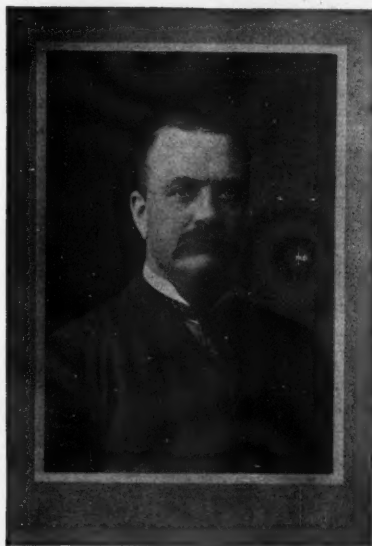
There never was a time when I met him in his office in Washington, that I did not feel that I had come into personal contact with one of the men who, by force and power of character, have certainly left a strong impression on the times in which their lot was cast.

Mr. Spencer was killed in a rear-end collision on his own road, while on his way for a few days' hunting trip; his death was a great shock and loss to the railroad interests.

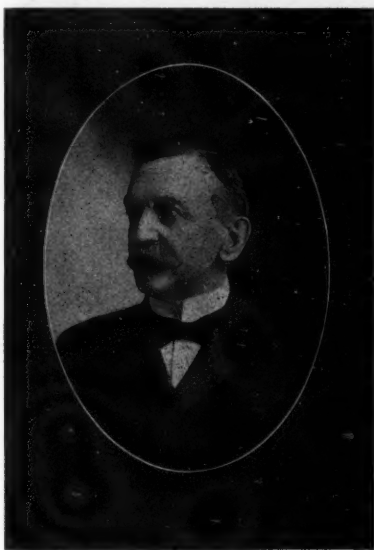
* * *

COMING events at Washington focus upon one captivating question—who will be the next president? This battle will

First, say all, there is the president himself, who has reason to be well satisfied with his stewardship, and when he declares that he will not be a candidate, those who know him best insist that he means it. There may be others who believe that his own per-



CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM A. REEDER OF KANSAS



CONGRESSMAN ADIN B. CAPRON OF RHODE ISLAND

practically be fought out during the coming winter at Washington. It is fascinating to look into the blank pages of the future on which history is still to be written, and speculate as to what names will appear there as presidential candidates and as the ruling spirits of the coming administration of 1908.

sonal wishes in the matter should not be consulted, and that he should consider first the demands of the people. There is no doubt as to President Roosevelt's absolute earnestness in his desire to retire. There is yet the People to be reckoned with, and the American voters have a way of insisting just as hard when they want a man as they do when they do not desire his services.

The generous personality of Secretary William H. Taft looms up; portly, well-groomed and resourceful; and a presidential campaign without a candidate from Ohio would not be considered quite complete. Mr. Taft's candidacy rests, to a certain extent, upon local conditions and political necessities in the great state of Ohio.

Then there is the stately form of Vice President Fairbanks, who has gone along in the even, quiet tenor of his way, in frock coat, with kindly mien, making such speeches as befitted his high office, and attending to its routine of daily work. His friends are



THE LATE CONGRESSMAN J. H. KETCHUM OF NEW YORK

quietly counting upon a large contingent of the old McKinley following when the time comes for choosing delegates, for no man living was ever closer to the martyr-president.



CONGRESSMAN CHARLES Q. TIRRELL, MASSACHUSETTS

Secretary Elihu Root as a cabinet minister is without a peer, and his recent trip to South America will give impetus to the strong hold which he has on the business and industrial interests of the country. His popularity is by no means limited to any one section. To talk five minutes with Elihu Root gives the impression that he covers ground thoroughly and gets right down to conclusions. His earnestness and resolution are shown in his face, and he drives straight to the point every time.

Secretary Shaw's long and illustrious record



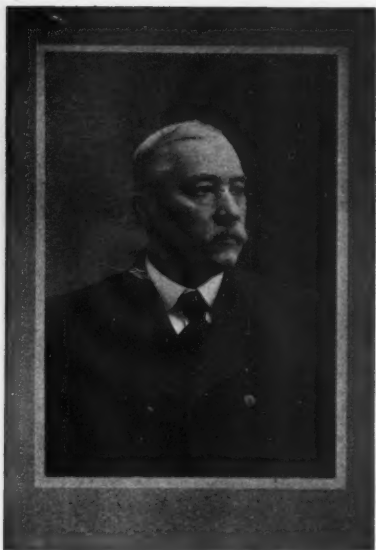
MR. LAEZ ANDERSON, A PROMINENT FIGURE IN DIPLOMATIC AND SOCIAL CIRCLES

in the Treasury Department has been a notable success. As a speaker on the "stump," he is without a superior. There are local conditions in Iowa which have somewhat complicated matters, and yet there are a great many people throughout the country who feel that Secretary Saw is of the stuff of which presidents are made. When he shoves his hands in his pockets and begin to illustrate an intricate point, he makes it clear.

One who has traversed Uncle Joe Cannon's district will realize that he retains an ample



AURARA QUESADA, CUBAN MINISTER'S DAUGHTER AS SPANISH DANCER
 GUNNIE QUESADA, SON OF CUBAN MINISTER, IN FANCY COSTUME
 MRS. CLARENCE MOORE'S LITTLE GIRL IN FANCY DRESS
 SON OF THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR IN FANCY DRESS
 SENATOR FORAKER'S LITTLE SON AS CAPTAIN ARTHUR FORAKER
 MRS. A. LEE'S CHILDREN ON EITHER END; MISS KATHERINE BROWN IN CENTER
 RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR'S LITTLE GIRL IN COSTUME OF FAIRY
 DAUGHTER OF THE EX-GUATEMALA MINISTER, IN FANCY DRESS
 LITTLE DAUGHTER OF COM. BOUTAKOFF, IN COSTUME OF RUSSIAN PEASANT
 BESSIE EDWARDS, DAUGHTER OF COLONEL EDWARDS, AS A FLOWER GIRL
 LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER OF SPEAKER CANNON
 MRS. CLARENCE MOORE'S LITTLE SON, IN FANCY COSTUME



CONGRESSMAN THADDEUS M. MAHON, PENNSYLVANIA

share of the old virility which has always distinguished him; his strength with the plain people is not to be questioned, and his presidential candidacy has already been

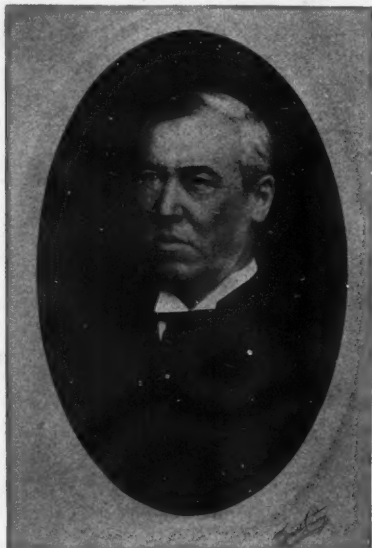


CONGRESSMAN EDWARD DE V. MORRELL, PENNSYLVANIA

modestly announced. No one can meet the speaker and look into his kindly face without realizing that his life work has amply prepared him for the responsibilities of office.

His rugged gray beard, firm-set upper lip and his general expression indicate the determination which certainly is an attribute of American character. He has all the fire and enthusiasm of prime manhood. Whoever can call "Uncle Joe" a friend enjoys a rare distinction. He is of tried stuff. It does not seem a long way from the speaker's room to the White House.

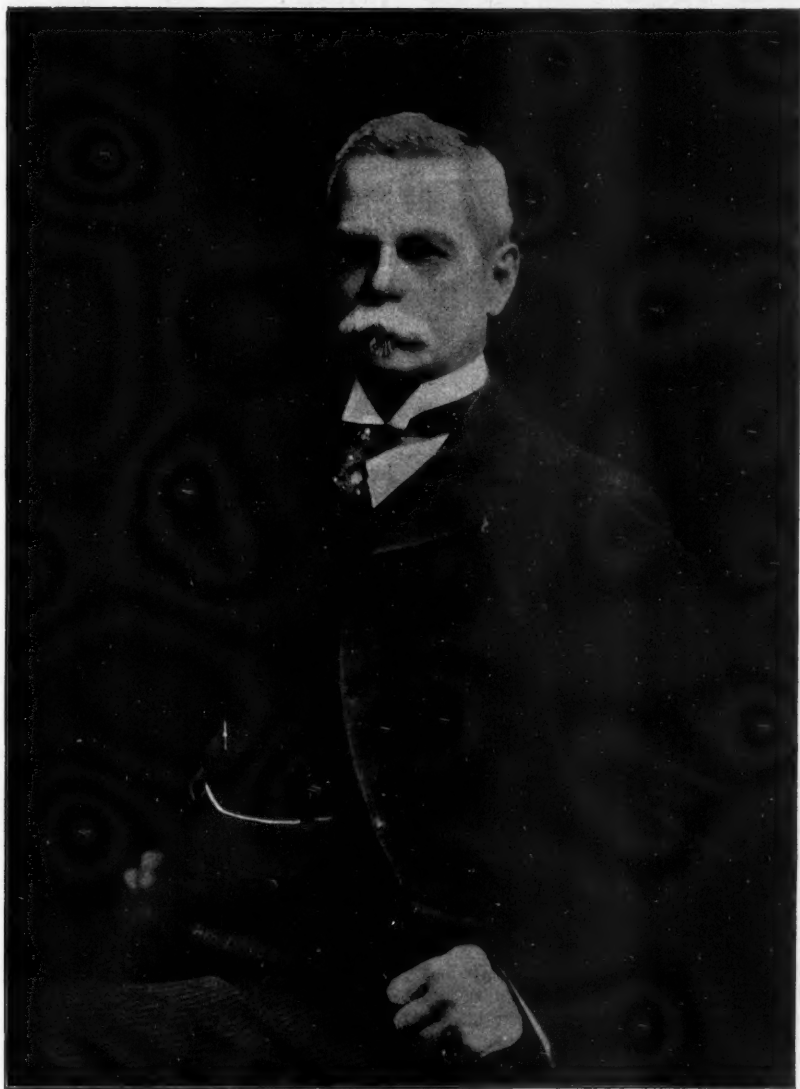
The home-coming of William J. Bryan, and



CONGRESSMAN JAMES B. PERKINS OF NEW YORK

the ovation given him in New York City, have demonstrated that one political party will not furnish all the candidates. One who enjoyed the acquaintance of William Jennings Bryan in early life, before he was thought of as a presidential possibility, and has met him in later years and found him always the same charming, unaffected man, will not fail to appreciate his character. Now he is feted and honored as no private citizen has ever been, and all this right in the enemy's country—so to speak. When this classic-featured man talks, he has listeners all over the world.

William Randolph Hearst has a large



THE LATE SAMUEL SPENCER, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY

personal following in the cities, and a determination that wrests results, where the logical sequence would seem to indicate that it was impossible for him to succeed. While his personality does not greatly inspire confidence among the people, such as they are warranted in feeling in any other of the can-



CONGRESSMAN I. W. WOOD OF NEW JERSEY

didates mentioned, he has always had the happy faculty of getting others to do effective work for him, and has recruited a very vigorous and enthusiastic following.

Few people have mentioned his name, but if he were as well known by the people in general as he is by his friends, Joseph H. Choate of New York would be a very formidable rival to other candidates. He has those qualities which win admiration and endure. Mr. Choate distinguished himself as ambassador to England, where he would "draw tea" at half past four as successfully as he would draw and hold the interest of an audience in one of his masterly addresses.

State "favorite sons" are yet to hear from, and Senator Foraker has flung down his gauntlet. Who can tell if there may not be a "dark horse" in training somewhere, that will make a record for the homestretch?

Today it is a question of "who will be who" in the presidential race.

INTEREST was awakened among our readers in the reproduction of the Roosevelt coat of arms and crest in the November issue of the National Magazine. They were discovered by a member of our staff while in search of other matter in the Boston Public Library, and in response to requests of our readers for further information, we are printing some matter regarding the illustration published last month.

"The crest and coat of arms were originally the property of Claes Martensen Van Roosevelt, who came from the Protestant Netherlands to New York in 1651. From their first appearance in this country, this distinguished family took a prominent part in public affairs, and increased the prosperity of their home state to a remarkable extent. The coat of arms has passed on down to the present generation without change, and the discovery just now is notable because it was made in reading a book published in 1800—over a hundred years ago. The crest consists of three ostrich feathers, per pale, gules and



WILLIAM H. RYAN OF NEW YORK

argent, the motto being '*qui plantavit curabit*,' which means 'the one who planted it will take care of it.'" And who shall say that Theodore Roosevelt has not lived up to the full meaning of this historic motto.

AT a recent banquet, the glories of various nations were brought forth for admiration, according to the nationality of the speaker of the moment. The American dwelt upon the extent and progress of his native land; the Irishman, eloquent for his Emerald Isle; the Englishman of his green lanes and stately homes; the Russian, the Italian, the German told of the great men who had adorned their countries and were no more, except that they still lived in the hearts of their

And so, hereafter, Shakespeare may be considered worthy of a place in the Scotch temple of fame.

* * *

THE short-frocked colored waiters in the House and Senate restaurants have good memories, for no sooner have the members returned to their wonted places in the restaurant, than the usual orders are anticipated. There was the apple pie and milk



HON. CHARLES LANDIS AND BROTHER IN ROCK CREEK PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

countrymen. Then the Scotchman got up and gave a long list of worthy Scots: Prince Charlie, Br-r-r-uce, Burns and Scott, and, finally, launched into a glowing tribute to Shakespeare. The Englishman sprang up.

"What!" said he, "Do you mean to claim Shakespeare as a Scotchman?"

"'Tis true," replied the canny Scot, "that he was na' born in Scotland, but the man won sic' high attainments that he was worthy o' a place there, and it might reasonably be supposed that Shakespeare was born in Scotland, whether the like really happened or no."

for Congressman Burleigh, the cup o' custard for J. T. McCleary, ham and eggs for Judge Smith, roast beef for Bob Cousins, crackers and half and half for Congressman McKinley, plain bread, butter and jam for Jim Watson and an egg sandwich for Speaker Cannon.

On the senate side there is not so much of the quick lunch spirit. They may not consume any more food, but they are more leisurely, and the stately senatorial "munch" is already being affected by ambitious members of the house, who take a daily constitutional between the two houses to see how

that prospective seat looks that they will some day occupy. I met William Alden Smith the other day, passing through the corridor on his way to the Senate side, and one of his colleagues humorously remarked:

"See William Alden Smith going to the Senate—all that remains is for the legislature of Michigan to confirm the action."



CONGRESSMAN WASHINGTON GARDNER OF MICHIGAN

NOT long since, I saw a man studiously reading a good, solid book on a railroad train. His brow was wrinkled and he was evidently absorbed in the pages. I chanced to see the title, and thought to myself "Here is a man who thinks."

Later, in the smoking room, we had a chat. It was Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota, the lone Democrat, who, in spite of the tremendous avalanche of Republican majority, holds the confidence of his state.

The son of a sturdy Scandinavian, he has made a splendid record as a champion of the rights of the people, and yet he is in sharp contrast to many other reformers in that his utterances have always been singularly free from the abuse of others. John A. Johnson stands squarely on his own feet, and fights out his battle in a clean-handed manner; and even his opponents never fail to mention the fact that "Johnson fights square." He wins and retains the confidence of all who come

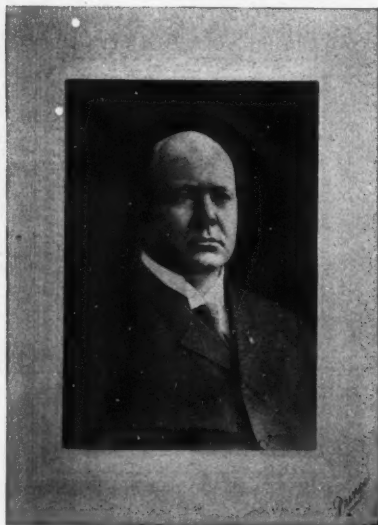
into contact with him, and has mixed with the sturdy sons of the soil throughout the state and knows the power of the rural districts.

My hour's conversation with him in the swift-moving train revealed to me a man of unusual mental acumen, and it is not to be wondered at that his enthusiastic friends count upon him as one of the very prominent presidential possibilities on the Democratic ticket for 1908.

* * *

J. ADAM BEDE has arrived with his valise, having spent an industrious summer looking up new material for a congressional "Joak Book."

Mr. Bede's glowing compliment last year to the Lone Star State, noting her great multiplicity of interests, will be remembered by those who heard it. He said he believed that the time would come when Texas would divide herself and send more senators to Washington. Texas, he said, "was once a synonym for hell." But things are changed, and though



CONGRESSMAN EDWIN DENBY OF MICHIGAN

today there are only two senators, they certainly are not enough to adequately represent her, when you look at Rhode Island on the map.

Mr. Bede insisted that, on account of the poor pay given to a congressman, he could

not induce even a Duluth man to take the nomination against him—as they were all making more than \$5,000 a year in the city by the unsalted sea.

* * *

THE coming of January witnesses the opening of the social season in Washington. To begin with, there is the great public reception on New Year's Day, attended by the army and navy, the diplomatic

The arrangements at the White House, under Colonel Bownwell, the major-domo, show capacity for handling a large number of people in the most comfortable and convenient manner. Nearly all the rooms of the White House have been renovated during the summer—the blue room was the last completed. As the visitor enters through the great glass doors, he comes upon the big brass seal of the nation inlaid in the floor. On the wall, at the right, is a life-size painting of President



PORTION OF MAIN RECEPTION ROOM, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO SETTLEMENT

corps, the judiciary, senators, congressmen, and the general public, who all come to pay their personal respects to the president and family at the White House. It is the special occasion when gold braid and uniforms are worn. Almost every country of the world is represented here in Washington, and every official appears in full uniform.

Then comes the formal cabinet dinner; then the diplomatic reception, the judiciary reception, the congressional reception, and the army and navy reception, all in the order given.

Roosevelt, and on the left a similar representation of President McKinley. In the long corridors beneath are paintings of Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Van Buren (the daughter-in-law of President Van Buren), Mrs. Polk, and a number of other ladies; and scattered throughout the building are portraits of all the presidents of the United States.

The draperies of the red room glow at the entrance. The furnishings of the White House throughout, are in sharp contrast to what they were ten years ago, for the White

House is today an official and social center—a presidential domicile, rather than the executive office as it was in years gone by.

* * *

WITH each recurring session of Congress, my eye instinctively wanders to find the face of the father of the House, Henry H. Bingham of Philadelphia, who



CONGRESSMAN EZEKIEL S. CANDLER JR., OF MISSISSIPPI

was mentioned for distinguished services in every official report of the leading engagements in which he participated during the Civil war. He was wounded at Gettysburg in 1863, at Spottsylvania, and at Farmville, two days before the close of the war, in 1864, was captured in the battle of Boydton Plank Road, but escaped during the night. What a thrilling career the young Pennsylvanian had in those days!

In 1867, he was appointed postmaster in Philadelphia, remaining in that office until 1872. He filled various other posts until 1878, when he was elected to Congress. He has served continuously ever since, and will soon round out a career of thirty continuous years as a congressman.

Every person who reads or writes a letter today is under obligations to General Bingham for the fight he made to secure the re-

duction of letter postage from the three-cent green postage stamp rate to the present rate of two cents per ounce, as well as the one ounce weight for two-cent letter rate. The reduction of the postage of periodicals from two cents a pound to one cent a pound, has given the American people the opportunity to secure excellent reading matter at very small cost.

General Bingham has been a member of the Committee on Appropriations for fourteen years, and was chairman on Post Offices and Post Roads Committee in the Forty-seventh and Fifty-first Congresses. No living man has had so long and continuous a career in politics of Pennsylvania. Honored with medals for bravery; honored in the love and admiration of his constituents, the father of the House remains one of the most interesting and picturesque figures on the floor of the House.



CONGRESSMAN JUSTIN D. BOWERSOCK OF KANSAS

Merely to read the official records and note the mention of his bravery is an inspiration to all soldiers; and especially that tribute paid to him by General Hancock, the superb:

"Nothing could exceed the splendid intrepidity and gallantry of the officers and soldiers during this bloody contest. Harry Bingham, of our staff, was badly wounded in the thigh,"

No wonder, then, that the visitor looks first for the father of the House; not seeking Statuary Hall to gaze on the marble effigies of heroes dead and gone, but going to the halls of Congress to see the living, breathing hero, General Bingham. But when you go in search of him do not look for a man with long and patriarchal beard; for the father of the House is a man of military bearing, with moustache close-trimmed and eyes as bright as when they sighted a musket in the old days.

* * *

At least once a year, the newspapers and magazines of the country take up, perhaps in a perfunctory manner, the subject of good roads. The muddy season is at hand—is here—the farmer is already hauling his grain, almost up to the axle in mud, upon the country roads, and only then, when the highways become almost impassable, we turn our attention to the subject of good roads. Like good times, if they are not here,



CONGRESSMAN G. A. PEARRE OF MARYLAND

they are certainly "coming," and every time I think or speak of good roads, I think of the man who is working so hard for them, Walter P. Brownlow of Tennessee, the doughty champion who always has something new and aggressive to say in favor of good roads.

He found, by the way, that his road to an election was smooth and good, having carried eleven out of the twelve counties in his district. If he had to fight hard, it is certain that the good roads carried him safely over.

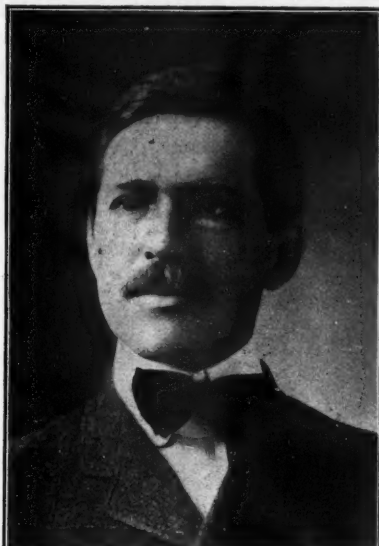


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JAMES R. GARFIELD, WHO SUCCEEDS MR. HITCHCOCK AS SECRETARY OF INTERIOR

WHEN Uncle Joe Cannon arrived in town, he hastened to have a conference with the president to prepare the details for the Congressional Calendar. Little do people realize how much important work there is connected with this "passing of the time o' day."

Uncle Joe always hangs firm to his cigar, and in this instance the work was pushed along and crowded into about ten minutes, though the work outlined will cover a program spreading over a period of about ten weeks. It is amazing how much business can be dispatched with the president in these brief conferences. No amount of correspondence can clarify a situation so well as can be done in even a few moments conversation, and especially if the conference is conducted in these days of rapid transit, when a matter is prepared as to even the most minute detail and is then taken to the White House and quickly dispatched. It is almost like reducing everything to a

mathematical form, that reads like the figures below the red lines of an account. When you look at a ledger, you look at the figures below the red lines, and in the same way we see Uncle Joe's labors represented in results, rather than in a glossary and explanatory foot-notes.



FOULTNEY BIGELOW ON A TRAMP THROUGH GERMANY

IT is a remarkable fact that 1,300 expert inspectors have been added to the inspection bureau of the animal industry in the past six months, in addition to the business done before this period. All this is due to the passage of the pure food bill, which entailed a great amount of work in the execution of the new law. It will be realized that if matters continue to go as they have done in the past, the Agricultural Department will be the largest department in the government.

In the office of the secretary I saw on the walls a frame showing the products of Angora goats, and it seemed hardly possible that there are eight or nine million of these goats in

America at the present time, raising wig wool.

Scattered at the back of the Agricultural Building are all sorts of structures, in which various special bureaus of the departments are located. The straggling apartment houses and other buildings represent an annual rental of \$54,000, and here the Agricultural Department is striving to meet the demands made upon it.

In the Bureau of Chemistry, I quaffed a large glass of distilled—water—and then I marched into the apartment of the man who has done so much for the cause of pure food; for his best abilities have been devoted to the work, and he has been with this department since its inception. As I entered, on the right I noticed the laboratory, easily located by the aroma of drugs arising from chemical tests of all kinds. I found Professor Wiley in his inner office of the building, decorated with the fleur-de-lis. On the table was an array of bottles which reminded me of a mining camp bar. There were whiskies and wines; there was grape juice marked "pure," and a multitude of other bottles of all sorts and sizes, which suggested thirsty miners.

Amid a mass of correspondence, covering a large, flat-topped desk, he was trying to get at the facts of the various matters laid before him—for this black-eyed man, with a picturesque dash of red in his necktie, was absorbed in the problem of pure food "as is Pure." Uncle Sam's great chemist insisted that the greatest problem was not so much actual adulteration as the mis-branding of goods, which made it impossible to distinguish the false from the true.

Professor Wiley seemed delighted that one of the large buildings of the Jamestown Exposition is to be devoted to the exhibition of pure food products. What a revelation this will be in the latest American exposition! It will be the first time that a great building has been utilized for no other purpose than to reveal to the world a standard of purity and excellence in the food products of America that cannot be surpassed by any other country in the world. In this revelation, no other one agency has been so active as the Agricultural Department, which has had so large a part in calling attention to pure food and detecting impure food.

CAPRICE

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of Tranquil Delight," etc.

CONGRESS SPRINGS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

THE Saturnian days are over. They began in the edge of Naples, where the market-boat shook out its sails the moment I came on board, and, with the chorus, "*Addio, Bella Napoli*," we drifted into the stream—fishermen and maidens, lovers, landsmen and lazy lazzaroni, likewise the inevitable padre—as merry and as wise a crew as ever went to sea in a bowl. For five hours we floated in the blue bay at the mercy of the wind and tide; sometimes a passing cloud threw a shadow or a shower upon us, and each was equally welcome. A furnace-heat danced upon the still waters, and burnished them; the air was light and fitful; the flapping canvas seemed more for ornament than use. Strong men fell upon the oars and beat solemn time to the shrill falsetto of one chanting cherub whose song was full of sadness. What could he know of love and death that he grieved for them in mid-summer, in mid-sea? His elders laughed and slept and woke again to drink of the sharp wine of their own dear isle; they had lived and loved; even death could not rob them of the past. The padre nodded in the heat, and then resumed the reading of his office with silent but swiftly-moving lips. Faint voices were in the air, voices that bore down to us upon the freshening breeze. We drew in the oars, trimmed sail, composed our souls in patience; and when the sun was low and our full prow breast-high in golden foam, with a shout of triumph we plunged into the deep shadows that hung from the island-cliffs and exchanged greetings with the happy islanders—a twilight litany that ended in the warm embraces of our friends on shore.

It was thus I came to Capri, with the one hope of lying fallow through St. Martin's summer. My intents were honorable; I was not wholly selfish in my flight from the work-a-day world. Mariana of the Moated Grange

had touched me, through the post, with mild complainings. Were we not friends? she asked. Doubtless! Old friends? Aye! The age of our friendship was not to be breathed above a whisper. Strangers in a strange land? Yea, verily! the strangest land under the sun; strangely sweet, strangely sad, strangely poetical. Why should I not visit Mariana in her Capri-castle, rather than turn tramp in Switzerland, or whistle to the dawn over the crowded mountain-trails of the Tyrol? I should; a thousand times I should! So I rushed headlong down through Italy to Naples, and paid two liri for a bench and a broil in the market-boat, rather than give ten, and join the rabble on the semi-weekly steamer bound for Capri with a glimpse of Sorrento thrown in.

You know Capri Marina—of course—with its brown strip of beach, its stranded fleet of fishing boats under gauzy canopies of drying nets, and the single row of flat-roofed, Oriental houses that backs into the hill and defies the elements?

Well, I refused the donkeys that were offered me tail foremost; and repulsed the donkey-girls—who reviled me from that hour—preferring to foot it, like a pilgrim, up the steep, stone stairs to Capri on the Cliff. Was ever thousand feet of wall so clad with verdure! Terrace upon terrace, like giant steps, climb to the saddle of the island; on each side is the sea, and at the two ends two mountains that carry the gray olive groves into the very sky. Under these peaks, on the narrow strip of highland that swings like a hammock between them, is little Capri, with the Hotel Tiberio, and there, sojourning for the summer, stood Mariana with her welcome; she looked it as far as eye could see, she shouted it as far as ear could hear; she offered an arm-full and a heart-full of it as far as arms could reach.

It was a royal welcome; it began at the beach; it was renewed at every turn of the steep and thorny way that wound up the hill between high walls cushioned with fern and lichen; it culminated on the small piazza in front of the hotel, where the Hall of Justice, the Postoffice, Scopar's Osteria and the Cathedral face one another in rival dignity. There was an anti-climax in the court of the Tiberio, when the buxom landlady fairly embraced me and said with some emotion that I was considerably over-due; the fact was indisputable; finally Mariana led me in triumph to the great dining hall, where new faces smiled upon me as we sat down to sup. "Little Jay," from Connecticut was there, pursuing art in her Capri studio; and there was T., with his grizzled beard, her tutor, who was preparing the fresh figs as the Capriotes prepare them. Pepino, a young Neapolitan, set wine before us, a full flagon at each right hand; Mrs. Ross buzzed like a queen-bee about the room, doing the landlady to the letter. I seemed to have alighted in one of those "summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea."

Five centuries ago, Queen Johannes of Naples feasted in that very chamber—the Tiberio was one of her summer palaces; in that hall she took her rouse and kept wassail, but haply for the giddy queen, all this is numbered among the unwritten histories of the past. Later, the Tiberio was a convent of nuns, who cooed like doves in their columbary. And then a priestly college it became, and those that dwelt there went flitting to and fro in cassock and beretta, and were at peace with all the world for the gates of hell could not prevail against them. At last it became a hospice and a famous one; who could wonder at this who has ever known it? It is a long, rambling building, with many twists and turns in it, and one might easily go astray in the labyrinth of its quiet corridors; the place is haunted by ghostly memories, and this is one of them—though it is far from being ghostly.

My room, like the prophet's chamber, was on the wall at the top of the house; the one apartment in the tower that overlooked the dome of the Cathedral; a square room, with low, grained ceiling, a tiled floor and pale frescoes on the walls; it was like a little chapel without a saint, though there was a niche for one in the corner. That night I looked out

from my window upon a moonlit valley sloping to the sea. Beyond the far horizon, in the white wake of the moon, lay the African coast. I heard the waves upon the abrupt shore far below me—the waves that were blown over from the hot sands of Africa by the hot desert winds. The village was wrapped in sleep; the flat roofs of stone, which are promenades at twilight, were all deserted. From my tower I might have stepped upon the roof of the Tiberio, and, vaulting the low parapets that divided one roof from another, have wandered all over the village; the houses stood shoulder to shoulder, and the narrow, winding ways, called *calles*, were bridged at intervals by low, stone arches with a footpath atop of them.

I did not take this solitary walk upon the house-tops; I leaned from my window and peered into the space below. Close at hand towered one stately palm tree; I seemed to recognize it on the instant, and perhaps the recognition was mutual, for it seemed to hail me as I hailed it in the words of the Howadji; it was thus I greeted the exile of the Orient, even as he had greeted it in his "Nile Notes" of entrhralling memory:—

"I knew a palm tree upon Capri. It stood in the select society of shining fig-leaves and lustrous oleanders; it overhung a balcony, and so looked, far over-leaning, down upon the blue Mediterranean. Through the dream-mists of southern Italian noons, it looked upon the broad Bay of Naples, and saw vague Vesuvius smelting away; or at sunset, the isles of the Syrens, whereon they singing sat and wooed Ulysses as he went; or in the full May moonlight the oranges of Sorrento shone across it, great and golden—permanent planets of that delicious dark. And from Sorrento, where Tasso was born, it looked across to pleasant Posilipo, where Virgil is buried, and to stately Ischia. The palm of Capri saw all that was fairest and most famous in the Bay of Naples."—and I slept that night with my head almost buried in its silver plumes.

In the gray dawn, the bells of the *Ave Maria* recalled me from my dreams; I heard those winged choristers, the larks, chirp their matins, and the quail softly piping the first canonical hour. I arose and looked out upon the world to realize that we were in it but not of it, for the sapphire sea flowed all about us, touched with heavenly light. It is the chief charm of Capri that one at once feels

quite at home in it; therefore I returned to my pillow and began where I had left off to say the *Angelus*, although it was sunrise and the ripe figs chilled with dew were bursting on the boughs, and with these we were to break our fast.

When next I woke, Pepino stood beside me; he was one of those lads who swell their garments to repletion; whose bulging buttons threaten to fly hither and thither on the slightest provocation, yet somehow manage to hold the poor fellow together in a state of suspended dissolution. Pepino dared not smile, for he had awakened me, and some people are savage before breakfast. I smiled for him, and rehearsed a page or two of "Italian learned in a week"—those easy, idiotical sentences which, fortunately, are never used and never can be used in real life. Pepino melted and became as pliable as wax. He seemed to take it as an unmerited favor that I had not slain him on the spot. He was the bearer of a message from Mariana in the south, and greetings from the artists; they were even then revelling in figs and cream and missed me horribly. The question was, would I join them; or would I breakfast in bed; or would I remain undisturbed until the second breakfast at high noon? In any case, would I please have my own way under all circumstances, and kindly allow them to go on spoiling me to the bitter end? Of course I would! Who wouldn't?

Pepino prepared my bath with joy unspeakable. I arrayed myself in purple and fine linen; I was just as fresh and sweet as I could possibly be—that's what *she* said. I felt like a strong man to run a race, and I dove down the long, stone stairway, into the breakfast hall, making the best time on record.

Saturnian days indeed!

We devoured great stacks of figs, and cried for more. Never was such a delighted soul as Pepino on that celebrated occasion; he adored a pig. Then we smoked and leaned out from the western balcony, and gloated upon the shining sea, the shimmering shore, the happy island at our feet. What fun! "Little Jay" forgot to be prudish; I am told that all the "Little Jay" sort of girls in New England are prudish. Big old T. seemed to have achieved the odic-capture of the dainty demoiselle, and the mere idea had rejuvenated him. I had observed that in all our expeditions by land or sea, on foot or in the

saddle, the towering T. invariably led the charge, nobly supported by Connecticut Jay in all her war paint; really, she was a changed woman, and changed very much for the better; but just let me swoop down the cliff into one of those eagle-nests that abound especially on the African side of the island, and surprise Miss Propriety in a revery and a red shawl, all under a painter's parasol, and no sucking dove could coo more gently. What a lark it was to poke fun at the grizzly T., just then, and see her burn scarlet, and hate me through and through!

Have I digressed, I wonder? Sufficient unto the day was the excursion thereof; every sunset found us somewhere; every moonrise, somewhere else. We went up into the house-top to pray, and forgot to pray because all Capri was on the village roofs at that hour, and we were dumb with delight—and then we didn't want them to think us Pharisees, anyhow. It was really no place for prayer, save silent prayer, which seemed forever welling in my heart. You know I told you, just now, we could have walked over at least half the town upon the flat roofs that lapped one upon another. Some of the streets of the quaint village are tunnels under and through the houses; some that are wider and open to the light are bridged over by airy arches on which the populace pose in fine relief. All this, we saw, and could not help seeing from a house-top in Capri, and marked how love's young dream may stem floods of mellow moonlight unabashed, and is not ashamed nor afeared of a myriad staring stars.

One day when I had gone forth from my chamber, burdened with the exasperating monotony of the hour—I fear me we were verging upon satiety—I discovered upon the house-top none other than our landlady, seated like Patience, upon a chimney-pot, with a spy-glass pressed to her bulbous bosom. Sea and sky were pink, the distant shore like a memory of shores enchanted; the rippling waves were soft as silk; the wind blew scarcely above a whisper. I asked Patience to reveal to me the motive of her mission: she did so in a spirit of calm and steadfast faith that touched me deeply:—

She was looking for water-spouts!

I gathered from her revelation, which was somewhat vague and muffled, that water-spouts grew near us; that it was their custom to drop their crystal pipes from the belly-

ing clouds directly in front of the hotel; that they writhed in mid-air like swan's throats; that they swung to and fro like pendant serpents, while from their compressed lips stole deadly music such as turns to stone the ear of the most ancient mariner; and thus they lie in wait for passing ships, and these they stealthily approach, and on a sudden lap up like flame, or as the pendulous serpent darts upon his prey with forked tongue!

There sailed the queenly ships, unmindful of the fell prophetic; one bearing toward the vexed waters that boil between Scylla and Charybdis; this to Spain or the Antilles; and this to Egypt's sands; and that—she scours the southern seas where the starry cross burns nightly and the sails are filled with musk. Ah me! Turning to the unwearied watcher, I pointed to the sky as naked as a sea shell, and asked if the silver cords of her water-spouts might spin themselves out of space. She answered, not wisely but too well, this old improbabilities. Her face was a blank, her lips bedewed with wine—and the unnatural light of her countenance shone not upon us again for three whole days.

Strange that an island but a span long, beloved of the Emperor Augustus—wherein Tiberius built twelve villas in honor of the twelve gods—should grow to seed. Did I not vainly search, singly and in groups, for the golden eggs of that imperial goose? The nests are there, forsooth, belittled and befouled, but hardly so much as a broken shell remains to our late day. Did I not walk in the dark chambers of the College of Crime, whose novitiates were fattened and seasoned to satiate the appetite of intemperate Tiberius? How could a sumptuous sin flourish in such mean quarters? What did I find there? I found drifts of dismantling dust, and a snail that spat froth when I disturbed it, and squeaked and slobbered in the slimy mouth of its shell.

The days began to drag a little; we followed one another about the house and over the heights in pursuit of pleasure. The hands of the clock made their tread-mill round, and nothing special seemed ever likely to happen again. Figs, as a regular diet, began to pall upon the appetite; we sometimes sought consolation with dominoes, at Scopar's, where the game ran high and culminated in copious draughts of black coffee or hot-Scotch at nine p. m.,—which is a late hour for Capri.

We invited the song and dance, and found temporary relief; at night we pillowed our heads to the metallic tinkling of mandolins and plaintive guitars, mingled with occasional spurts of accordeon music, sawed off in lengths to suit, and the voices of men and women resounding in rustic discord. The boisterous melodies in the wine-shop were more than once rendered too forcibly, and the morning theme of island gossipry was those visible nocturnes inscribed upon the features of the fighters in indelible black and blue.

For the sake of variety, and that we might do them honor—as they stoutly protested—we were bidden to the bridal of the chaste Lucia, who had waited seven years for the return of her *inamorata*; and not in vain, for he brought with him ten thousand well-earned *liri*, and came home to claim his *sposa*, lapped in provincial ease. It was then that the handsome barber waltzed with the blushing bride, and the hunchback postman, like a living caricature, ambled in their steps. We well-nigh burst with laughter; we fed on stale cake, washed down with bad Marsala; an orchestra, (limited) from Sorrento strumming the while, and dashing Federigo of the *Quississana* breaking the hearts of the innocent Capriotes on the terrace without in the moonlight. We all paired off that evening, and, as for me, I accepted the smiles of one of those oval-faced, big-waisted, flat-footed donkey-girls, such as artists rave over, and who lie in wait for sentimental husbands, and not infrequently entrap them.

As for Lucia and her lord, they hailed their honey-moonrise by taking the only bridal tour possible in Capri; they hired the one vehicle known to its inhabitants and were dragged in triumph over the sole, solitary road—a highway indeed—that adorns a portion of the island. We all went forth to see the unaccustomed sight, and the wedding tour, that doubled on itself for want of space, was an ovation from beginning to end—it must have been at least seven miles in length; a foot beyond that lay death and a watery grave.

Anon, fresh arrivals disturbed the serenity of our life; we were no longer lords of the isle. The galled T. winced at this seeming intrusion, and increased the temperature of the house perceptibly. All was not well in the Tiberio. In despair, I turned to Mariana and suggested a change of scene. It seems that we were of one and the same mind.

There was to be a great funeral pageant at Catania. Bellini,—he of the melodious *Sonambula*, the mystic *Norma*, and the rest; too numerous to mention—was to be resurrected in the body from the consecrated loam of Pere Lachaise and borne to his native place, for final interment in the Cathedral there. As a barefooted boy, he had played about those streets, and now the dust of Apollo's protégé was to be reconsecrated in the presence of scores of choirs from every quarter of Italy. It is not often that we have the privilege of attending the obsequies of one who died before we were born. We resolved to go thither, and thither we went. A thousand plans were shelved for the time being, such as private theatricals under the patronage of the Prince of Capri; another voyage to the azure grotto, where the nude swimmers in the luminous depths look like angels of light; likewise the circumnavigation of the island when the moon was round and full: all these should celebrate our return a fortnight hence—so we at once began packing, to the comic despair of Pepino. New raiment which I had ordered from Naples—the fig-leaf is the only garment of domestic manufacture in that isle of innocence—arrived at last. O, fortunate hour! Twenty minutes later I should have been left naked to my friends as well as enemies. We were up and away one heavenly morning. Pepino dried his eyes with a ten-liri note; a salute of three guns was fired from the turrets of the Tiberio; the whole village followed us to the sea, where we entered into a ship and did Sicily from the heart of Ætna to the island's edge; it was thus we sailed into the south for a season.

Must I confess it?—all the while I was dreaming of Capri I lived over again the luxuriously monotonous life we had led there. I recalled events that had not impressed me at the time, but now they grew and grew, and magnified themselves a thousand fold. Not even the Sicilian vespers, or the princely gardens of Palermo, could wean us from the island of our love. O, magic isle! O, isle magnetic! Who that has once known thee as I have known thee, can ever lose thee from his heart of hearts?

With decent haste we returned again to the familiar haunts; it was a rude awakening from a summer's dream. Fraternal greetings awaited us—alas! and disappointments

also. The Tiberio was in mourning; the lady of the spy-glass was no more; the brothers of the *Misericordia* had borne her to her long home—a home which in her case was about as broad as it was long. Pepino was in exile and disgrace; even then he was strutting his brief hour in brilliant Naples, looking for a job. "Little Jay" was broken in health and had lost all her mirth; I wondered why; the transmigrating T. had changed his spots and was now in that den of lions, modern Rome. Vesuvius was frosted to the knees; the wind was nipping and eager; I felt the approach of winter in my bones. Was it any wonder that all of us who were left mourning, hardened our hearts, settled our bills, girded our loins and departed?

No more should we hear the blinded quail, those sorrowful decoys, luring their feathered fellows to their doom in the nets that were spread in the air to entrap them; they were flying south to winter on the African shore, and they flew low, to rest for a moment on the slopes of Capri, before their heroic flight over the bosom of the Terrene Sea. No more should we hear the voices of the grape-gatherers in the vineyards singing their plaints, which are as an echo of a Moorish melody, or the cry of the Muezzin in the gallery of his minarette, intoning his call to prayer; or watch those stalwart Bacchantes treading the wine press, their limbs bedewed with the blood o' the vine, and they reeling with the fumes thereof, and shaking with drunken laughter. Gone are they all; all, all are gone forever.

From Naples, we looked backward and saw a glory upon the cliffs beyond the sea, but with one voice decried it and sorrowfully turned away; for the light of other days was fairer, and there was the shadow of new graves in this afterglow. We looked again; a great cloud was moving upon the face of the waters; the island had been spirited away; too late I remembered that I had forgotten to ring in the poet-artist's never-to-be avoided couplets, beginning:

"My soul today
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay.
* * *
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise."

No more! No more! Not today, pretty versicles; come yet again, an' it please you, when we are less sad.

AT DEAR OLD HAGENSACK

By Lalia Mitchell

THE wintry winds are blowing
Outside the windows here,
It's sleeting and it's snowing
And all the world is drear.
But I've just had a letter,
That brings the summer back,
For in it was a picture
From dear, old Hagensack.

'Twas there we took our outing,
When August skies were blue,
My brother Fred was certain
'Twas what we ought to do.
And John Delaney lives there,—
His friends all call him Jack—
And he was heart of Pleasure
At dear, old Hagensack.

We rambled through the forest,
We fished in shallow brooks,
We learned a thousand lessons
That are not found in books.
We sat on rustic bridges,
Of joy there was no lack,
For everywhere was sunshine,
At dear, old Hagensack.

Outside the winds are blowing,
But this disarms their spite,
I see a fairer vista,
Than city streets tonight.
The letter asks a question,
"Yes, John, I'm coming back ;
We'll start our life together
At dear, old Hagensack."

REVERSING AN ENGINEER

By C. C. Johnston

TWO hours late!" read the bulletin. The words were chalked up in a careless, running hand that was entirely inconsistent with their ominous significance. The hardened traveller, and the few others doomed to be abroad that wintry day, knew that when a train was conceded to be two hours late, speculations as to the time of its actual arrival were vain.

The dozen or more persons, mostly commercial drummers, who straggled down to the station, gave expression to their feelings in terms that were monotonously similar, and went back up-street again.

A solitary exception was a small man with a stubbly, iron-gray beard, whose general air proclaimed him a farmer. He was well-dressed, after a fashion, and lugged a heavy valise. In his hat was an unclaimed conductor's check. He had evidently arrived at the junction on the other road, and had hurriedly walked the distance across, to make the connection. Whether influenced by the stories he had heard of traps for the unwary which flourish at railway junctions, or afraid that the train might come in sooner than expected, he showed no inclination to leave.

He would have welcomed a little companionship. The ticket window was closed, thus depriving him of the pastime of making an occasional inquiry about the train. The novelty of listening to the click of the telegraph instrument back of the board partition, and wondering what it was saying, soon wore off, and the waiting room walls afforded scant literary diversion. A man with a team loading coal from a car, the wooden front of a saloon across the street, an occasional passing vehicle or pedestrian, and the snow, swirling and drifting as it fell, were about all the window had to offer. As the afternoon dragged along, his lonesomeness became a burden. Finally the door swung open and a man entered brusquely. He was a big, good-looking young fellow. Carelessly de-

positing his handbag on the floor, he took a seat and drew a newspaper from his pocket.

The farmer hungrily greeted him with a cheerful "How'd do!"

"Good afternoon, sir," said the newcomer, in a business-like tone, unfolding his paper and taking little notice of the person addressing him.

"Turnin' right cold, out," remarked the old gentleman, wishing to lose no time in disposing of the preliminaries to a conversation.

The stranger divined his purpose and was wary. He had met the same sort before, and was in no mood for an exchange of personal histories; neither did the possible details of a visit to a married daughter's in Kansas, or enlightenment as to the season's prevailing epidemic up about the "Corners", constitute the form of mental relaxation he happened to be seeking. He, therefore, let silence give assent.

Under ordinary circumstances, the farmer might have been discouraged, but the strain of his long solitude served as a stimulus to further effort. "Are you travellin'?" he asked, after a pause.

This direct question called for some kind of reply, and the stranger gave it in the briefest and most pertinent form possible. "Not yet," he said, without looking up. Here the conversation may be said to have languished. Presently the last speaker, happening to glance across the room, noticed the other's small, bright eyes fixed upon him in a most peculiar manner.

"Not yet!" exclaimed the old man, quickly, as their glances met. Then, seemingly embarrassed, as though caught in the act of thinking aloud, he transferred his gaze to the ceiling. The comical look on the farmer's countenance, coupled with the fact that he had evidently been deeply cogitating the words, brought a broad smile to the younger man's face, which he hid behind the newspaper. Most things in this world have an

end; some other passengers began dropping into the waiting room, and seven o'clock marked the arrival of the belated train.

* * *

In laying out the proposed Brier Valley Traction Line it was deemed advisable to leave the main pike at a certain point and cut across country, along a little ravine, for half a mile, to reach another highway. This would save some costly construction and shorten the distance between two important towns. The only obstacle involved was the comparatively trifling one of obtaining from the landowner the necessary strip of territory.

Willard Cassell, the company's supervising engineer, drove over to the Ditwiler farm one spring morning to open up negotiations. He was not seriously disconcerted that Ditwiler, whom he ran across at the barn, should prove rather taciturn and unresponsive. Farmers were often that way, and Cassell prided himself on knowing how to handle them. It was best not to appear too anxious. After explaining to Ditwiler the peculiar advantages he would enjoy in having the road run through his farm, instead of seeking an outlet a mile or so above, the engineer informed him that the company stood ready to offer a fair value for the land, but did not propose to be squeezed. When he drove away, it was with the feeling that Ditwiler had been duly impressed and would come around all right. They usually did.

A week later Cassell paid a second visit. Ditwiler had gone to a stock sale. This information was given by a decidedly handsome girl, who proved to be Ditwiler's daughter. As the father was to be back soon, the engineer concluded to act upon her suggestion and await his return. Cassell was shown into the tastefully furnished parlor, where the girl, in a frank, unaffected manner that struck the railroad man as being very charming, undertook the duty of making him feel at home.

He had surprised her at the piano, and had recognized her playing as something more than the usual amateur effort upon a cheap instrument. After a little natural protest, she yielded to his request that she proceed with her music, and further persistency was rewarded with a song or two, rendered in a very sweet voice. In conversation, the engineer found her to be bright and well educated. Cassell, though still a young man,

had arrived at an age when he began to doubt the probability of ever meeting that one girl, perhaps somewhere existent in the world, who would satisfy his fancy. In the hour or two spent with Miss Ditwiler, this melancholy conclusion began to appear premature.

When, finally, dinner was announced, Cassell could not believe that it was eleven o'clock, the hour for the mid-day meal on the farm. Recognizing the genuineness of the invitation extended him, and surmising that some little extra preparation had been made on his account, he accepted with slight effort at apology. While they were at the table, Ditwiler arrived. Whatever of surprise or other emotion he may have felt at meeting Cassell there, he had the native delicacy not to betray it, but greeted him courteously. The engineer, on his part, had a new respect for the man who had given the talents of such a daughter the advantages they deserved. When the two men adjourned to the yard, after dinner, Ditwiler accepted the proffered cigar with hesitation, and met his visitor's advances with some reserve, but the charm of Cassell's conversational powers made itself felt, and the pair were soon, apparently, on amiable terms.

"Well, Mr. Ditwiler," said Cassell, at length, noting the time and recalling an engagement in town, "I suppose you are ready to talk business."

The farmer's manner changed instantly. "Not yet!" he jerked out.

Surprised no less by the snappish tone than by the words themselves, Cassell concluded that he had a very eccentric person to deal with. After a little further effort, which proved futile, the engineer, holding his impatience in check, bade Ditwiler good-day, promising to call again in the near future.

Construction work on the line was already in progress near-by, and Cassell became a frequent visitor at the Ditwiler home. He may have been playing a waiting game with the farmer, or perhaps the deal for the land had dropped into secondary importance in the growing desire for another form of possession. One moonlight night, negotiations for the latter were successfully concluded, and if there was no formal signing of documents, the bargain was at least appropriately sealed.

Ditwiler had raised no objections to Cassell's intimacy with the girl. Her mother was dead, and her aunt assumed no authority,

beyond the household duties. The father's manner, if not cordial, was tolerant, and at times even friendly. He was in one of the latter moods when Cassell asked him for his daughter's hand. The old man promised to think it over. At the next favorable opportunity, the engineer again pressed the question, by inquiring if a decision had been reached. "Not yet!" responded Ditwiler, in a defiant tone, that was both puzzling and exasperating.

Secure in the knowledge that Clara loved him, Cassell had no real fears on other scores. The father would be all right, as a matter of course, in view of his non-interference, and the business affair could be satisfactorily closed up. Ditwiler would not antagonize the interests of his prospective son-in-law. Matters drifted along for about a month, when Cassell was summoned to another territory. As he might be gone for some time, he wanted the date for the marriage, which he and Clara had agreed should take place in the fall, definitely fixed. Furthermore, the construction gang was making rapid progress and would soon be ready to cross the farm.

Cassell had long been conscious of holding one trump card, and, in desperation, he now resolved to play it. Pride and a certain sense of honor had thus far kept him from making use of Clara's influence with her father. She possessed only a general knowledge of the business affair. Having no uneasiness regarding the more vital matter, she had left the formality of gaining parental consent wholly to the discretion of her lover. When the latter laid the case before her, she cheerfully volunteered her co-operation.

He called the next afternoon and was informed that the old gentleman was ready to talk business with him, and could be found in his favorite haunt under the trees in the rear yard. What a wonderful girl Clara was, to be sure. She and her aunt were about to start to town on a shopping errand, and the conference could go on without any distractions. It was a great relief to feel that an understanding was to be reached at last. Cassell found himself already forgiving Ditwiler for the senseless annoyance to which he had subjected him.

Seated beside the farmer, on a lawn bench, was a man whom Cassell recognized as a near neighbor, and a sort of crony of his future father-in-law.

"Mr. Ditwiler, I presume you understand that I came over this afternoon to have a little private conversation with you," said Cassell, breaking the ice, after an exchange of courtesies.

"That's all right; go ahead," replied the old man affably. "Don't mind Wils, I invited him over special; thought I'd like to have a witness."

"Very well," agreed Cassell; "there is no objection on my part. You are fully aware, Mr. Ditwiler, of the nature of my desires, without my going over them again in detail, but if there is any point on which you are not satisfied, or if you have any questions to ask, I shall only be too glad to meet you fairly and frankly."

"Yours ain't the only offer, you know," said Ditwiler, cautiously.

"I am acquainted with the fact that Mr. Bruce, a very estimable young man, connected with one of your local dry goods stores, has long cherished certain ambitions," said Cassell, a little ironically, "but as Miss Ditwiler has never felt disposed to encourage them—"

"I ain't heard that Tom Bruce was countin' on buildin' any railroad," interrupted Ditwiler, ignoring Cassell's meaning. "This is some fellows from the city and they are willing to pay a good price."

Rumors had reached Cassell of another line being projected that was to cross his own somewhere in this vicinity, but the thought had not occurred to him of Ditwiler's farm being seized upon as a strategic point. At all hazards, he must close with the old man before further mischief was done. First, he would relieve his mind of what lay uppermost in it.

"Mr. Ditwiler, I love your daughter," he said, "and she has promised to become my wife. I am a man of good character and habits, and am in a position to support her. Do you desire proofs of these statements?"

"No-o," replied the farmer, slowly, "I guess I can take your word for it."

"That being the case, you can have no reasonable objection to our marriage. Am I to understand that you give your consent?"

"Not yet!" said the farmer.

Cassell bit his lip. "I refuse," he cried, "to be put off further by such answer, and shall demand satisfaction before leaving you. I only waive the right for the moment, in the

interests of the corporation which I represent. At times I may have seemed to lose sight of them, but I have had faith all along that you would act the honorable part with me. Now I find you negotiating with others who have lately come into the field. You treat me with undeserved suspicion. It is not fair, and I want you to understand, sir, that there are rights between man and man which you may not trample upon. This question has got to be settled here and now."

Perhaps a little awed by the engineer's eloquence, Ditwiler and Wils feigned interest in the branches of the tree under which they sat.

"Mr. Ditwiler," demanded Cassell, "I want to know what objections you have to letting our road go through your farm."

"Well, I don't know as I got any," was the drawing reply.

"Are the terms I offer satisfactory?"

"I guess, maybe, it's 'bout all the land's worth."

"Are you ready to close the deal?" quickly persisted Cassell, throwing considerable energy into his voice.

The old man braced himself and snapped out in about the same tone, "Not yet!"

With the anger mounting to his face, Cassell stood for a moment looking at the farmer. Fearing that he might not be proof against the temptation of throttling him, he took a turn or two along the walk. Under a sudden impulse, he came back and resumed his seat. "Mr. Ditwiler," he said, his voice trembling in the effort to speak calmly, "I have a small personal favor to ask of you. In our conversations on different occasions, I have noticed that you seem to attach some special significance to the words 'Not yet;' would you mind telling me what it is?"

"Say!" said the old man, after a little hesitation, leaning forward, "You remember bein' down to Hadley Junction one day last winter?"

"I have been at Hadley's, coming and going, a number of times during the year," replied Cassell, wondering at the connection.

"One day when it was snowing hard and then turned cold; cars was late, didn't come in till after dark."

"It seems to me that I do recall the circumstance," said Cassell, stretching the truth a little in the interest of the narrative.

"When you come into the waitin' room,

there was a man, 'bout my build, settin' there —alone; been settin' there alone fer 'bout a week, it 'peared to him."

"Yes," responded the engineer, encouragingly.

"Well, that was me!" exclaimed Ditwiler, straightening up and fixing his eyes in a curious way upon the traction man.

Something in the old farmer's gaze touched Cassell's memory. He had not thought of the incident since, but now it flashed upon him. He recalled the brief conversation, and the old man's comical discomfiture. So this explained the mystery of Ditwiler's hostility! Unfortunately for Cassell, the ludicrous side of the whole affair struck him with a force that he could not resist. Throwing back his head, he laughed heartily.

"Fust rate joke, wa'n't it?" said Ditwiler, a little sheepishly.

"No, Mr. Ditwiler," replied Cassell, sobering; "it was a piece of ill-mannered selfishness on my part. I was feeling out of sorts and in no mood to talk, having left the hotel in the desire to be alone. While this will explain my conduct, it does not excuse it, and I am glad of the opportunity to beg your pardon, and hope you will believe me when I say that there is nothing I would not do to make amends."

The old man was evidently pleased. "Ever turn handspings?" he asked, cheerfully.

"I used to do that kind of stunts when I was a boy, but I should not like to try anything of the kind now," responded the engineer, glancing carelessly over his two hundred pounds, and with difficulty repressing a smile at the suddenness with which the farmer changed the subject of conversation.

"Well, you're going to turn one right now —out there on the sod," remarked the old man. "You said you was willin' to do anything, you know," he added in response to the engineer's blank look.

"O, come now, Mr. Ditwiler!" protested Cassell, catching the old fellow's meaning; "you would not ask anything so ridiculous. Why, it's absurd, impossible!"

"That's all right," said the farmer, "but you had your fun, and I'm going to have mine."

As Cassell glanced from the determined face of Ditwiler to the grinning Wils, he recognized what he was up against. He had small hope of talking the old man out of his

notion, and to break with him at this critical stage might involve delay and suspense, even with Clara's assistance. Protest and entreaty proving useless, he finally threw off his hat and coat, and prepared to attempt the feat.

Selecting a soft spot, he made several futile attempts to get his heels in the air, Ditwiler and Wils offering, meanwhile, what were doubtless well-meant suggestions. Stung by their comments, he at length succeeded in getting his feet past the center of gravity, and came down on his back with what might be conventionally called a dull thud.

"I suppose you are satisfied now!" he exclaimed, in anger, as he gathered himself up and faced Ditwiler.

"Not yet!" said the old man.

"Don't dare say those words to me again!" cried Cassell, threateningly.

"You're going to stand on your head, now," calmly observed the farmer.

"I'll see you blessed first!" rejoined the engineer, taking a physical inventory of himself.

"All right," said the old man, making a move to rise; "Wils and me was countin' some on goin' fishin', anyhow."

"Do you suppose I'm going to stay here all afternoon, making a monkey of myself and risking my neck? The next thing you'll be asking me to jump off the barn."

"No, I ain't expectin' a whole circus, and there won't be no concert after the big show's over, but I've bet Wils the oysters you'd stand on your head and you've got to do it."

"I tell you I won't!" cried Cassell, "not for your whole infernal farm. What is more, I couldn't, even if I were fool enough to attempt it."

"You can try, can't you?" persisted Ditwiler. "It won't be near as hard as the other. You can lean up 'gainst the tree there, and Wils and me'll stidy you."

Cassell had started to walk away, in ruffled dignity, but after going a few yards turned back again. "It's outrageous, Ditwiler, for you to take advantage of the situation in this

manner. If I humor this insane whim of yours, do you promise, on your honor, that you will come to terms without further parleying?"

"Yes, sir; the only thing that stands in the way is fer me to win that bet from Wils."

"I'm willin' to pay it, too!" exclaimed the latter, with a guffaw, slapping his thigh.

As a result of much effort, Cassell was finally stood up against the tree in a reversed position. While his assistants were in the act of "stidyin'" him, Clara appeared upon the scene. She had forgotten an important letter her father had spoken to her about mailing, and had driven back to get it of him. Not knowing whether to laugh or scream, over the sight which met her eyes, she took the cue from the old man and Wils, and did the former, a little hysterically.

At the sound of her voice, Cassell kicked his feet loose from the hands of the two men, and, after a series of more or less graceful movements, managed to get himself right side up again.

"Oh, Willard!" cried the girl, noting his fierce expression, "what does this mean?"

"Ask that idiotic old father of yours!" he answered in an angry, apoplectic voice, mopping his face with his handkerchief.

It was the first time he had ever spoken to her unkindly, and she began to sob. In a moment he was at her side. "Forgive me, Clara!" With sudden resolution, he held out his disengaged hand to Ditwiler. "I suppose I didn't get any more than was coming to me, after all; is it square?"

The farmer grabbed hold of him heartily. "I like your pluck," he said, "and everything's all right. Clara'll need some new clothes, and I want time to cut that clover hay 'fore you tear down the fences." Wils looked on sympathetically.

"Clara, ain't you got that letter yet?" cried her aunt, from the buggy.

"No," responded Clara, "not ye—"

Cassell smothered the obnoxious words on her lips. Of course he was too much of a gentleman to use his soiled hands in the act.

THE POOR MAN'S COW

By Miriam Sheffy

MR. MICHAEL SYLVESTER DODSON'S periodical announcement of his candidacy for re-election to the highly honorable office of overseer of the poor never created even a ripple of excitement among the voters of his little town. He had held this office for so many consecutive terms, and had discharged the duties so faithfully, that his numerous constituents looked upon him as a permanency. The idea of putting up another man to run in opposition to him seemed almost iconoclastic. When, therefore, a few months prior to the last municipal election, Mr. Eleazar Loveday announced himself as an aspirant for the same position, Laurel Fork fairly quaked with righteous wrath. For any other man than the present incumbent to apply was a thing unprecedented, and for Loveday, who possessed nothing more in his own right than six feet of earth in the grave-yard, to run against a Dodson, who owned a store, a comfortable home and several head of pedigreed livestock, was an absolute outrage.

As the result of the election seemed a foregone conclusion, however, this feeling of indignation soon turned to amusement, and Mr. Dodson's supporters moved placidly on their way, undisturbed by fears. The idea that the campaign would be governed by anything more potent than personal popularity, property rights and the advantages of present possession did not occur to the public mind. The fact that one candidate entertained Democratic principles and the other Republican, was immaterial, for the Laurel Forkers adhered strictly to the old-time doctrine that politics should have no place in municipal affairs.

Mr. Loveday, however, with an ingenuity which was surprising in one so inexperienced, inserted the "Poor Man's Cow" plank into his platform, and proceeded to conduct his campaign along socialistic lines. So subtly did he work, especially among the

less prosperous voters in the community, that he gained a considerable following before the Dodsonian element realized the situation. The "Poor Man's Cow" had long been a bone of contention in the town, but so far the question of her rights had not been made a public issue. The population now divided itself into two distinct "fractions," as Uncle Reuben Snead expressed it—"one fraction fer the cyow, and t'other one ag'in her." Mr. Loveday headed the "fraction" which upheld the Cow and her liberty, while Mr. Dodson, who had awakened suddenly to the knowledge that he must assert himself, led the opposition.

For weeks the battle raged fast and furious. Mr. Loveday distributed flaming posters throughout the neighborhood, while Mr. Dodson nailed retaliatory bills in every public place. Week after week the Laurel Fork Trumpet, which professed to be neutral, published burning editorials, some of which upheld the rights of the Poor Man's Cow, while others violently opposed them. The feminine contingent did not stand aloof by any means, but entered into the fray with a zeal which rivalled that exhibited by their lords and masters.

Finally, when excitement had risen to a height which threatened bloodshed, a special meeting of the Council was called in the school-house, to discuss the pros and cons of this important question. Every man, woman and child able to navigate was in attendance, each determined to speak out in meeting if necessity demanded it. Uncle Reuben Snead, who was an adept in the art of sitting on both sides of the fence, presided at this assemblage, and succeeded through sheer good nature in averting a disaster. Soon after the election, which followed this memorable gathering very shortly, Uncle Rube favored his friend, the Traveling Man, with a detailed description of the affair. The Traveling Man was spending Sunday in the mountains, and had come

up to the farmhouse to while away the long and lonely hours.

"You jist oughter 'a' ben here, Bud," said the old man, with his infectious chuckle. "We ain't had sich a hot time sence way back yander in the sixties, when the Yankees come a-whoopin' thoo. Everything in the settlement, young and old, high or low, rich and pore, come to the schoolhouse that evenin' to hear the cussin' and discussin' of the great problem which was agitin' the public mind. Even old Granny Danders came alopin' into town on her old hee-hawin' Jinny, with a granddatter perched up a-front of her, and a grandson perched up behint. I reckon you ain't never hearn tell of Granny, have ye? Well, sir, if she'd 'a' lived in the days of ancient Salem, she'd 'a' ben arrested on suspicion and burned at the stake for the crime of dealin' in black art. If you'll saunter out to the foot o' Laurel Mountain, one o' these here days, you'll find a two-roomed log shack kivered with foxgrape vines, and in that shack you'll find a witch-like old critter with figger all bent and misshapen, sceerce, coarse gray ha'r, and skin withered and saffern-hued. Her little black eyes, sunk way back in their sockets, gleam out at ye like a rattler's. Her nose is long, sharp-pointed, and crooked like a eagle's beak. Her mouth, half hid by the cruel nose and crueler chin, is like a slit in her wicked old face, the thin lips drawn tight over red and toothless gums. Settin' in the cornder of the hearth, watchin' the kittle swing in the chimney-place and strokin' a big black cat that's allers adozin' on her knee, she looks like she mout 'a' stepped outen a book o' witch-tales. 'Tain't no wonder every youngun in Laurel Fork and Riverside's skeered plum to death of her. I wouldn't like to meet her of a dark night myself. I'll be goldarned if I would! If you give her half a chanst, she'll entertain ye with a harerin' history of her matrimonial infelicities. 'Yas, yas, child,' she croaks, arter she's entertained ye with all her conjugal tribberlations from A to Izzard, 'the meal gin out one fine day, it did, and Lemuel says, says he, 'I'll go to mill, Hester, me dear,' he says. "Go ahead," says I. So up he jumped on the beast, and away he rid. "Good day, Hester, me dear," he says, says he, with a wave of his hand. "You-uns better git back afore nightfa with that thar meal!" I holered, a-shakin' my fist. "The children's

a-cryin' fer bread! You-uns better git back, I say!" But nightfall come, and no beast, no meal, no Lemuel. Nary a sign of um, child, nary a sign. Day arter day we-uns watched, and waited. Day arter day, fer nine long year, me child. And when the nine long year was over and past, here come Lemuel a-limpin' home, sick, cold, hongry. "The beast got drowned in the crick, Hester, me dear," he says, "and a wicked rogue stoled the meal!" He whined and he pleaded fer me to take up with him agin, but I shet the door in his sneakin' face, me child. "Go!" I says. "Go! A man that takes nine year to git to mill is too slow a man fer me!" 'And that's the last I seen of Lemuel. Nine year to go to mill! Hump!' she says, and I tell ye, Bud, they ain't no words in nary language 'kin express the scorn in her voice when she says it. 'Tain't a mite o' use to ast Granny how old she be. She'll tell ye she's as old as thunder, and I reckon she be. They do say she seed George Washin'ton wunst. As fer that thar antiquated steed o' hern—historians has proved by statistics that *she* drewed *her* fust breath in the Ark. 'Tain't nothin' onusual fer Granny to ride that thar Jinny plum to Riverside to wheedle the storekeepers into partin' with a bit o' their snuff and to-backer, and to beg old clothes, bacon, flour and what-not from the good house-mothers of the town. It takes her a hull week to git thar, but she brings back enough stuff to feed and clothe them thar grand-children o' hern fer a month er sich a matter, and then she's up and off on another pilgrimage. She ginerly promises to pay off her liabilities when the "small fruits" come in, but somehow er nother Granny allers turns up missin' in the berryin' seasin, and her debts don't never git paid. Why she should 'a' took any pertickler interest in the Pore Man's Cyow disturbance gits by me, fer they hadn't ben nothin' said about no Jinny on nary side; but thar she was with all sails set, dippin' snuff one minute and puffin' away at her old black witch-pipe the next.

"Well, they-all said I had a sweet little soothin' way with me, and could pour ile on the troubled waters, as it were, so I was app'inted newnanimously to perside at the council meetin'. Jimminy Christmas! If I didn't have a time, keepin' them candidates and their respective follerers, male and female, in a gentlemanly frame

o' mind, you kin have my hat, that's what you kin have! Arter the usual preliminaries was got thoo with safe and regiler, Mike Dodson he riz impressively to his number nines, and addressed the convocation in chaste but forceful English as follers, to wit: 'Your Honor, friends and feller-citizens, ladies and gentlemen: It would be plum superflu's fer me to waste words explaining the purpose and object of this here august assemblage. As you air well awar' we air gethered here on this beautiful evenin' to decide a momentous question. Ladies and gentlemen, I am pleased to see so much public sperrit manifested by the popilation of our town. It is indeed tetchin' to observe that even the little-uns of the kimmunity feel the jeopardy of the situation. Dear friends, air we, as citizens of this grand old Commonwealth, capable of runnin' this corporation as it should be run, *ourselves*, er shell we set ca'mly by and allow the Pore Man's Cyow to run it? That, gentlemen of the jury, is the great and notable problem which we are now called upon to solve. Who knows but what our decision will influence the destinies of ginerations yit unborn? Certainly, upon our decision rests the welfare and progress of this populace. Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, it is agin all constitutional principles of liberty and order, to allow dumb beasties of any variety, be they hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, chimpanzees, catamounts, Pore Man's Cyows, er otherwise, to roam at large, committin' deperditions on the premises of law-abidin' citizens. Any inhabitant what kin afford to keep a cyow,' he averred, 'kin afford to feed her, and if he kain't afford to feed her boughten stuffs, then let her deperdate on his own garden and flower-beds. It is a blot upon the fair escutchum of our city,' he fu'ther averred, 'to allow the pore defenceless critters to go out and forage for themselves. Any householder that would turn a pore dumb beast over to the cold mercies of the world—a pore dumb beast what furnished him with bodily sustenance without demur,—such a householder oughter be kep' on bread and water in a state of solitary confinement fer a certain number of days duly app'inted and specified by the court!'

"At this p'int, I seed that Eleazar was fairly bustin' by this time, so I called Mike down as easy as possible, and give the floor to Eleazar. His face was as red as one

o' Sary Sue's prize peonies, and he was swelled up, fit to pop. 'Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury,' he maintained, in roarin' accents, 'no man what is a down-trodder and oppresser of the pore should be elected to a sacred and responsible office! And *any* man,' he fu'ther maintained, 'what refuses to acknowledge the rights of the Pore Man's Cyow, is a downtrodder and oppresser! Your Honor, the Pore Man kain't keep his Cyow and feed her, too! Nobody but a durn fool would expect it, sir! And, without this means of subsistence, gentlemen of the jury, whar will the Pore Man be at? Him and his fambly, arter sufferin' the agginizin' tortures of starvation, will go down into their graves onwept, on-honored and onsung, and at whose door will the fault be laid? At the door of the oppresser! The Cyow, too,' he argied, 'should be showed some consideration! She should be allowed to ramble at will and enjoy the sweet sunshine and refreshin' breezes so necessary to her health and happiness! She should be allowed to nibble the green grass of the road-way, and should she occasionally sample a rosebush er turnip patch belongin' to some private citizen, due allowance should be made fer her birth and hereditaments! Them citizens who would begredge her sich refreshment, should fortify themselves against her advances with onaccessible walls, barbed wire fences, locks, bolts, chains, injunctions and the like! A special law should be enacted by the council ferbididin' housewives to th'ow out garlic and ingun-tops upon their garbage heaps, fer fear of pollutin' the purity of her milk, her cream, her succulent butter!'

"Now, wouldn't that jar ye, son? Arter givin' expression to a few more similar sentiments, Eleazar he sot, and Mike Dodson he riz, and come back at Eleazar with a piece of sarcasmy to the effect that perhaps it would be wise, beneficent and pergressive to set up public feedin' racks along the highway fer the comfort of the Pore Man's Cyow, and to employ a professional horticulturist to furnish her with choice rosebushes, honeysucker and geraniums. 'It would not be a bad idea,' he suggested, 'to give her the right of franchise, and to pay the Pore Man a stated sum fer allowin' her to deperdate. Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury,' he says, 'I move we take up a collection fer her benefit at the next quarterly meetin.' Howsomeever, Eleazar's

socialistical speechifyin' had did its deadly work, and Mike Dodson's sarcasmy passed onnoticed except by Eleazar hisself, who popped up like a Jack-in-the-box, and says, says he, 'Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, I rise to a p'int or order! You have heered the base and sarcastical insinuations hurled at me by my worthy opponent, Mr. Mike Dod—'

'Mr. Mike!' screamed Debby Dodson, jumpin' to her feet and shakin' her fist onder Eleazar's bloomin' nose. 'Don't you let me hear ye Mr. Mikin' my husband, Eleazar Loveday! How you Laurel Forkers gits Mr. Mike out o' Michael Sulvester beats me! I don't allow nobody, candidate er otherwise, to dishonor him with no sich entitlement! Everybody knows Mr. Mike sounds low and common, while Sulvester is turrible high-toned and 'ristocratic. What's the use of bein' blue-blooded, if you don't act blue-blooded. I don't keer if he is run to nose in the upstairs portion of his anatomies and run to feet in his lower story. I don't keer if he does use a swear-word occasional. I don't keer if he does chaw tobacker! I don't keer if he is a sinner from Sinnersville; Sulvester he is, and Sulvester he shell remain! Thar's too much anarchistical feelin' stirred up in this here town of late, Your Honor. Them that hasn't is allers tryin' to pull down them that has; jist as if it wasn't an absolute necessity to have different grades of wealth and different grades of sassiety. If we was *all* millionaires, er if we was *all* day-laborers, whar would sassiety be at? I wouldn't be surprised no time to see Eleazar Loveday th'ow a bomb at me and Sulvester, jist because we've got a gin'ral store, a house and a lot, two horse-beasties, six pigs and a short-horn heifer, while Eleazar, he ain't got even so much as a billy-goat! As fer the Pore Man's Cyow—why, this town's fairly *run* to cyows, Your Honor. Sulvester, he says, that the popilation of Laurel Fork was betwixt three and four hundred the last time the senses were took. I'd be willin' to stake my life on a bet that moren' half that number is orphanless cyows. Most of um pasters in our front yard, which we pays taxes on, and nobody pays cyow-paster. Every day I flush a covey of cyows on my premises, and ef I had a gun I could shoot um on the ground, er on the wing, Your Honor, most of um bein' of the flyin' variety. They sails right over

my front fence, Your Honor, carryin' vines, flowers and palin's in their mad flights. The fust thing you Laurel Forkers knows, I'm gonter put this sign up onto my gate: "Cyow Hotel. Rates, \$5.00 per day per cyow, if satisfied with grass. Geraniums, rosebushes, et cetera, fifty cents extry. Cyows to be sold fer their hotel bills if onpaid. Hotel keeper claims the right to milk all transint custim. Special terms arranged fer calves, accordin' to size, disposition and appetite." I bet that 'll bring the inhabitants to their senses, don't you bet so, Your Honor? Laurel Fork should have a ordinance,' she went on, gittin' hotter and hotter. 'That's what I been tellin' Sulvester fer the last fifteen year, and he ain't never thought about agitatatin' the question of a ordinance till Eleazar Loveday got him all stirred up. Sulvester calls hisself a "city father!" City-father - the - dog's - hind - foot! Sulvester's got his virtues, and I reckon he's jist about as good as the gin'ral run of husbands, but ef he ain't a fool from Fooltown,—My! every male man in the settlement's a member of this here I. O. O. F. Society, and calls thei'selves "Independent Order of Odd-Fellers." If they'd name it "Independent Order of Fools," they'd come nigher to hittin' the nail on the head! They ain't none of um got sense enough to come in outen the rain. If they'd let us women-folks be the city-fathers, we'd have more than jist a cyow-ordinance, Your Honor! We'd have telephones and analytic pavements and art-lights and naughty-mobles and street-cyars and sich; that's jist what *we'd* have! Yas, and we'd have a park, too, sir, with a fine sody-fountain a-tinklin' and a-twinklin' right in the middle of it, like them you read about, and ondressed marvel statutes a-shinin' thoo the umbrageous shade of the shady trees! Your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury, kain't you see the injustice of allowin' absolute liberty to the Pore Man's Cyow? Why, Sophronisby Sim's Brindle's got more civic rights than *I've* got! If I was to go around buttin' down folks's front fences, playin' leapfrog over their gates, trompin' out their kitchen-gardens, and chawin' up their flowers and grapevines, the constable'd lock me up in the calabost and git out a comission of lunacy. I've shet that old Brindle up wunst in my woodshed, and made Sophronisby Sims pay me two dollars and a half damages afore I'd let her out agin! The next time she intrudes on my premises

without no invite, I'll th'ow a kittle of b'ilin' water over her, and if that won't cuore her, I'll sprinkle my rosebushes with Paris green and hellelore, that's what I'll do, Your Honor!

'Set down, set down, Debby, honey,' I says, seein' she was gittin' most too wrothy, and that Eleazar was about to bust agin. So she sot, and Sapphry Loveday, Eleazar's sister and the village poetess, riz and recited a pome she'd writ especially fer the occasion, beginnin' somepun like this,—

'Methinks thar is no sound so sweet
At midnight er at noon,
As the jinglin' knell of the old Cyow-bell,
As she plays her tender tune.
Methinks it would be very sad
To keep the poor Cyow in,
And nevermore by sea er shore
List to her merry din.'

"Sapphry's pome wasn't any too short, and I had to call her down pretty firm afore she was willin' to set. It was gittin' nigh onto ten o'clock by the time she finished yellercutin', and as interest was kinder flaggin' and everybody was gittin' sleepy, we adjourned *sine die*, and went home singin' 'God Be with You till We Meet Again,' with Eleazar leadin' one verse, and Mike Dodson leadin' the next. Well, sir, election day come on apace, and it looked like the meetin' hadn't helped Mike Dodson's chances a little bit. All his friends mighty nigh had took the anarchistical fever, and the Pore Man's Cyow craze, and was goin' plum back on him, although his follerin' had ben way yander ahead of Eleazar's in the fust beginnin'. Mike hadn't never ben beat afore, and it peared like the defeat was gonter kill him. He fell away to a shadder, couldn't sleep er eat, and neglected his business shameful. Debby she stormed and raged and threatened to pull up stakes and leave, if we let a trashy Loveday beat her 'Sulvester.' Debby, she's a sight, Bud. That's what Debby is. As fer Eleazar—well, I reckon the President hisself ain't as puffed up as Eleazar was. The town was sceercely big enough to hold him, he was that proud and self-satisfied. At the council meetin' we'd app'inted a special day to vote on the cyow law, and the municipal election was to foller shortly. Mike he tried hard to hold out and stand by his colors, but finally he come round to the popilar side and voted for the Pore Man's Cyow to have all the liberty she wanted. Looked like if he couldn't git overseer-of-the-poorship one way, he was

bound to git it another, principles er no principles. The Cyow come off victor by a big majority, and of course when folks found out the step that Mike had taken, the tide of sentiment shifted around in his favor, all of his whilom associates and supporters returnin' to their old allegiance. He beat Eleazar all to flinders, and Eleazar ain't rekindered yit from his astonishment. He hangs his head and walks pigeon-toed like a turkey-gobler jist afore Thanksgiving'. When the excitement was all over, Sulvester he shet up shop and celebrated his victory by loadin' up on moonshine, footin' it over to Muggin's Station, beatin' his way on the log-train up to Riverside, and gittin' put into the lock-up fer disorderly conduct and gin'ral cussedness. He called hisself 'hoboin'.' I heerd Debby say she'd hobo *him* if ever she had to go up to Riverside agin to pay him out of jail. As fer Eleazar, he bought hisself a new suit o' store clothes with some of the campaign money his onfortunate constituents had so kindly furnished him, and afterward took sister Sapphry to the cirkis at Cloverton, on account o' his grief. Run right out, Bud, and put the hoop over that gate! Yander cumes Sophronisby Sim's Brindle down the road, and she's got her off-eye sot on Sary Sue's geraniums. That old Brindle's actually got a new flirt to her tail, a new twist to her cud, a new squint to her eye, and a new perk to her ear sence the election come off. She knows she's a privileged character, and she sa'nters along the road with her nose in the air and don't turn no answer to nobody.

"Jimminy! Thar's the supper-bell! Don't go, Bud. Walk right in and git some of our feed, sich as it is! They ain't no sense in you wastin' money down at that trashy boardin' house, when good victuals is lyin' around loose, free gratis fer nothin'. Sary Sue, she's so goldarned stuck on ye, that I shouldn't wonder if she's baked the coffee and biled the batter-cakes. She gits turrible flustered when you come about, with them citified ways and made-to-order clothes. Now, see here, son! If you and Sary Sue goes to gittin' up a flirtation right here onder my very nose, me and you'll mix! That's what me and you'll do, sir! Come along, now, and don't be bashful. Sary Sue's like all the other women-peoples the good Lord's made—she don't like fer troffin' men-folks to keep her meals awaitin'."

A COMEDY IN THE AIR

By Charles McIlvaine

A BIT of robin song whistled from rosy lips; then merry mischief wakening soft brown eyes, intent to enjoy the response, tilted a girlish face to one side, and coming pleasure set two dimples waiting. The response came. On the pinnacle of a near-by cedar, a mocking bird listened, swelled his breast, and echoed the notes bravely, conscious that many a morning he had by tuneful deception wooed Dame Robin to his presence, and brought her mate to his side, mad, ruffled for fight; madder still that he could not find any semblance of a red-breasted intruder daring to be his rival.

Pretty May Lecompte, standing on the balustered verandah, laughed quietly; a laugh like the ripple of a toying brook stealing past pebbles that lay in wait to stop it. "The deceiver deceived!" she exclaimed to herself. "Trickster, mocker, comedian among birds that you are! If I did not love you so much, I would cry shame upon you!"

Again she whistled. The mocking bird sounded the robin's defiance and peered about to enjoy the discomfiture of his victim, in suspicious lover or irate husband. Ignorance was bliss; he did not know that he was being fooled. The mew of a cat startled him. He, now, was the victim. The cat! The deadly enemy of his race; the Comanche sneaking upon his nest! He shook out his war feathers, flapped his white barred wings, threw up his tail with an angry jerk, uttered his battle cry, and with downward swoop, not suspecting the fair author of the ruse, flew close to his human teaser.

She laughed merrily. "I have fooled you again, have I, silly fellow, and delayed the breakfast you were serving in dainty morsels to your youngsters? You have no business to neglect them for your own fun. How quickly my miaouw brought you to your duty—sense—the defense of your nestlings." She laughed at him again. "How cross you look, and a bit ashamed, too. Is it for mistaking

your very best friend for a cat, or is your pride touched? Would you like to give me a nip? Ah, I know you would by your raging 'Phuit-ack.' Brave fellow! I ought not to raise your temper. Cool off. Go sing me a song, while I find some spiders for you. I will help you make up your lost time, and your nestlings' breakfast."

The bird, all the birds about the family mansion of the Lecompte's, knew the fair daughter of the house. Their mothers and their mothers' mothers had nested there. The blackbirds owned the tops of the grand old pines, the robins pre-empted the apple tree boughs, and orioles hung their nests upon the twigs; gay-breasted warblers and jewel-eyed vireos cradled their young in the maples, the cardinal grosbeak knew from long habitation, that his flaming uniform, summer and winter, made its best showing against the massed foliage of the evergreen cedars; the thrush, cat-bird and song sparrow sang their wedding choruses where the chicken and fox grapes made leafy bowers in the natural hedges over-arching the driveways; chippies wove their nests in crotches of the shrubbery; wrens built, scolded and reared their young under the eaves of the raftered porches or were busy denizens of the steepled churches and turreted villas set up on poles for their sole benefit. The mocking bird was arboreal king of them all, and chose his residence wherever it best pleased himself and royal consort. The girl's soft voice soothed the bird's discomfiture. He looked knowingly at her. Many a time, a dainty insect, placed where he could find it, had followed just such hurtless scoldings. He flew to his favorite song perch and sang as no other bird can sing.

"Bright drops of tune, from ocean's infinite
Of melody, sipped off the thin-edged wave

And trickled down the beak,—"
Sang and waited, and maybe wondered how such an airy, merry being as the rosy maiden could live in a house, when the broad lawn

and fields were free to her, and by what process of moulting her dress was changed from morning airiness to evening nicety; from, as now, pink-belted white, to sombre heaviness when the days were chill or rain was threatening. But he knew to a certainty when she came down the broad steps and poked in the angles they made with the porch, where the morning glory climbers held their purple trumpets to the sun, that she was routing spiders from their webs—spiders for him.

"How can you do it, May? How can you hold the horrid things in your hand? asked a stately, gray-haired lady, who crossed from the door to the baluster and leaned over it, watching her breezy niece with earnest disgust.

"Firstly, Auntie, dear," she replied, holding up her closed hand, "because I am stronger than the spiders. Secondly, because I do not think they are 'horrid' but are useful, wonderful creatures of exceedingly retiring dispositions, as you would admit if you undertook to catch them in their retreats. Thirdly, because I know (though not one-half as fearless as you have proved yourself to be in the war times) that the tarantula of the tropics and the beautiful crimson-marked little *Latrodectus mactans* are the only two spiders in America whose bites are dangerously poisonous. And fourthly, because I have promised that songster yonder that I will catch him some."

"Ugh!" shuddered her aunt, drawing back from the shapely, outstretched arm, "the very thought of a spider makes my skin feel too tight for me."

"I know the feeling, Auntie. I think butterflies have such wicked faces. I caught a great, big, beautiful butterfly once. When I looked at its face, it was so dreadfully wicked that I shivered and let it go. I have not dared catch one since. Now I'm going to put these spiders—six of them—on that safrano rose-bush, across the drive. They will scamper a six-leg scamper to hide in the crotches and under the leaves. We will sit on the steps and watch the bird find them. Spiders remind me of the smart boys in fairy books, who found their way home out of dismal forests (where disagreeable people sent them to be conveniently devoured by resident monsters) by strings they cunningly unwound as they entered. Spiders leave webs behind them wherever they go." She bounded across the

drive, released the spiders from her hand, pushed off a couple of pokey ones, and ran back to her aunt, whom she seated with irresistible jolliness on the top step beside her.

* * *

"Take a look, Berkeley. I never saw a prettier girl. And breezy? She reminds me of gentle Nausicaa, watched by bush-hidden Ulysses when she was washing linen in the land of the Phæaciens—the most fascinating scene old Homer ever depicted. Take a look. Then I will banish you down the line a mile or so with something distracting to think about as you go. These southern girls are as sunny and radiant as the luxuriant setting of their country demands. I wish the telescope of my instrument would draw her nearer."

"You are a gynæco-maniac, Darrah. It does not take a telescope to draw you close to a woman."

"Nor a microscope to magnify the loveliness of one to you, Berkeley."

"True. I have never yet seen a woman's face so ugly, so degraded, so hardened, that I could not either see or bring a touch of woman's nature to it. That nature is loveliness."

"Take a look at the face yonder; you will rave more than ever."

Darrah, a handsome, finely proportioned man of twenty-five, who had been watching the comedy in the air which May Lecompte and the mocking bird were acting, stood aside from the telescope of his transit to give place to his college chum and engineering assistant, Berkeley. They had been in the neighborhood but a few days, locating a short line of railroad, and were now setting the stakes for bridge abutments at a creek crossing, a quarter of a mile away. To test the condition of his instrument, he had directed it upon the distant mansion, and naturally with such a sight in focus, had no disposition to disturb it.

Berkeley, shorter than Darrah, with a plain, kindly, impressive face, brimming with fun, energy, and the good health which prompts them, put his eye to the glass and looked. "Beautiful!" he ejaculated. "I shall fall in love with that queenly old lady, if I am blessed with the chance."

"Agreed, Berkeley. You are the most generous of fellows. Let us make the chance. We can produce our long pedigrees and vouch-

ers for our harmlessness, afterward. All we have to do is to attract attention to our distinguished occupation, say that we shall be in the neighborhood for several weeks; and Southern hospitality will do the rest. I have it! We must idle an hour or so waiting for the axemen to cut out the bushes. Take the transit, go to the mansion, blush your reddest, ask for a glass of water and permission to make a triangulation from the porch steps. Your winning smile and innocent appearance will get you this. Set up your instrument. At a signal from you, I will hold up the sighting pole here. Conventional curiosity will induce the lovely female to accept your invitation to look through the telescope. I will be performing acrobatic feats on the sight pole. Our college gymnastics will be overpowering. You can dilate upon my amiable weaknesses and Herculean powers. The lovely, unsuspecting will express a desire to know your friend. Presto. A signal brings me. Introduction, two hearts amalgamated. My turn comes. I help you along—in your devotion to the old lady."

Berkeley laughed, a sound, wholesome laugh. "A romance through a telescope! Excellent opening! Conclusion in our next! Signals—one wave of my handkerchief to the right means raise your sight pole; two means special performance by Mr. Darrah in his unexampled cow-jumped-over-the-moon act. I am off on the ninny mission of expecting a woman to do as a man plans for her. I shall come off at best with a drink of water, the polite regards of the old lady and the affection of the dogs, if they have any." He gathered together the legs of the tripod, shouldered the instrument, and, with sturdy strides, walked toward the mansion. He said to himself after many steps: "The happiest face I ever saw. What a whirl of life behind it!"

* * *

"I told you so, Auntie. The bird watched me. He knew just what I was doing. See! He comes nearer; reconnoitering. How he hates the cat! Yesterday I saw him make a swoop and take a billful of fur from Ringtail's back, and send him, humped, to shelter, with his tail as thick as my arm. Larry, poor doggie, looks upon the bird as a concealed deadly weapon, carried by every bush on the lawn. He goes by each one sideways, with his mouth open for defence and his tail between his legs,

fearing back nips from ambush. Look! Now the bird is on the bush! How he balances lightly on a sprig, peering under the leaves! There! Nip! He has a spider. Off he flies with it in his beak, a tid-bit for his baby birds. It pays me to gather spiders. Sometimes I have wished I were a bird. It has always seemed strange to me that human beings, smart and big as they think themselves, should be so restricted in what they can do. There is that joyous bird; he can go where he pleases, and not pay one cent. He doesn't have to rush for a train and show his ticket, or maybe be late and miss it, and get mad and scold; he just says to himself: 'I am going', and he goes. Here comes a gentleman around the drive. He is carrying an odd-looking thing, but I know he is a gentleman by the way he carries himself. Good breeding will out, no matter what you put it under. I have seen it under a hod."

Mr. Berkeley was one who had no obliquity in his nature. His habit was to go straight at an object he wished to accomplish. If he had been fired from a cannon it is hardly possible he would have described a parabola. He raised his hat to the ladies, looked at the elder and said: "I am Gorham Berkeley, a civil engineer, running a railroad line near your home. Will you kindly allow me to use my instrument from this point?"

"Certainly," responded the elder, as both rose, struck with his business manner in addressing and looking at her, apparently without a thought of her young companion. I am Miss Annie Lecompte; this is my niece, May Lecompte. I am sure Colonel Lecompte will regret that he is absent."

"Thank you for the privilege you grant. I am indeed glad to be so pleasantly received. Engineers are often regarded as intruders, trespassers, dragons armed with a mysterious power to seize and appropriate. I assure you of my harmlessness. My college chum—Dick Darrah—and myself are strangers in a strange land. We are fortunate in being together as engineers for the company in which our fathers are financially interested. It is pleasant, too, to see faces and a spot like this, which remind us so pleasantly of home. I am sorry Colonel Lecompte is absent. I did not know this to be his residence. I have a letter to him from my father. So has Mr. Darrah from his. Pardon me. Dick is waiting for my signal."

While he spoke he was "setting up" his instrument. He gave the signal and looked through the telescope. One long look satisfied him. Dick Darrah, straight as a soldier presenting arms, stood behind his planted sighting pole. "I will let him hold it for a while—practice in posing," he thought.

"I saw an interesting sight this morning, ladies, an osprey carrying fish to its young. The ragged stick-nest of the pair is in the top of a skeleton tree, yonder by the creek. You can see it plainly from here by aid of the glass. I have directed the instrument upon it. Will you look?"

"Thank you, yes," assented May Lecompte. "I saw the osprey carrying sticks and old corn stalks to build their nest. Later, by the bright glistening of what they carried in their claws, I knew captured fish were being taken to their young. I would have climbed the tree with a contribution of sliced cucumbers to eat with them, if dead trees without bark were not so slippery. Oh!" she exclaimed, looking through the glass, "what a bare, bleak home! I would rather be a little fish, 'rocked in the cradle of the deep,' where I could not fall out, than a baby osprey on a tree top with such a long space of nothing under me, if I lost my balance and fell."

"I do not believe it would hurt you one bit, May," her aunt said, smiling, and in half-apology for her niece's acknowledged tree-climbing experience. "Your physical training at college has transformed you into caoutchouc. Mr. Berkeley, in the absence of my brother,—Colonel Lecompte—I ask you and Mr. Darrah to present your letters to me. I shall welcome you here as my brother would."

Berkeley thanked her graciously, though he was lost in admiring the dainty ears of the young lady, as she looked through the telescope.

May Lecompte raised her head and laughed merrily. "Mr. Berkeley, as Auntie has extended to you the hospitality of our home, I can request an introduction to your friend, Mr. Darrah. Please turn the instrument on him. I will receive it through the air—at long distance. You may tell him. Perhaps he will not feel himself so much of a stranger when he calls."

"Certainly, most happy. I know Dick will be. He is very impressionable to ladies, even at long range." He waved his arm twice after getting a good adjustment on him. "It

gives me great pleasure, Miss Lecompte, to introduce Mr. Darrah, the pride of our college, a Paris of Troy—college. Please look."

With her eye to the glass, May Lecompte said gaily: "Mr. Darrah, I am glad to ~~wel~~ come you within a quarter of a mile of my father's house—and—Oh, he is going to vault over the creek, Mr. Berkeley—a tremendous leap. He has a high pole! He has gone back for a run! Now he starts! Splendid! He is high in the air! Oh! Oh!" she shrieked with laughter. "Oh, his pole has slipped! He landed in the pool! And such a splash! Now his feet are above the water! Now his head! Now he is standing dripping, looking hard this way, as if he knew I was looking at him."

"Possibly he thinks I am," Mr. Berkeley said, heartily joining in her laugh. "Alas for Dick! I have wanted a good joke on him for some time."

"Oh, dear! I shall laugh for a month, whenever I think of it. Such a ducking! Poor man! I hope he will not take cold."

* * *

The spring broods of mocking birds were planning love affairs of their own. May Lecompte was now busy as assistant spider-provider for the summer hatches. Gorham Berkeley and Richard Darrah were airy as the mocking birds when in her presence, but solemn as crows when away from her. Mr. Darrah cawed, Mr. Berkeley kept silent. Mr. Darrah felt that he had the right of discovery; Mr. Berkeley asserted no rights, but determined to obtain them by conquest, if he could.

May Lecompte was seemingly impartial. Her color was higher, her eyes brighter, her laugh merrier when she was alone with the birds, the flowers, the breezes. Only her devoted aunt saw, at times, her lips parted, a dreamy film upon her eyes, and knew that her thoughts were where her love was given. Even she, with her forty years of experience in diagnosing like sympathetic symptoms, was in doubt by whom they were inspired.

Nature does not rest on the seventh day. The spiders wove their webs, the mocking birds fed the weavers to their young, the safrano opened its voluptuous buds, the morning glory, alone, of all the flowers, closed to the August sun. Out of the west the circled curtain of a storm arose, lifted by wind,

lashed by lightning, shaken by thunder, and labored heavily to the zenith. Suddenly, the wind, loosened from under its burden, dashed with a roar of fury upon the Lecompte pines, bent their tops, tore their limbs and sent sturdy ones crashing to the ground. Gray sheets of rain—shreds of the mighty curtain—caught on the smaller trees and hung them with dripping fringes. May Lecompte, Mr. Darrah and Mr. Berkeley were sitting on the topmost verandah step when the crash came. Both anxiously seized and drew her to shelter. She laughingly disengaged herself. Her words of thanks were lost in the tumult. A limb crashed down upon an apple tree across the drive. She clasped her hands, drew in her breath and pitying dread drew her merry face to painful anxiousness. In this tree her mocking birds housed their helpless nestlings. One of them, by the straggling blow, was tumbled from the nest. All saw the catastrophe. Mr. Darrah turned to console her. Mr. Berkeley dabbed his hat on his head, jammed it down, leaped into the storm, dashed across the drive, picked up the drenched birdlet, thrust it into his coat pocket, swung himself up into the tree, and was lost to sight in its tangled foliage.

"What a brave goose Berkeley is and always will be," said Mr. Darrah, half admiringly, half deprecatingly. A flash of lightning blinded him, startled him. When he looked for May Lecompte she was gone. He saw a white dress drenched, moulded by the wind to a fleeting form, brown hair streaming like a pennant from a raised face, and arms held high. He knew it was May Lecompte. He was paralyzed by indecision. She ran under the apple tree. As if loosened from a spring, she flew upward, grasped a branch. She, too, disappeared.

Out on a swaying limb she saw Mr. Berkeley, with one hand gripping a waving branch above him; with the other he held his hat

over the mocking birds' nest and turned the torrent from it.

Fearlessly she climbed to him. The parent birds flew wildly about him, shrieking their alarm and viciously pulling his hair. The limbs surged, swayed, jerked, like tethered things alive and rampant. To keep him from being thrown from his perch, she held him by the collar of his coat. "What are you doing here?" she asked anxiously, lacking in full view of his occupation, a more sensible question.

"Acting umbrella over unfeathered birdlets," he answered calmly, turning a streaming face toward her.

"Why?" she questioned impulsively.

"Upon my word, I have not had time to think out my present very uncertain position; but because they are your pets is one solid reason; and—and because I want you very badly for my pet, is another."

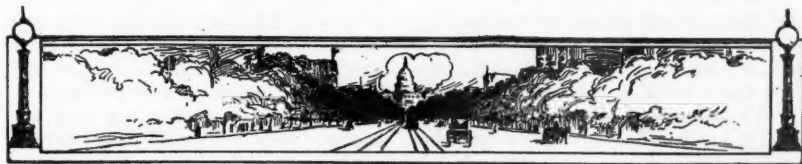
Her face was dashed with rain, nevertheless the color of her cheeks rose under the drenching. Then a happy laugh mingled with the roar of the Storm King. She slipped her hand down his arm until it joined his in holding the hat. "I hope you will always be near enough to hold your hat over me, storm or no storm."

"I don't care how long this one lasts," he replied in a tone rich in earnest.

Such voices, such tones, pacified the anxious birds. They sat close above on a limb, cocked their heads and looked at each other knowingly. The male mocked the robin's love song, and sang a strain of his own.

"Hello Berkeley," called Mr. Darrah, "shall I take you an umbrella and a ladder?"

"Neither, thank you," answered Mr. Berkeley. The music of laughter mingled with that of the birds and the patter of rain in the tree top. The wind lulled; the leaves dropped around the happy couple. For Mr. Darrah the comedy in the air was ended.



HIS CLIENT

By F. Binney de Forest

EIGHTH floor, please." The boy barely caught the words as the woman stepped into the elevator. She was not the only woman among the men that crowded the lift to its limit. But she appeared remote from the others; there was an air about her that reminded one of the heroic Greek women, yet she possessed a subtle something that proclaimed, above beauty of form and feature, the woman.

As she stepped out, she walked down the long corridor until a short turn brought her in front of a door which bore the inscription, "Robert Sherwood, Attorney and Counsellor at Law." She laid her hand upon the heavy brass doorknob, as if to obey the commonplace words beneath the name, "Walk in without knocking." Then, suddenly, she snatched her hand from it and noiselessly retraced her steps.

When she found herself in the street, she was breathing as if she had been running, her nostrils were quivering and the flush on her cheeks gleamed through the thick veil. She stood at the street corner for a moment, her car coming, but before it reached her a quick change swept over her face, and courage leaped into her eyes. Turning, she heard herself again repeating, "Eighth floor, please."

With abandon, she now turned the brass knob and walked into the outer office. A young man came forward.

"I wish to see Mr. Sherwood," she said, answering his questioning look.

"Mr. Sherwood is engaged and can't be disturbed," he said with an air of superiority.

"But I must see him," strength of purpose to dare stamped upon her high-bred features. "I'll wait," she said, dropping into a chair.

"It's useless, madam," said the clerk, with dogged determination to obey the command from the great lawyer not to disturb him under any circumstances.

Further parley was interrupted by a voice

coming from the inner office bidding the clerk to show the lady in. The woman recognized it. She had listened to it in the courtroom, as the people were swayed by his eloquence.

Sherwood arose, laying down some important legal papers as she entered.

"You wish to see me?" he inquired.

"Yes, I wish to see you," she answered, struggling against the tremor in her voice.

"Won't you be seated?" he said with courteous kindness. "I'll be at liberty as soon as I have prepared these papers for my typewriter," taking up the documents he had just put down.

The woman gasped at the delay with a sense of relief, as she walked across the room and seated herself with her back to the open window, through which the inarticulate street noises far below drifted in and broke the death-like stillness of the room, except for the occasional rustle of moving paper. She had time to study the man, whose serene, massive strength of character was portrayed in the broad, high forehead and the deep-set, earnest eyes. The helplessness of her situation rushed upon her, and she shivered at the dire possibilities of it. Presently a relieving thought came to her. It was for another's happiness she had come, and that made her bold. Hope leaped into her heart even with the memory of those three warring years clutching at her soul; the wound fresh as if made but yesterday instead of long years ago.

Her husband was not happy, and she saw it; then came the death-blow, not to her love, but to their union. She could see him now as he said: "I have a part to play in the world, and will not let any woman thwart my plans." How those words bit and stung, and stifled her with the thought of what she might have been to him! How could she have failed him so? Now, she would make reparation, and in her brain beat the words and gave her strength, "Let not him that putteth his hand to the plow look backwards; Though the

plowshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains; Though it pass over the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living; it is the will of the Lord; and His mercy endureth forever!"

"Copy these out at once." It was the lawyer speaking to his typewriter. "They must catch the next San Francisco mail."

As the door closed upon the young lady he turned toward his waiting client. "A gentlewoman!" was his mental comment upon her.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, seating himself not far from her, and dropping into the low and confidential tone of the legal adviser.

"I want to see you about—about getting a divorce from my husband." She did not look at him as she spoke.

"You wish to consult me about getting a divorce?" He repeated, surprise in his tone.

"Yes," she answered calmly.

The line deepened between his brows, and his expression changed. He disliked such cases.

"That's a pity," he said. "Tell me about it." His voice was sympathetic. "Why do you want a divorce?" questioning her with that legal habit of getting at the bottom of things. "Does your husband drink?"

"I think not," she answered, with a barely perceptible start.

The lawyer looked puzzled. "Has he ever used violence toward you?"

"Oh, no!" she cried, with a little pathetic smile at the utter absurdity of such a question.

"Tell me your ground of complaint," he said, kindly.

"He went away a long, long time ago!" An air of retrospection clung to the woman, as she paused for an instant, "and I—I wish to be free."

The lawyer shifted his position. The old story, he thought—the self-sacrifice of woman.

"How about yourself?" he asked quizzically.

"Oh, I can get along," she said bravely, "but he needs a home. A woman can bring a home-feeling into the place where she lives, no matter how insignificant it may be. A man can't."

"I guess you're right," said Sherwood, and a sad smile came into his eyes and made them tender. "But I would rather not help you," the smile was lost in a frown now, "to

give him an opportunity to make another home. He couldn't anyway," he appended under his breath. "I would rather help mend this broken one. I advise you strongly to try to win him back. If he's a man, he'll be glad of the chance to return."

In the woman's face there was a kind of waking fright mingled with a half-blind wonderment, as she answered, "I did try, once; but my letters were returned to me unopened."

Robert Sherwood's face was full of compassion as he said, "Tell me all."

The woman's hands worked nervously, and her voice was vibrant with emotion as she began:

"We were both young, and loved each other truly, and for twelve months we were happy." A faint flush crept over her face as the memory of that perfect year came back. "After a while; I can't explain how, but discord wedged itself in, and I was impatient." The flush had given place to pallor now. "He was devoted to his work, and I—I think I was jealous of that devotion." She winced, but spoke steadily. "So we missed what I had dreamed of all my life, companionship; because of the lack of that rare endowment among women, adaptability. After he was gone, I saw it all; how a man first and last wants in a wife, a comrade—a comradeship that will love his work, his life, whatever he is interested in." Suddenly she realized that she was talking to an attorney, and what he wanted was facts, not what she had learned in the long stretch of time since the then and the now. She recovered herself and went on.

"By and by the bickerings grew into a real warfare; then came the parting."

She could not bring herself to go over the details of that last day.

"After a while—" her voice caught in her throat, and was only a breath, as she continued—"a baby boy came with his father's eyes and brow, and I had something to live for and to—to do. Oh, there is so much to tell!" she cried, pausing as if tired.

"Go on," pleaded the lawyer, compassionately.

"My son," the words left her lips with a caress, "grew strong. I told him of his father, how he had to go away, but some day he would come back to baby and mother. His father's face was ever before me. I told the child the things I wanted to tell his father; how I longed for him. I taught the boy that

he must go to his father and say: 'I am your son and my mother is waiting for you.' I knew he would come back for his son's sake, for he had longed for a son. And I would tell him he need not be afraid, for the other woman was quite gone. She had to go in order to make his son what he ought to be." Only a glimmer of the wax-like face could the lawyer catch through the thick folds of her loose veil.

"At last the looked-for time was near. My bonny boy would be three years old next day, and on that day we were to go."

The expression on the lawyer's face was earnest as he leaned forward, one hand resting upon his knee, the other on the back of his chair.

"That last night," he recognized a break in the woman's voice, "I told my boy again and again just how his father would look; how strong and how grand, and how proud he would be of his son, and I would be waiting for them." She caught her breath sharply. "That night my boy was taken ill, and—and before his birthday eve he was dead."

The lawyer's hand went to his eyes.

"I thought I must go too," she went on, "but women live through everything. When I felt strong enough, I wrote my son's father, but my letters were returned unopened. How I ached to say to him, 'I understand.' I have had the vision." But I learned my lesson too late,—some do, you know. Still, richer than he, I have the memory of—of baby arms clinging to my neck, and moist baby kisses. Then the new creature in me spoke, 'He needs companionship and a home, and I can give them to him by making him free.' That is all," she breathed.

For a moment neither stirred nor spoke. Sherwood was so abandoned to thought that he did not notice how long the silence was.

When he spoke he said, "Men are bunglers; they hold in their coarse hands a woman's throbbing, loving heart as if it were wood."

He arose and walked twice across the room. Then he came and stood before his client and went on: "I had a friend, a man, who had a similar story. He was not happy with his wife, and they parted. They had let that precious thing 'that many waters cannot quench,' slip out of their lives. I think the man was to blame. He began to think so, too, after they had lived apart some years, and he had come to himself. Then he said, 'I will go to her and ask forgiveness, and we will begin all over.' He set off eagerly. When he got there they told him she was dead. He never had the chance to try again. Take my advice." He spoke earnestly. "You have the power, I feel sure, to win him back." He went on quickly, not giving her time to express her resistance, expounding, elucidating with the directness of a man sure he is right.

The woman's composure almost broke as his calm, resolute voice swept on. Once she put out her hands as if to ward it off. When he ceased she came to her feet with a swift motion; her slender figure, clad in black, standing out like a silhouette against the mellow light of the late afternoon sun. As lawyer and client stood facing each other, a sudden gust of wind with daring audacity leaped through the window and twisted and tore at the woman's loose veil and wrenched it from her face.

"Mildred!" he breathed, staring at her with his hungering eyes. "Is it you?"

She only smiled for answer, standing with the nimbus of the Holy Mother illumining her face and filling the room.

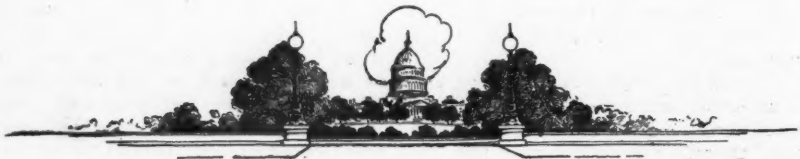
"Mildred," he burst forth, "I never saw your letters, and they told me you were dead."

"I have come to life," she said tenderly.

He put out his hands toward her. "Come!" he cried.

"Oh, Robert, Robert!"

He took her in his arms, the new sacredness about her overflowing his heart. "Tell me more about my son," he said, his face quivering, as they sat down side by side.



THE MERRIE MONTH OF MAY

By Roberta McWilliams

PARDON! august sire, pardon!"

The soft whisper stopped King Karo as he ran through the garden, and a feeling almost of fear gripped his heart. Anger and disappointment robbed him of his voice for a moment, as a shadowy figure ceremoniously bobbed before him in the fast deepening twilight. He caught at the fluttering draperies.

"Come!" he commanded. "Come quickly and make no noise."

He pushed her before him, down an unfrequented path, across which adventurous flowers had found an escape from the stiff box borders, to the hedge that separated the palace garden from the park. Still holding her in the hollow of his arm, he groped along the hedge until he found a gate, so little used that it hung rotting on its hinges. Years ago, this had been a favorite path to the pine woods, but long since the shady alley that led to the lake on the other side of the palace had proved a stronger rival, and the old way had been forgotten. There was not even a trooper to guard the gate as there was at every other entrance to the royal grounds. The king put the girl before him, and then re-hung the gate on its broken hinges. Catching her hand again, he led the way down the grass-grown road that ran through the park to the city.

"I hope you don't mind coming with me," he said simply; "but I've run away."

She said nothing, but he felt in her fingers the frightened tremor that shook her slim figure.

He stopped and looked back at the palace, as it gleamed redly in the afterglow. The single light away in the east wing marked the chapel, where he was supposed to be kneeling in prayer and meditation. According to the custom of his royal house, a prince was escorted with all pomp and ceremony to the chapel on the eve before his wedding, and left there to pray for the blessing of God on his marriage.

He had obeyed the custom; and clad in sober garments, had allowed his prime minister, Count Oraton, to lead him to the chapel, to seek the aid of heaven in his approaching marriage to the Princess Torinello. A feeling of relief stole over his tired mind and body, when the door closed and he was left alone in the dim, sweet-smelling, holy place. The voices of the choristers in the screened gallery far above floated around him like a benediction. It was the first time since he had ascended the throne, months ago, that he had been so alone.

He had not been born to the purple, and when an assassin's hand had raised him to the throne, his ministers redoubled their vigilance. Never again should it be said that the sovereign of Marento had been killed like a dog. Asleep or awake, there were always courtiers, guards and detectives about him, until he loathed the sight of a uniformed man.

He had led a happy, if a lonely, life, until that terrible day when his dear old tutor had come with blanched face and trembling lips to hail him as king. He remembered now how he had thrown his arms around his neck and sobbingly sworn that it would make no difference whether he were a king or an unknown prince, they should never be separated. He knew little then of the life of sacrifice that must be a king's. Oraton had shown him that the tutor would be happier in his old home than at court, and proved that the teacher must give away to the cabinet, and so he had gone forth to his throne alone.

He used to find pleasure in each new day. The blue of the sky, the breath of the wind, the song of the bird had been a joy. Now each day only served to add to the burdens that pressed so heavily on his young shoulders. His ministers quarreled in his very presence over a proper distribution of his favors, and he watched them with contemptuous eyes.

"My part is that of the lion at the Zoo," he thought. "I am imprisoned behind the

bars of tradition and ceremony, to amuse the people, that my keepers may grow in power and riches."

And then had come the question of his marriage. The state demanded it, they said. This was the most intolerable of all. Once, long ago, it seemed to him now, he had had a dream of finding love in the shy eyes and tender lips of a maid who would leave all and follow him because she loved him, and not because he was a prince. Now the ministers discussed the eligibility of every marriageable princess in Europe, until his soul writhed.

"The Princess of Saxe?" old Oraton held up his withered hands in horror. "She eats nothing but patés and sweets, dances all night, and laces her waist six inches smaller than God made it. What kind of a mother of kings would she be?"

"That red-haired girl of Urango," sneered Welkon; "She is mad, like all of her family! No, no, count, we can do with fewer quarterings, but we must have a brain."

At last they had chosen the Princess Torinello. Oraton favored her because an envoy brought word that every day she ate a hearty breakfast of fruit and meat and eggs, and Welkon did not object because she was said to have wit enough to realize that a princess is only a figurehead, and to know that it is the minister who rules.

King Karo had rebelled, but his rebellion counted little. He would never forget old Welkon's expression of long-suffering and patience when he said coldly that he did not wish to marry yet; he would wait a year and then select his own bride.

"Just so, augustness," assented the chief secretary pacifically. "Just so. See, here is a picture of the princess, your affianced. Shall we set the marriage for May? The people make a great festival of the First of May, you know. It will please them. What do you say, count, the First of May?" He ignored the king, and turned to his colleague.

Karo had learned that a king is given riches and pomp because he is denied love, and he said nothing. He took the photograph listlessly.

"The Princess Torinello! augustness," explained Welkon.

"She looks healthy," was all he said, and he scarcely glanced at the pictured face of the girl, although it was delicate and beau-

tiful and the head sat on the shoulders with a gentle dignity and grace.

"She does, indeed, augustness!" purred Welkon, blind to the sneer. "I insisted on that."

When he was left alone, Karo took up the picture again, and studied the features of the girl who was to be his wife. She was fair enough, he admitted grudgingly, but he wanted to choose his own mate, as God meant a man should, and not let a lot of beggarly ministers do it for him.

Tonight, the Princess Torinello was lodged in the west wing of the palace, there where the windows were ablaze, and already in the ante-rooms the courtiers gathered, hoping to win her favor. He was supposed to be in the chapel, and tomorrow they would stand before the altar in the great cathedral and plight their troth forever and ever.

An uncontrollable desire for freedom had seized him as he knelt before the cross. The voices of the choristers sounded a more joyous note. He had prayed; God knows they needed prayers; and then, suddenly, he rose to his feet and stood tall and still while his heart throbbed wildly. Tonight was his. Tomorrow, and all the days that followed it, might belong to the state, but this much was his. Blindly he made his way to the open window. The garden lay in the shadow and no one walked in its fragrant boundaries. No one would ever know. They would not seek him until midnight, and then—

He suddenly became conscious of the fingers clasped in his, and looked down at the slim figure beside him.

"I am sorry I had to bring you with me," he said gently, "but when a king runs away, he cannot take any chances on being caught. Who are you? One of the waiting women?"

The girl bowed her head. "They call me Nello, august sire!" she faltered.

"Ever since you have been with me I have breathed the fragrance of violets. I shall call you Violet," dictatorially.

"As you will, augustness."

He frowned. "There is no augustness here nor king," he said harshly. "We are two playfellows who have run away to welcome the merry month of May. Don't call me sire again, call me—" after a moment's hesitation, he chose the name of his old tutor. "Call me 'Palo,'" he said.

"As you will, august—I mean Palo," her

voice trembled and she stopped aghast at her temerity.

He gently patted her hand. "That is right. It will come easier next time. Tell me, what were you doing in the garden alone, when the other maids are making merry in the palace?"

"I was afraid," she ventured, "and from my window I saw the lilies growing as they did at home, and I slipped down to them. I was not so lonely in the garden as in the palace."

"There is no place on earth where one is so lonely as in the palace of a king," he said bitterly. "But for this one night, we will forget there are such terrible prisons, and remember only that we are young, and it is May Day. Do you know where we are going? Listen! For hundreds of years, ever since the pagans worshipped nature, and all of her wonderful gifts, the people of Marento have made a festival of the coming of May. Tonight they put on their holiday garments and wear garlands of the spring flowers, and dance and sing through the city streets. The procession started half an hour ago from the market place, but we will catch it by Diana's fountain, and then for one night of mad freedom; we will forget everything but that we are young. Give me your hand again, Violet. We must hasten or we will be late."

Hand in hand, they ran beneath the pine trees, treading the aromatic needles under their feet. The air was heavy with the breath of spring. Every tree and bush had sent forth its buds and blossoms, the grass already lay thick and green in the gardens. There was an intoxication in the perfumed darkness. Karo drew the girl closer.

"We are almost there," he whispered. "You can see the white limbs of the goddess through the trees. Rest here, on this marble seat. Hark! cannot you hear the shrill notes of the flutes?"

He stood beside her, peering down the road that had been fresh-sprinkled for the procession. Nello looked at him in wonder. It was like a poem, a romance, that she should meet the king, and that he should choose her as a companion in his flight.

A flower vendor danced out of the darkness, her basket, heavy with garlands, hung from her neck. Karo seized a wreath of violets.

"Let me crown you, queen of joy," he whispered, as he placed the chaplet on her hair. "No, remain as you are," and his

voice took a sterner note as she tried to slip to her knees. "Have I not said there is no king in Marento tonight. We are two runaway children, Violet and Palo, out for a frolic. Let us make ourselves gay to welcome the May."

He threw the flower vendor a coin, and caught all of the floral contents of her basket in his arms. Nello found a wreath for him, and they wound garlands around their shoulders. When the throng of white-robed merry-makers swirled down the street, to the sound of the high, shrill voices of young men and maidens, and the pipe of the reeds, he caught her hand and swung her into the laughing, swaying crowd, as the flower-wreathed arms beckoned an alluring welcome. Many of the dancers were masked, others, like Nello, had silken scarfs about their heads. The wild notes of the reeds sounded a madder strain, and they swept out of sight in a very ecstasy of joy and youth. They were young and it was May—what else mattered!

How long they danced and sang they never knew, but when Nello's step flagged, Karo drew her out of the swirl and into the quiet of an old tea garden. Garlands fluttered from the high gate posts beside which the wrinkled proprietor bowed and grinned. Above flared the light of many lanterns, but beyond was only a misty drift of plum blossoms.

"I have tired you," Karo spoke penitently, and slipped a strong arm about her waist. "One cannot have pleasure without paying its price; and surely it is worth a little fatigue to know that for once one has really lived, has felt the true joy of existence." He chose a table under a gnarled old plum tree that stretched a blossoming canopy above them, and gave a hurried order to the proprietor, who hovered near. He noted with satisfaction that there was no one else in the garden as he drew forth a chair.

"Sit here," he said.

Nello hesitated. "Oh, augustness!" she faltered, for all at once she remembered what, in the mad pleasure of the dance, she had forgotten: that it was a king who did her honor.

"Hush," he pushed her gently into the seat and bent above her. "Have you forgotten my wish," he whispered. The wind loosened a strand of her hair and blew it against his face. The soft tress scorched his lips, and all his pulses throbbed tumultu-

ously. She felt his emotion, and dared to touch his royal hand.

"You are tired too," she said softly. "Sit here." She moved her skirts and motioned him to the place beside her.

He looked at her with a strange light in his eyes, and obeyed the beckoning fingers.

"Tired?" he said. "No. How can I waste the few free moments that are left to me in being weary. There will be time for that tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," she repeated. "Tomorrow you marry the Princess Torinello," and she looked at him with wide-open startled eyes.

"God help me, yes!" he groaned, and his head dropped on his folded arms.

She was silent for a moment, and then just touched his ruffled hair with her fingers.

"Is it so very hard to be a king?" she asked.

He caught the hand and crushed it to his lips.

"A king!" he said fiercely. "Do you know what a king is? He is a man who has smothered every hope and longing in his heart, who lives on power and ceremony because he cannot have love. I have all a man's wants and passions, and yet I must put them aside because I am a king. A throne is a prison, and the man who sits on it suffers a more solitary confinement than is given to a condemned felon. He is in the world but he is not of it."

"You will have your queen." The soft whisper stung him.

"Not my queen, God help her; Marento's queen, chosen by Oraton and Welkon." Then his voice changed and the contempt gave place to pleading. "Oh, dear heart, I have dreamed that some day love would come to me, as you came tonight; trustingly, innocently, out of the shadow, and steal into my heart, even as you have stolen into it. I do not know who you are, I do not care, for I love you, love you. I have no heart for this Torinello. It is all yours."

She gave a little cry, and struggled to release herself from the arms that stole about her.

"Violet, Violet," he murmured, and with a sigh which mingled love and fear she turned her face to his.

"The Princess Torinello!" She pushed him away and looked up like a frightened child.

"What have we to do with Torinello!" he said fiercely. "See, sweetheart, we are free; we have run away from the palace and the

court. Why should we go back? Let us make our way secretly to some other country, where we can live only for each other. I can care for you. I can do a man's work in the world. Think what it would mean!"

She sprang away from the arms that would have enfolded her, and her tender eyes were tear-dimmed.

"It would be paradise, dear one," she said, and her voice was like a strain of sad, sweet music, "but we have not the right to enter paradise. God has given you great honors, and with them are duties that you cannot put aside. Your life belongs to your people, not yourself. I have had the greatest joy that can come to a woman, the love of the man she loves, and it will crown my life. We must go back to the palace, and you must take up your burden and govern your people wisely and well, not shirking the task until your ministers think of you only as a puppet. Remember, dear, this is May, when love seems the only thing in the world, but December will soon be here, when honor will count for the greatest thing," and she smiled at him bravely through her tears.

"It will be a living death," he said, and his shoulders shook with a sob of renunciation.

"Death with honor, is better than life with disgrace," she said steadily.

He started from his place and stood stiffly before her.

"Come, we will go back," he said coldly. "You have shown me my duty. I was mistaken; the only love in the world today is for riches and power. I must make them satisfy me. Tomorrow I will wed Torinello, and you—" his voice faltered, and his heart was in his eyes as he hesitated, hoping that she would yield.

A torch flared as a merry party entered the garden, and the light fell full on her face. For the first time he saw her features clearly and he bent forward.

"Torinello!" he gasped.

She rose and held out pleading hands, her lips trembling as she said: "Yes, Torinello, august sire."

He stared at her in unbelief, while her delicate face paled with fear. Then he caught her in his arms in a joy that made his voice hoarse and broken.

"God is good," he said. "Torinello! Torinello!"

MY MYSTERIOUS FRIEND, THE DOCTOR

By E. C. Smith

OH Madge, dear, how glad I am to see you alive again!"

"Alive again? I never was dead, was I?"

Mrs. Phelps laughed and gave her friend another loving hug.

"Of course not! You dear thing, but we all had a terrible fright over the shipwreck, and shuddered every instant, night and day till we heard you were safe. How long did you stay in Boston? I thought I should never get a chance to see you! And goodness knows I haven't five minutes to spare now. I ought to be at home this very minute, but I felt that I could not steady down to work, till I ran over to see you and tell you how glad I am to have you here again!" And Nettie Phelps paused for sheer lack of breath.

"Dear me! Nettie. What have you got to do that puts you in such a whirl? You take my breath away. Come in; or shall we sit here on the piazza?"

"Oh, let's sit here. The truth is, Madge, we are moving!"

"Moving? Going away from your lovely home? Why, Nettie Phelps, what whim has gotten into your head? Why, your home is the loveliest place in Concord!"

"Y-e-s," responded her friend with hesitation. "It is a beautiful place, and I am broken-hearted to leave it, but—I expect you will laugh at me, and I don't care if you do. The truth is," lowering her voice, "it is haunted!"

Mrs. Lawton did not laugh. She looked with unseeing eyes into the hedge of green that bordered her lawn, and smiled a tender little smile to herself.

"Is it a gentle, kindly ghost?" she asked softly.

"I'm sure I don't know! I only know that there are strange lights in the house, and soft footsteps, and—ugh! It makes me creep to feel something that I can't see."

"Nettie, dear," urged her friend, "take off your hat and let me order a cup of tea.

I am going to tell you my story. Perhaps it will make you feel less frightened and nervous."

When the tea had been brought, and the two friends were sitting vis-a-vis on the rose-shaded porch, whose delicate perfume the warm breezes brought, Madge began:

"When we were living in New York, about five years ago, my husband came home one night with a tiny little sore place on his neck, which developed into a carbuncle boil of huge dimension and horrible aching power. Poor Bob was beside himself! He couldn't get on a collar; his head was drawn all over on one side, and ached so he couldn't read, and altogether he was decidedly miserable. I did everything I could for him, but time passed very slowly. One evening in particular, he was exceedingly impatient and fractious. He fussed and whined about, and swore that he could endure the pain better anywhere than on his neck.

"Never mind, Bob," I coaxed, 'It will soon be over.'

"Over!" he fairly roared at me. 'Didn't old Moulton say I might have a dozen?'

"Well, yes," I acknowledged, 'he did, but doctors don't know everything,' and I begged him to let me put on a fresh poultice.

"As I spoke, the door opened, and Jim Lake, my husband's young assistant and protégé, came in. Jim was devoted to Bob, and willing and anxious to do anything possible to interest and amuse him at this trying period. Usually he hit upon something of interest to while away the tedious hours, and tonight was no exception. He began to relate some of the strange results the Society for Psychical Research had reported.

"I'm something of a medium, myself," he wound up with. 'Let's sit about the table and try for something better than table-tipping.'

"Both Bob and I were quite interested in the phenomena of spiritualism, and had tried

sitting for raps several times with young Lake, but although knocks did come, and the table would tip, we were neither of us very seriously impressed. Jim was young, and while we believed him honest, you know self-deception is very easy, and youth is very anxious to obtain results, so we were a little sceptical. Nevertheless, Bob hailed the suggestion as a possible method of relieving the ennui of the evening. We pulled out a round table from the corner, and seated ourselves, spreading our hands out, palms down, and little fingers touching each other.

"I was watching Jim closely; so was Bob, but strange to say, I was the one destined to be the center of attraction this time. After a few minutes, my arm, which was nearest Jim's—the right one—began to feel numb and cold, and at the same time to prick most unpleasantly. After a while, to my annoyance, it began to squirm and jerk.

"What's the matter, Madge?" asked Bob, looking at me curiously.

"I don't know," I said, 'I think my arm is asleep, or else it's poised so it trembles.'

"I think you'll write," said Jim, 'Let's get some paper and a pencil.'

"I laughed nervously. 'I could no more write than I could fly,' I said.

"Get the paper, Jim," said Bob, interested immensely. 'We'll try, anyhow. Here you are, Madge, in a new role! You're not afraid, are you?'

"No," I said, 'I'm not afraid, but I think it's very silly.'

"To tell the truth, Nettie, I did feel timid, and very, very nervous, but I did so want to amuse Bob. So I let them bring a large sheet of writing paper and fasten it to the table with some thumb-tacks and lay some pencils within reach of my hands. Jim sat down again and began to stroke my arm softly with the tips of his fingers. In a moment my arm quivered and jerked as before. Suddenly I made a dash for the pencil, and hastily, violently, jerkily, I wrote:

"David Morris. David Morris. David Morris.' Not thrice, but a hundred times, as fast as I could write.

"Do you know him, Jim?" asked Bob.

"Never heard the name," said Jim.

"Bob looked at me.

"Do you, Madge?"

"I shook my head.

"Well, I'm sure I don't.' Then, bend-

ing over the table, he asked the pencil, as though it were endowed with intelligence, 'Who are you, David Morris, and what do you want?'

"For an instant the pencil stopped. Then it wrote slowly:

"I'm a doctor, and I want to cure your boil.'

"Good!" said Bob so fervently that I looked at him in surprise, but he paid no attention to me, and asked with respectful earnestness, 'How?'

"O, Bob," I said, 'Don't believe me. I can't help it, but I know I'm a fraud. It's perfect nonsense, don't notice it!'

"But in spite of my protests, I wrote the answer to my husband's question:

"Use—Dally's—salve.'

"That was all. The pencil dropped from my fingers and my arm slid limply into my lap, while I stared dumbly first at Bob and then at Jim, who in turn stared at me.

"That beats the Society for Psychical Research all hollow," said Jim positively.

"It beats foolishness all hollow," I said crossly.

"Bob said nothing, only shouted for Mary, the girl.

"For Heaven's sake, Bob," I said in genuine terror, 'Don't try that prescription. Don't take off that poultice! Please, please don't, Bob!'

"But Bob's only answer was to give Mary some money and a slip of paper, on which was written the thing he wanted, and bid her hurry.

"A few minutes later he was sitting before the fire, spreading the entire contents of that box of salve on an old soft handkerchief, preparatory to placing it on the hard, angry sore that I, very carefully and very unwillingly, washed free from the poultice with warm, soapy water and an old shaving brush.

"Would you have a prescription from such a source and not use it?" he asked.

"Such a source!" I said, almost crying. 'From a little red devil, perhaps!'

"Then Bob said something awfully nice and sweet, because he saw a big tear slide off the end of my nose and drop into the bowl of soap-suds.

"Well, he put that salve-smeared handkerchief on his neck, fastened it carefully, and went to bed, affectionate and kind, but as obstinate as a mule—or as a man, which is much the same thing!

"I spent a feverish and restless night. I was frightened, and besides I felt awfully guilty. I felt that I had no right to dally with unknown things. If Bob should lose his life because of our folly, I should feel like a murderer ever after. Perhaps the salve would stultify the effect of the poultice and prevent the boil from sloughing off, and induce septic poisoning! As I thought of that, I writhed, and crept to one elbow to watch Bob's face. If you will believe me, he was sleeping peacefully for the first time in a week! And as it was almost morning, and I was quite worn out with fretting, I at last fell into a deep sleep.

"I was awakened by a loud shout, and much prancing of slippers feet.

"Madge! Wake up! Madge!"

"I opened my eyes and stared at my better half, who seemed to be out of his senses.

"Look here! Look here!" he kept repeating, at the same time pointing with his forefinger at his neck, from which he had stripped all the coverings.

"What have I done?" Bob said excitedly, "What has Dr. Morris done, you mean! Look at my neck! I've got no boil! It's well! Gone away! Cured!"

"I was awake by this time, and gazing with all my eyes at Bob's neck, on which all that remained of the hard, terribly painful carbuncle was a faint, red rim.

"I think I might have been looking at it yet, if Bob had not finished dressing, putting on a stiff, high collar, and after a good breakfast, taken himself down town to his business.

"Well, this was the last boil my husband had, but it was by no means the last we heard of Dr. Morris. His name became a household word. You remember what dreadful headaches I used to have, which invariably put me in bed from one to three days? I had tried every treatment I could hear of, but with small success. Strange to say, from the date of the boil episode, I never had but one more, and that a very mild one. In every way I seemed to improve in health. Fatigue, cold, everything of the sort, seemed to barely touch and leave me, and the family fell into the habit of saying,

"Dr. Morris does keep you wonderfully well!" And yet none of us were believers in spiritualism.

Two years ago, I went from New York to Chicago, to pay a visit to my only brother,

who had settled there a year before. Ted had developed a nasty cough, and, while believing it to be climatic, we all felt a little worried about it, especially his wife.

"I do wish you'd see a doctor," she said to him the morning after my arrival.

"I'll get Madge's Dr. Morris to prescribe," he laughed, he being wholly sceptical on the subject of my unknown, unseen medical adviser.

"I'll tell you," said his wife, "I called upon Mrs. G— yesterday, and she was telling me of a wonderful woman that she knows. This lady has always had a strange, clairvoyant power. Even when she was a little girl, she could see things nobody else could. A year ago her husband died and left her penniless, and she is making use of this strange gift to earn her bread. She often diagnoses for physicians. She is a sort of human X-ray, and she will see private patients, if they are introduced by someone she knows. If you will go, Ted, I will get a card from Mrs. G—."

"The upshot of it was, Ted, after much protesting, said he would go, if I would go with him, so we went to the house and were shown into the front parlor, which was divided from the back parlor by heavy curtains.

"After a brief wait, they were drawn aside by the lady's young daughter, and we were told to come into the back room. Madame was seated in a large chair under the chandelier. I could see her very distinctly. Her face was very pale, and her eyes closed. Ted moved quietly to a smaller chair, placed in front of her, while I dropped onto a sofa in a dim corner, near the curtained doorway, where she could by no means see me. Her daughter passed her hands over her mother's forehead several times, and then slipped into a chair by the writing-desk, for she had to write down the diagnosis.

"Before I look for you, sir," Madame said, "I must say one word to the lady who accompanies you. She has as guide and attendant a doctor long freed from the flesh. While he is in her circle, she will need no other medical assistant. Let her be perfectly obedient to the dictates of her impressions."

"Then she went on to tell Ted that his lungs were not affected, but that the cough was produced by too long a palate—an opinion the facts bore out. The palate was clipped and Ted was cured.

"But I felt a cold chill run down my spine,

when this woman, a stranger in a strange city, again introduced me to my mysterious friend, the doctor."

"My goodness! Madge! I should have been frightened out of my wits!" interrupted Mrs. Phelps.

"Frightened? Why? My friend the doctor, was as benevolent as the sun that warms or the soft breeze that cools us. But wait till I tell you the rest!

"Last summer, when Bob and I went abroad, I had, ingrate that I was, almost forgotten my invisible friend. Things were going well. We had a lovely time; enjoyed everything immensely, and at last sailed for home, congratulating ourselves that our trip had absolutely been without unpleasant incident, when that tramp steamer ran into us. For four days the sea had been like glass, and everybody had been on deck and at the table. We had laughed and danced and sung, and been as sociable as ocean travelers usually are. But toward evening on that fatal night, the wind arose and the sky was overcast, until everything was as black as ink. As I was leaving the deck and looking for a quiet corner in the saloon, I saw a passenger—a large, middle-aged man, whom I had not seen before. He was standing in the doorway, leaning idly against the side, and I remember looking at him rather keenly, thinking to myself that it was queer that a healthy-looking man should remain in his stateroom all the pleasant weather, and appear on deck just as a storm was brewing. Still, that was his business, and not mine, so I passed on, and forgot all about him. I found a corner and began to read.

"It could not have been more than fifteen minutes before we were struck. Oh, Nettie, it was terrible! The shock threw me way across the saloon. Everything was instantly in confusion! The sailors went tramping and shouting on deck, and the passengers, mad with fright, rushed to and fro, the men swear and the women screaming and weeping."

"As soon as I could pick myself up, I ran out on deck, calling for Bob, and looking about in every direction to see him. The sailors were lowering the boats, under an officer's direction, and, as I rushed past them, I heard the order:

"'Quick there! We haven't a moment to lose!'

"I reached the rail, and clung to it desperately. I had run so fast I was almost alone for an instant. Then the crowd began to close in upon me, frantic to obtain a place in the boat. Frightened? Yes, I suppose I was, but I was not conscious of it. When the first boat was lowered, I refused to get into it, choosing to wait for Bob. I don't think dread of dying came to me then. And, strangely enough, my one anxiety was that Bob would get wet, and I could not provide dry flannels for him, and foolish as the thought was, it held me back from panic! At last I saw him; the poor, distracted fellow was struggling madly to reach me, but the surging crowd rendered it simply impossible. Just at the moment I saw him, the steamer careened to one side and sank lower. Had it not been for the crowd that fairly pinned me to the side, I must have fallen into the sea. Then I began to fear. I looked again for Bob, but he had disappeared. I could see nothing of him. I was to face death alone, without one farewell glance. I stared desperately at the crowd, hoping that I might at least see his face once more, and as I looked, my eyes fastened upon a man who was coming toward me through the crowd, swiftly and easily, and terrorized as I was, I could see that he did not put the crowd aside, but passed through the people, and none hindered, or seemed to see him, save myself. It was the stranger.

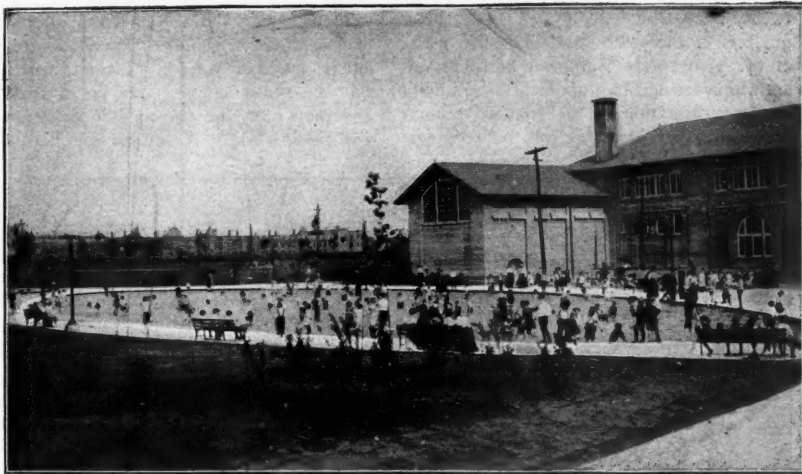
"When he reached me, he lifted me up, at least I think so—I cannot tell—I do not know. I only felt I was safe. He whispered to me, and I heard it distinctly above the roar of the wind, the dash of the sea and the screams of my distracted fellow passengers;

"'Do not be afraid. I am David Morris!'

"*I know I heard it.* My brain repeated the words over and over. 'David Morris, David Morris, David Morris.' I knew nothing more till I found myself lying on the deck of the Cunarder that had picked us up, Bob holding my hand, while I repeated in a whisper, which only my dear boy understood.

"'David Morris, David Morris, David Morris.'

"There, Nettie, you must believe what you like. To me it is a sacred truth. That name was not on the passenger list, and I was the only woman saved.



ON A WARM SUMMER DAY

BRIGHT SIDE OF PACKINGTOWN

By Mary Humphrey

PART II—THE AMERICANIZATION

IN the miniature world of Packingtown, the process of Americanization is playing a constantly increasing part in the sum of life. On every hand are evidences of the transition, and one feels as if all the immigrant parents of the community might perhaps be voicing some such common sentiment as this: "We came here to better our condition, and our desire has been granted. We came also that our children and our children's children might grow up into Americans, that in time your ways might be their ways, your thoughts their thoughts. And now this desire, too, is turning into achievement."



PATRIOTIC FOREIGNERS' FOURTH OF JULY

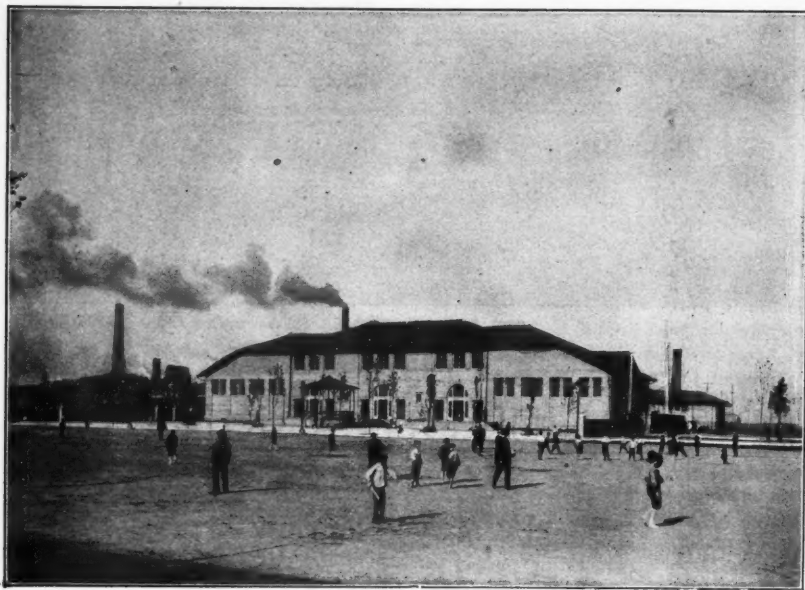
they could not escape the influences of new world environment—the forces for Americanization are so much stronger than those for keeping them peasants. But by the very nature of things, these forces take a firmer hold on the younger generation than they do on the older—and by older generation I mean immigrant parents who come here after they

are twenty-five or thirty years old. The population of Chicago's Twenty-Ninth Ward, the greater part of which is made up of the Packingtown community, is given in the latest school census as 56,000—in round numbers.—Of these, 21,000 are fifteen years old

Whether they willed it so or not, however, and under, and 5,000 are between fifteen and

twenty-one. Undoubtedly a good three-quarters of the 5,000—and of course many of the 21,000—are European born, yet all are within the age limit of quick susceptibility to Americanization. This younger generation forms the connecting link between new

went to work. "But," asked an interested man in whom he confided, "won't the truant officer get after you?" "I can't help it," was the heroic reply. "My father is sick, and there's no one else to earn money, an' I've got to work." A tiny lad who had both



A PARK ATHLETIC FIELD

world conditions and old world ideas. Because of the difficulties which our language presents to the average adult foreigner, the child is frequently the chief interpreter; and upon his ideals depends to a considerable extent the standard of living for the entire family.

True to old-world traditions, the idea of work begins early. It is the destiny of every son and daughter in Packingtown to contribute something toward the support of the home, and they are taught to look forward to the wage-earning point in their lives, while yet they are tending younger brothers and sisters and performing other household tasks, such as washing dishes, scrubbing floors, going to market—or to the saloon for beer—and gathering wood from the yards.

Various little incidents show how deeply this notion of duty to the family is rooted, even in the minds of merest youngsters. A Polish boy whose father fell ill, left school and

legs cut off in a street car accident, sought to comfort his weeping mother by the assurance, "Never mind, mother; don't cry. There are many people who work sitting down."

Obviously, this sense of responsibility has its value, and it might perhaps be well if more American children were impressed with the importance of it. Yet bearing burdens almost as soon as one can walk, and beginning to work by the day at the age of fourteen or even sixteen years, is apt to give to the average child a seriousness that comes too early. A natural consequence is to seek an outlet in amusement. The saloon-hall dance and the five-cent theaters on Ashland avenue, reap not a little of the benefit. A few weeks ago, on a Saturday afternoon, I went into one of these theaters. In an audience of several hundred I could not count a dozen adults. It happened that the program contained nothing which could be called absolutely wicked—

I am told that this is often not the case—although it was, on the whole, vulgar and coarse, and hence to a certain extent degrading. One of the numbers was practically a repetition of something I had previously seen at a so-called high-class vaudeville theater, and the thought occurred to me that if the “high-class” audience, mostly adults, and this audience of foreigners’ children, were to be judged according to the applause bestowed, there would be scarcely a pin to choose.

A strong offset to such ordinary cheap amusement in Packingtown, is to be found in the social activities of the public school, the settlement and the small parks. The idea of using the schools for social purposes—which is quite new in the neighborhood—is to make centers for the families whose children attend there, much as the settlement

given by the children, are to be free. Miss Louise Montgomery, well equipped in settlement experience, is in charge of this work, for the support of which the Chicago Woman’s Club has contributed generously.

Within each nationality, as already noted,* the strongest centralizing force, for both young and old, lies in the church. Each nationality has, too, its lodges and societies, and sometimes its turning-halls, which are of recognized value for the social life of its own people. But in a community of such widely different social and religious elements, there is need of a strong centralizing influences which shall be, to quote from Miss Mary E. McDowell, head resident of the University of Chicago settlement, “non-partisan and non-sectarian, yet in the deepest sense religious, drawing men and women to-



DAVIS SQUARE SWIMMING POOL

is, on a larger scale, a social center for the entire community. Beside the formation of various clubs, a plan is in operation which provides for opening certain of the schools once a month, for some sort of entertainment—such as stereopticon lectures and the like—all of which, save two pay entertainments

together on the basis of a common humanity.” This need has found expression in the settlement idea, with the practical workings of which all readers are more or less familiar. “The settlement believes in taking the different nationalities as it finds them,” continues Miss McDowell, “recognizing that which is

*See article in December issue.

of universal value in their various ideals, and through the consciousness of common social interests, uniting them in a new civic life. A center for fellowship that emphasizes likeness and ignores differences—this is the need in communities where racial, religious and industrial conditions produce an unsocial class."

What this settlement has done during its thirteen years of existence for the Packingtown district, and what it is doing now, forms a long story by itself. Its growth from a small, rear flat on Ashland avenue to a beautiful, commodious building at 4630 Gross



DAVIS SQUARE DRINKING FOUNTAIN

avenue is typical of the growth in every line of its endeavor. Generally speaking, we may say that through a successful effort to socialize its many activities—even to the educational work—it is an inestimable force in helping to raise the mental and moral standards of the people of Packingtown, and is a constant strengthener of the spirit of brotherhood and sympathy among them.

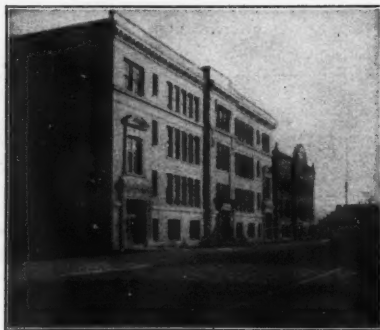
Close of kin to the settlement, and largely a result of its efforts, are the little parks, veritable paradises for the entire community within their jurisdiction. Sherman Park, of nearly sixty acres, and Cornell Park and Davis Square, ten acres each—all of them less than two years old—belong to the system of small parks made by the South Park

Board. Within these beauty spots of green grass and vines, and flowers and fountains, are artistic buildings containing a gymnasium for men and boys and one for women and girls, supervised by competent instructors;



LITTLE MOTHERS

separate swimming tanks and shower baths to which come hundreds of men, women and children for a daily bath; a miniature dispensary where a settlement nurse is kept busy for a couple of hours each afternoon, doctoring sore limbs and bandaging bruises; refreshment rooms where light lunches, soft drinks and modified milk for babies are sold at cost; club and reading rooms and commodious social halls. The park board places leading current magazines in the reading



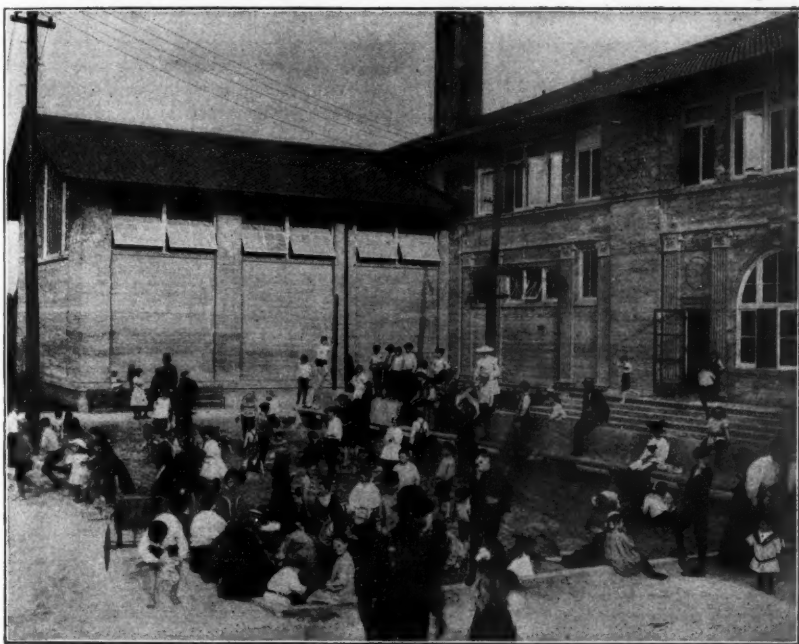
HEDGES SCHOOL—ONE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN PACKINGTOWN

rooms, and at Davis Square is a reference room and distributing branch of the Chicago Public Library. The social halls are free for the use of dances, lectures, concerts

and all sorts of gatherings, save those for the discussion of politics or religion.

Outside are playgrounds, with swings and sand-piles; wading and swimming pools; gymnasiums for men and women; and athletic fields which in winter are converted into skating ponds with toboggan slides. I never go to Packingtown without stopping for a time at one of these neighborhood Meccas—it is good to spend an hour or so where every face fairly beams with joy and pleasure—and the thought always comes to me that,

The effect of these park influences on the habits and health of Packingtown can perhaps be imagined. To speak somewhat specifically, however, several incidents came under my observation which would seem to have a more than personal significance, and to represent, in a broad sense, the transition that is constantly going on throughout the community. A small girl, who, in common with hundreds of other little mothers of the household, visits the park each day, bringing from one to four younger brothers and sis-



A PARK SANDPILE

even if they were of no further use than to provide healthful entertainment for the seemingly numberless children who flock there, their existence would be more than justified. The thought comes, too—what though it be trite?—that the happiest people in the world, and therefore the most fortunate, are those who know how to get the most wholesome enjoyment out of whatsoever opportunity brings within their reach. It may be a swing, or a sand-pile, or free soap and water, or books, or pure milk, or a dance hall that isn't over a saloon.

ters, volunteered this to me in the course of our brief acquaintance: "At first my mother said I should not be at the park, because to help at home. 'What does the park want off of us?' she said. But I cried, and so one day she said, 'All right, go.' And then she saw how we were the cleaner and better, and now she likes it, and comes too, herself, and my father, sometimes."

A ten-year-old Polish boy came into the reading room at Davis Square and asked the librarian: "Have you a First Reader? My brother can read English; I want to get the

English." Quietly seating himself in a corner, he began to study the book, objectively, of course, and I was afterward told that he pored over it for three solid hours, and that he came there day after day, for several weeks, always asking for the First Reader. With but a little aid from the librarian, he got on famously. He is now attending the public school. Then there is the youth, who, after a brief attendance at one of the gymnasiums, proudly exhibited a bank-book to his instructor, and, pointing to the balance of six dollars, explained: "I've saved that much since I began coming here. A little while ago I would 'a' spent it rushin' the can 'n' shootin' craps."



COMING FROM THE DUMP

To return to the matter of schools. When one visits buildings like the John Hamline School, with its three thousand dollars' worth of beautiful pictures and statues—given as a memorial by friends of the late John Hamline—and the Hedges School, just completed, large and splendidly equipped, one cannot forbear making special comment on the fineness of the surroundings, where the girls and boys of Packingtown are learning the A B C's of Americanization.

The public school, growing all the time into more and more of an educational center, is the only genuinely democratic institution in the community, and is undoubtedly the greatest single aid in moulding Americans out of

foreign children. "Apart from the book-learning phase," said a principal of one of the schools, "the movement to interest the pupils and so far as possible the parents, in people and things and affairs of the world and proper habits of life, is having its good results. I have noticed a marked increase in the growth of the very best principles of citizenship; and I must say, that, particularly in seventh and eighth grade children, I find the highest traits exhibited in any strictly American school. It might be added, in passing, that here we have much less difficulty in discipline, for foreign children are taught absolute obedience in the home."

Many parents, wishing their children to receive instruction in their own language and religion, send them first to one of the parochial schools established by the various religious denominations. Later, they enter the public school, the majority remaining there at least until they are fourteen years old—when the law allows them to go to work. The proportion who attend after that age varies. At one school, for instance, where the pupils are largely German, Bohemian, and Irish, I am told that fifty per cent of those who reach the eighth grade go on into high school. But this ratio would be considerably lower in a school where the neighborhood predominates in, say, Poles, Lithuanians and Slovaks.

Few boys in Packingtown who reach the high school period go into the stockyards, unless in the capacity of office help, and no one is allowed to work in the yards before the age of sixteen. The majority of American-born girls, as well as those who come to this country when very young, and have attended public school a few years, seek employment in stores and offices and factories, rather than in the packing houses, where probably three-fourths of the female workers are the so-called "raw" girls and women. A girl's wages range from seventy-five cents to four dollars a day. Those who can make the latter sum are of course few and far between, and are among the more educated class of skilled workers. A young woman who has been for years in the labeling department of one of the packing houses, told me that she had often made the highest amount named. "But," she explained, "that means that one must work hard every second of the day, without looking

to left or right. No matter how little a girl may earn, she always helps at home, and those of us who make good wages keep buying things for the house, beside supporting ourselves entirely. I myself bought a piano and practically refurnished our home, just from my weekly savings, and other girls have done the same thing. Then, too, some earn considerable on the side, by such things as making shirt waists for each other, trimming hats, or embroidering. There is a good deal of rivalry among us to see who can do the most with our money."

economy and longing for better things, many a family leaves this way-station between Peasantry and Americanism, and proceeds a little further along the road. Thus all the while there is an outgoing—and all the while there is a greater coming in. At the same time, because of the ability of these people to progress—once the opportunity is theirs—and because of the various forces which are constantly making for the betterment of the community, each year sees the standard of life within it raised a little higher; the Americanization germ a little more fully de-



SOME OF THE PACKINGTOWN WORKERS

And while speaking of the packing-house girls, I should like to say that the impression that sensational writers have left regarding their morals does not seem to be borne out in evidence. Those who are in closest touch with all phases of life in the community, tell me that their moral standard is surprisingly high, and furthermore that it is not true that they are dependent upon favoritism for the keeping of their situations.

When the interest of the young man or woman is transferred to a new home—and they marry young in Packingtown—the working and saving are given fresh impetus. It often comes to pass that, because of continued

veloped. Packingtown is a great primary school of advancement, whose apt pupils do not long keep the peasant point of view. And the door that opens the way to a future of still greater and better things, swings on the hinges of work. It is the watchword of the community, the pivot, upon which, without exception, the whole scheme of life there revolves—this work provided by men who have built up one of the tremendous industries of the world, who are making it possible for thousands to emerge from poverty to material comfort, from ignorance to enlightenment, from peasant Europe to democratic America.



OAK KNOLL, THE HOME OF WHITTIER, AT DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THROUGH GAIL HAMILTON'S EYES

By Kate Restieaux

I HAVE been reading this morning little snatches from Gail Hamilton's "Life in Letters," dipping into a letter here and there, just deeply enough to extract the overflowing good nature and human sympathy that prevails throughout, and now I have turned back to the title page, to read the short but suggestive note written to the authoress by the poet Whittier in May of '65. This is a true copy of the letter.:

My Dear Fd:—

I was a little blue this morning, but thy letter was just the tonic I needed. If anybody is out of sorts and hyped, I shall prescribe a course of thy letters.

Ever and Truly Thy Friend,

J. G. WHITTIER.

In the midst of the trials and the heart

rending scenes of those terrible days, how tranquilizing seems this concourse of great souls. The giving and taking of confidence and cheer, each for each, between those who were the nation's spiritual guides and supports. There never has been published, from the pen of womankind, anything that rivals Gail Hamilton's "Call to My Countrywomen," which appeared during the early part of the Civil War. Letters, written almost in blood, came to her from men on the battle-field, who had read the grand, soul-stirring lines.

The poet Whittier, though some years her senior, was among her closest friends, and through her cheerful discourse I see the strength of his personality radiate.

Sunday, December 17, is the ninety-ninth anniversary of Whittier's birth; and it has

occurred to me, as one who knew and loved the authoress well, that nothing can throw a kindlier light on the Grand Old Quaker Poet than to flash anew the sunshine of her friendly, loving reminiscences over him.

In a letter written to a friend, March 17, of '65, she says:

"I went to see Whittier about the Bailey biography business. They did not know I was coming. I rang the bell and was shown into the sitting room, where Miss Whittier sat facing the door, reading; and he writing, back ditto. I went up to her and said, 'Shall I have to introduce myself?'

She had seen me but twice, both times in summer dress. She answered, 'No,' but looked dubious. He jumped up and came to me with both hands extended. 'Why, it is Gail Hamilton!' and then we all three walked into paradise, locked the door and threw away the key. I cannot tell you what we talked about. Miss Whittier is a modest, large-eyed, but not beautiful woman, gentle, timid, but opening on acquaintance.

He is the king of men, and what is the good of talking. They, too, liked my book 'A Spasm of Sense.' I lamented the fact that I could not be anonymous. I had always meant to be, and never succeeded. He answered, 'It is a great deal better as it is. It puts thee on thy good behavior.' 'You don't trust me,' I said. 'Yes, I do trust thee; but thee has a great audacity, a great audacity.'

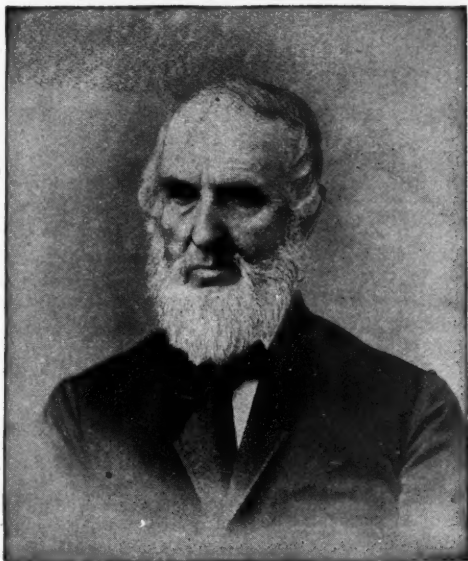
"I told him about my Xmas present. Miss Whittier said, when any good thing came to her it seemed that she should have it—be thought worthy of it. 'I warrant thee didn't feel so,' said Whittier. 'No,' I said, 'I took

them like a queen.' He laughed and clapped his hands in glee. We were talking of music, and I bemoaned my incapacity. 'Thee mustn't complain,' he said, 'the Lord has given thee a great deal.'

"They have a parrot which kisses and snuggles up, and walks over the house, and asks for water, and eats peach preserve. I lamented that I did not look as an intellectual woman should, and made a fool of myself when I wished to be particularly wise. He said that was the best part of it. He liked me because I didn't seem literary, bore

no mark of mental effort, care or logic. When I came away, he said he thought some good angel must have sent me. He had had a headache, and I rather suspect they both needed brightening up." I quote from this breezy epistle, written by Gail Hamilton to her family, because it seems to give a very life-like picture of the poet as he was then, and as he appeared to her.

In another letter she says, "I went to Amesbury in the 6



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

train. Whittier was at the station to meet me. She spent Sunday, speaks of attending church service, and then says, "but most of the talking was done at home. The man himself I like better than ever, if that were possible. He is so thoroughly sweet and simple, with such a childlike manliness. I think him looking better than he has done. He likes my dress, for once in his life admired it without my flaunting it in his face. I suppose he knew I should if he didn't, so he took time by the forelock. He seemed in good spirits and we had a real good time." Toward the close of the letter she again refers to the dress, as a "rare shade of silvery gray," which we may safely assume

was just the shade to suit the Quaker poet; and one which her abundance of natural coloring must have aided to good effect.

Later, in February of '71, she writes, in answer to a letter of his, forwarded from Hamilton to Washington,

To John G. Whittier,

The Dear:—

Why! I am away down here in Washington. What a wound to my self-love that you never missed me! Dearly beloved: How I should like to see thee. I am doing all sorts of things and seeing all sorts of people, fine, super-fine, and not fine at all. We have come to the conclusion here, that people who are decently happy ought to consider themselves supremely happy, because there are so many wretched folks extant; so now good morning to you, and call me cross if you dare, when I love you so.

February 3, of '74, she writes:

To J. G. Whittier,

Dearly Beloved:—

Mr. Gillettee was here Saturday, and engaged me to lure you to Hartford; but I said I would not. I have your last living picture, transferred from Hamilton, and it stands before me on my mantel-piece, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." You know you know, you are handsome; that is what spoils you, makes you take on airs and stay at home all the time, because no one else's house is good enough for you. Since the new "regime" the publishers of the "Atlantic" have found grace to send the "Atlantic" to me; so I shall read your "Reminiscences of the Pre-Raphaelite World." And O, my dear, Washington is just full of stacks of people, anyone of whom would drive Amesbury and Hamilton wild! There is no place like it, and no one like you. Only yours always,

M. A. D.

After he had removed to Oak Knoll, she writes, "Why don't you write to me, why don't you come to see me, why don't you say you love and admire me? Because you have perched on Oak Knoll, and are lapped in luxury, and petted to death by your cousins, and are nothing in the world but a sleeping

beauty. When you were in Amesbury, you seemed definite and local; but now I have lost you out of Amesbury and don't find you anywhere else."

And last, but not least, this birthday letter, written in the same sweet, roguish tone that she used to all who were near and dear to her, but most lovingly to him, whom she had truly called "a king among men." At this time, in '84, he was seventy-seven years old, she about fifty.

Hamilton, Dec. 17, 1884.

Dear Angel:—

Is it your birthday? Thank heaven you were born! Thank heaven a thousand times that you will never die, for the Kingdom of Heaven is within you. Sweetheart, I am going to Newburyport this week, but I don't believe you will be in Amesbury so soon. Early next week I go to Salem, thence I will run up to sit with you an hour or two between meals. I shall not come to stay, but just to tell you how lovely you are, how blessed is the ground on which you stand, and a few little, newsy things like that. If you don't want me, I will run away and come again. But I will notify you beforehand the exact day. Will this suit you? Tell a lie just for once, and say "Yes."

Always truly, whatever else I am,

M. A. DODGE.

Such a friend, I think, our poet was to all who loved or looked up to him; and it comes to me now to think on the blessedness of this little tract of land we call New England, where such lives as Whittier's, Lucy Larcom's and Gail Hamilton's were lived. It is pleasant to know that his name has been chosen as worthy a place in that Hall of Fame, wherein shall be enrolled the names of our greatest and best; and surely he deserves all fame and glory, but one can hardly imagine the saintly Quaker poet as an aspirant for earthly preference. He was too much concerned in the uplifting of others, to care an iota for personal emoluments, and so we do glorify his name forever and ever. I remember a few lines from "Snowbound", seldom quoted:

"Clasp, angel of the backward look,
The brazen covers of thy book
Life greathens in these later years
The century's aloe flowers today."



SECRETARY TAFT AND BACON ON QUARTERDECK OF BATTLESHIP LOUISIANA

CUBA'S MALADY

By John Vavasour Noel

THE mob shouted lustily. Their cheers disturbed the peace of the quiet moonlight evening and brought us to the balcony, wondering. Carriages, surrounded by men and boys carrying standards and campaign torches, were passing, crying: "Viva Pina Guerra! Viva Asbert! Viva Zayas! Viva la Constitution! and Viva El Partido Liberal!" I am reminded of the father who, a wild blade in his day, seeking his son and finding him in the wings making love to a chorus girl,

exclaimed reminiscently: "The same old theater, the same trite plays and the same old girl!" Thus, the same old revolutionary drama has been enacted recently in Cuba, amid the usual tropical stage setting, propped up by more or less justified reasons. I see the indications of the most dangerous of Latin-American maladies which requires no expert diagnosis. The *machetero* type is the same here as elsewhere below the tropic



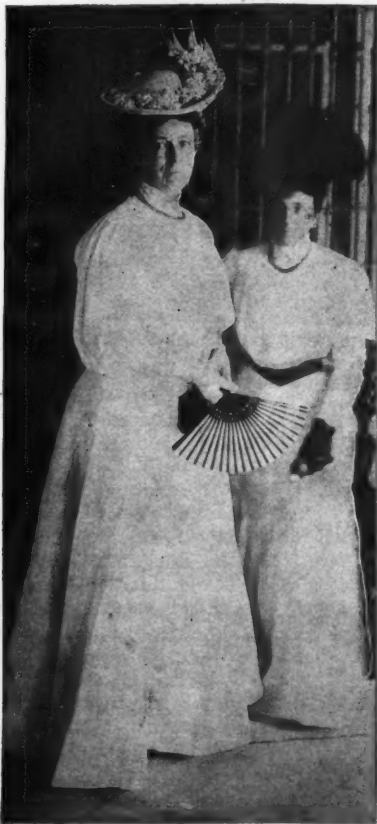
U. S. BATTLESHIP "LOUISIANA" LEAVING HAVANA WITH MESSRS. TAFT AND BACON ABOARD

of Cancer, where "there aint no ten com-

mandments" for such as they. I have voyaged with them on the plains of the Orinoco, and in the mountains of Colombia, and met them in Santo Domingo and Central America. Of mixed blood usually, they are a hardy, adventurous crowd, daring, reckless and unscrupulous. The "bravi" of the tropics, they live by their machetes, much as their medieval

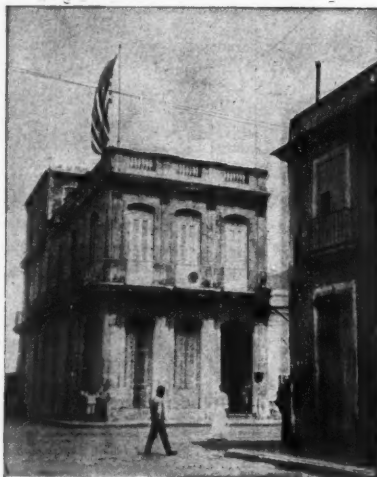
And we shall see our *machetero* friends, the wielders of the machete, become a part of the social life, and a dormant one in the bargain, ready to join the most generous leaders. Further, they will themselves become plotters, and tempt financiers and merchants to give them financial assistance in return for grants and concessions when in power.

Cuba's two revolutions or wars were fought in a just cause and inspired by patriotism; and noble deeds were done, and much abnegation and devotion displayed by the Cuban women. Those strenuous days raised a crop of hardened guerrilla warriors who learned woodcraft and machete fighting simultaneously, and who harassed the Spaniards in-



MESDAMES TAFT (with fan) AND BACON AT THE PALACE, RETURNING FROM A SHOPPING TOUR

brethren did by their rapiers and stiletti which they used in the service of the Viscontis, the Medicis or the Pope. Without discussion of the merits of the cause, so ably led by Alfredo Zayas and his friends, the vital fact remains, that Cuba has been given a sample of the revolutionary cake, and like the tiger, which has tasted blood, is apt to want more.



AMERICAN LEGATION IN HAVANA, WITH MARINE GUARDS

cessantly, without expectation of victory over men who could in turn never hope to exterminate them. These men, who would not help American soldiers clean up Santiago, have not forgotten their comparatively easy adventurous life in the "*managua*" (brush), and it is from their ranks that this new element, the Cuban *machetero*, is being evolved.

Such is the cancerous growth that is preying upon the vigorous Cuban frame, and unless Uncle Sam promptly uses the surgeon's knife, we shall have another Santo Domingo to make our jackies curse, and give our middies a chance to learn Spanish and study the color question in all its subtle shades, on the ground.



GOVERNOR CHARLES E. MAGOON

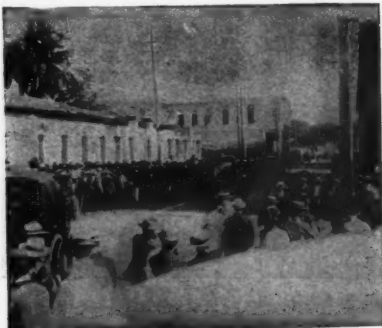
Friends write me from the North, asking:
 "How did it happen? What is the truth?
 Forswear your journalistic pyrotechnics and

men, like Rubens, swayed him at their will.
 He was their show piece, and put forward on
 account of his earnestness and almost fanatical



MORIS MENOCAI (in center), PRESIDENT VETERANS' ASSOCIATION

forget for once the existence of Ananias." The National shall answer them all. 'Tis a tale Arcadian in its simplicity. A weak executive, surrounded by unscrupulous politicians, ergo, grafters. Palma, a dear old gentleman, was not by character or training fit to



CROWD IN FRONT OF CONGRESS DURING THE LAST SESSION

govern men. He never did, even in the days of the Cuban Junta in New York, when brainy

patriotism, and unquestioned moral rectitude. Palma was forceful only when pleading for Cuba and asking for financial assistance. One day he decided that it behooved him to buy a hat, after being urged to do so repeatedly by his intimates. He spied a small shop on Broadway, and vaguely thinking that the price would be small in proportion, selected a hat and, without asking the price, had his initials stamped on the band. The salesman said, "Five dollars!" It was a Knox. He excitedly rushed into the offices of the Junta exclaiming: "What do you think, gentlemen; five dollars for a hat?" This incident, insignificant per se, serves merely to show how unworldly he was. How then could he govern and check the intriguing Latin-American politician and office seeker? But Roosevelt knew he was honest, and as the chairman of the Junta, he was the logical candidate for president. The men he confided in became bolder, and planned to perpetuate the Moderate party in power forever. They resorted to methods of oppression and persecution. They did not play fair. They wanted it all, and the Liber-

als, who would have been contented to take the leavings, found that, like the boy in the cereal advertisement, "there ain't going to be no leavings," and took to the woods. In justice to Cuba's first civil war, whatever the ultimate object may be of its projectors and leaders, there was some excuse and justification. Theirs was really an armed protest (they claim); a militarily-organized strike to attract the attention of the United States to the real condition of affairs. They succeeded, and it was assuredly a most bloodless war, and the damage done to property trifling; the greatest loss to the innocent bystander was the suffering caused to the small farmer through the loss of livestock. But the Liberals say to him: "You have suffered temporarily, but your credit is good, and your lands are rich. Under our government, you shall have peace and plenty."

The revolution only lasted a few weeks and Palma has retired, a broken-hearted old man, who does not seem to understand how it all happened. In the early days of the trouble, he was opposed to any compromise, and with his henchmen preferred American intervention, which he asked for, rather than grant any concession to the Liberals. A few offices and

president of the Veteran's Association, nearly succeeded in bringing about an understanding, but at the last moment the Moderates repented, the constitutional guaranties were sus-



ONE OF THE STREETS AT CAMP COLUMBIA, WHERE THE UNITED STATES MARINES ARE QUARTERED

pending and many jailed. This step was the death knell of the Palma administration. The revolution took impetus, and rebel forces under Guerra and Loynaz del Castillo were soon at the gates of Havana. The "Denver" brought Colwell and his blue-jackets, who landed for a night, at Palma's request. Taft



SENATOR DOLZ, WHO PRESIDED AT THE LAST SESSIONS OF THE CUBAN CONGRESS

the promise of new elections decently held, would have put an end to the whole thing, and Palma would still be president. Menocal,



SENATOR LANGHLY, INDEPENDENT

and Bacon followed, with warships and troops. American intervention was a fact. And still the erstwhile pedagogue thought, as did the

Moderates all, that Washington would unconditionally uphold his administration. Taft was patient. He listened to both sides, and tried earnestly to have them settle their difficulties without the necessity of any but mo-



SECRETARY TAFT AND PARTY GOING UP GANGWAY ON BATTLESHIP LOUISIANA

mentary interference. It was hopeless from the start, and when the extraordinary session of Congress failed to produce a quorum he was obliged to ask charge. He induced the rebels to disband, a delicate task, and sailed from Cuba with added prestige, having secured peace and saved the sugar and tobacco crops for the coming year.

Magoon followed, and is now head of the medical staff which is to cure Cuba of her most recent ailment. His hand is on her pulse, and he is taking her temperature frequently. So far the patient shows no sign of relapse, but there must be no relaxation of vigilance. Taft did a star play, but Magoon's team work

must be perfect to support it. Tact and watchfulness must be the by-word. No people ever needed it more. American intervention, supervision or control, call it as you please, must exist for years, not necessarily by actual military occupation, but the situation requires that the Cubans be taught the futility of civil war and convinced that a repetition of recent occurrences means the loss of their sovereignty forever.

Since the establishment of the Provisional Government, and the assurance of peace and protection, business has been resumed throughout the island, and the farmers are planting their tobacco and preparing for the sugar cane grinding. Investors are again casting an eye toward Cuba, and the coming season will undoubtedly bring many tourists here. Unless sentimental considerations or the fear of offend-



RURAL GUARDS PARADING THROUGH HAVANA

ing South America, shall cause Cuba to be again abandoned, as before, without some fashion of control until civically fitted for self-government, the Pearl of the Antilles, richer in proportion than any land, will soon regain her former prestige and be envied for her wealth, her climate and prospects.



MYSTERY BETWEEN FLOORS

By F. R. Weir

ALTHOUGH Hixon had slept for three hours, he was still drunk, yet not so drunk as he desired to be; not so drunk as he could be, and yet, to a superficial observer, remain a reasoning, thinking human being.

He knew this breaking of his promise to stay in his den "between floors" would hurt his employer's feelings, and he hated to be unkind to him.

He could hear Witherspoon talking with the district attorney about the watch the latter was having repaired. He hoped, from his point of vantage half way down the stairs, to see the customer leave by the side door, closing it tightly behind him. If he did so, the way would be clear for Hixon to go down to Riley's and attain that perfect condition of inebriety to which he aspired. If the door was again left ajar he must even creep back "between floors" with his thirst unabated.

Crouching upon the stairs, with his back against the wall, Hixon took from his pocket a buckskin bag of loose gems, and emptied part of its contents into his trembling palm.

With the deftness of much practice, he rolled the stones about, gloating upon their beauty.

"Aqua-marina," he murmured, singling out a specimen, "and cool as a drop of seawater! It is the young minister's new wife, seemingly transparent, yet changeful, foggy with passion at times, again amethystine with the warm blush of love!"

Hixon possessed a powerful imagination, never so active as when he was in the condition named, by his friends as, "three thimbles to the bad."

He singled out an irregular globule of amber. "You beauty!" he sighed, "you big, beautiful blonde, with skin like peaches and cream, and hair like clots of sunshine! Big, conceited, selfish, adorable, breakable, meltable, altogether undesirable; but with the world at your feet since the days of Helen!"

He experienced some difficulty in assembling three brilliants which graced his collection. "Society women," he muttered. "Hard, glittering under artificial light, but rather unresponsive during the common hours

of daylight; sufficient unto themselves, and entirely out of place except in rich settings. Pshaw! The most costly, yet the least interesting of the lot!"

He slid them into the bag, and fished for the pieces of a broken opal; a beautiful thing, full of changing fires, green, gold, and purple, but ruined now, and fit only for the plaything of a drunkard—a Magdalene among gems.

But that garnet! He had owned that since first his passion for gems possessed him. He had paid quite a sum for it when money was more plentiful with him than it was now; and no pitiful stress of unquenched thirst had ever been strong enough to make him part with it.

He had never seen a woman who could be compared with that best-loved of his collection, until Margaret Wendell had nursed him after the night when a drunken teamster ran down a drunken pedestrian and broke his ankle. Ah, yes, that garnet was like "Peggy Wendell," as all the village called her. They called her thus because they loved her. She belonged to them in their joys and in their sorrows—especially in their sorrows. The women liked Margaret Wendell, because of her sympathetic helpfulness; the men, because she possessed a rare sense of humor—could see their jokes and was willing to wrinkle her face in laughter at them.

"Peggy Wendell," murmured her admirer in the stairway, "with your shadows, and sudden, red illuminations; with your unexpected glints from unsuspected facets; with your—"

He paused to verify an old saying in regard to what listeners are apt to hear of themselves. Witherspoon was talking about him to the district attorney.

"Harley Hixon would be a remarkable fellow, if it wasn't for whiskey," he was saying.

The door which led into the side entrance, and which—to Hixon's discomfort—was ajar, allowed him to hear the conversation quite plainly.

"By what I hear, he is, ah—rather remarkable in spite of whiskey," suggested the attorney.

"Ha! Well—yes," admitted Witherspoon.

"Light fingered, I understand."

"Never! Never—except when he's drunk; and then he's so very light-fingered—why, say, he's so damnably light-fingered then, that he'd steal the glasses off your nose without your knowledge!"

"Rather a dangerous man for a jeweler to employ, I should think," said the district attorney with a sneer.

"Oh, it isn't dishonesty with Harley; it's insanity, appearing only when he is under the influence of liquor. He doesn't take things he wants, or could use himself. Why, bless you, the last spree he had—only has 'em about twice a year, but they last a couple of weeks—during the last spree he stole young Mrs. Lane's baby-carriage and hid it up in his loft. Now, you know he couldn't possibly have any use for a baby-carriage."

"Meant to sell it, probably."

"Oh Lord, no! He might as well have tried to sell the town hall and not have it recognized, as to sell that baby-carriage in this town. It's Lane's first baby, you know, and the carriage was quite an affair—green satin canopy—elaborate wickerwork basket—everybody in town talking about it, when Lane brought it home from the city. Oh, no, Harley just took it because it was a difficult theft to put through successfully. How he ever got it up those side stairs into his den remains a mystery. Gave it up willingly enough next morning. Why, when Harley gets on a spree, and somebody loses his fire shovel, or the fine-toothed comb, or the ladder, he comes right up here to my store to demand 'em of Harley, and ten to one he gets it, too. He lives up over my store between floors. This building used to be a church, you know, but afterwards they cut it up into stores, with a lodge room overhead. They wanted to keep the ceilings reasonably low, in order to save heat, so they left a space of about seven feet between the ceilings of the stores and the floor of the lodge room. That is where Harley lives, and it is quite a curiosity-shop. Besides being a first-class jeweler and lapidary, Harley is a taxidermist. People send him queer things from all over the country; specimens of minerals for him to polish, wild animals and snakes and reptiles to be stuffed and mounted. Why, between his own collections and the collections of other people, that rat-hole of his is a sight. I don't

know, I'm sure, where he will store his stuff when they take this old barracks down, as they talk of doing when I move into my new store. I intended to move tomorrow, if Harley hadn't gone off on this spree.

"Yes, Harley is a queer fellow. Shy, retiring, except—at those times, you understand—and educated to a fine point. Can string off Latin like a professor. Never does, though, except—at those times, you know. Never says much of anything when he is in his everyday condition, but will crack jokes that would make the pope die laughing when he is about half-shot. Always keeps the boys down to Riley's in a perfect gale when he is there. Never goes near a saloon between sprees; would rather sit up in that old glory-hole of his and read Horace. But when Hixon is on his spree there is always a big time. Riley is a great joker himself. Everybody goes in to see the fun.

"Traveling man in there one night—all dressed up—high collar, light gray felt Fedora, soft and mousey. Boys got to talking about Harley's ability to find hidden articles. Harley gave Riley the wink and went out, while Riley hid some article which Harley was to locate. Riley took a fresh egg, and they argued as to the most unlikely place to hide it, until at last the traveling man let them slip it into the crown of his soft gray hat. Harleycamein, gazed around dazed-like a minute, then hit the hat a sounding slap and called out, "There's your article—a fresh egg!"

"Well, they say it was awful the way that drummer swore as the boys wiped the egg out of the back of his collar. That's what they say; I don't know from personal experience. I don't frequent saloons myself. But I do know Hixon is funny enough and foolish enough to make a ghost laugh when he is drunk. I am in hopes this spree will be short on account of my needing his help to move, if for no other reason. He is up in his den now, and he has promised me to stay there. If he does he will be all right in a day or so."

On the stairs, Hixon smiled calmly and got upon his feet. He could wait no longer; his throat was dry and parched, he must have a drink!

But fate was against him. His mind and that of the district attorney were in accord about moving on. They met in the little entry, and Witherspoon introduced his way-

ward clerk to the official, who, much to the jeweler's disgust, immediately invited Hixon down to Riley's to have a drink. He desired to be a witness to some of Hixon's mirth-provoking tricks.

And Hixon did not disappoint him. Fortified by a mixture which Riley declared contained everything in the house except the license, Hixon proceeded to grow wittier, and drunker, and more upright in his carriage. His eyes glittered with an unnatural brightness, but his steadiness upon his feet was misleading.

"I hear you have a surprising collection of curios in your ah—apartments," said the district attorney.

Hixon nodded, smiling.

"Would you mind showing them to a person deeply interested in such matters?"

"What matters?" inquired Hixon, still smiling.

"Why—er—stuffed animals, and minerals—and—ah—"

"Yes, I have a collection there—things which would astonish you—things worth seeing," said Hixon softly.

His fine, slender hand lay loosely on the coat-sleeve of the lawyer. "I have a collection of opals well worth looking at, and—other things—valuable things, you know, *Tantum bona valent, quantum vendi possunt.*"

"I should like very much to see your collection of opals and—other things."

"Sure—and other things."

"Suppose we go up after closing time—Riley, you and I."

"I very seldom take visitors up to my place. They are apt to lose their nerve—"

The attorney laughed. "No fear of that in this case, but what have you up there that is so frightful, spiders?"

"I have a fine collection of Araneida."

"Awh, I don't know your scientific names for bugs and beetles—"

"Araneida are neither bugs nor beetles, my friend. But to return to opals—jewels—I have a very pretty little conceit here of tiny pearls and emeralds—only the emeralds are imitation."

Hixon stuffed a forefinger and thumb into his vest pocket and produced the jewel. The district attorney's hand flew to his own tie, and the crowd howled. "Very clever," he acknowledged, only half-pleased, as he held out his hand for his property. "If I go up

to your rook's nest tonight, I'll leave my valuables with the night clerk at the hotel, and have my socks soldered on."

When Hixon made good his promise and led them up the narrow stairs to his den, it was near the small hours, and the liquor which the district attorney had absorbed lent a fantastic horror to surroundings which needed no such illusions to be uncanny. It seemed to him as if the glass eyes in the head of the crouching wildcat glittered with ferocious life, as they reflected the light from the inadequate lamp which Hixon carried as he waveringly led the procession through the labyrinths of his chamber of horrors.

Before Hixon took possession, the place had been used as a dumping ground for disabled machinery, and, having neither the wish nor the authority to remove it, he suffered it to remain.

Across the front of a cottage organ wandered the nicely-rounded body of a rattler, awaiting shipment to its Montana owner. A dainty fawn peered from behind a discarded cider-press, and an assembly of the feathered denizens of half a dozen states blinked down at the roisterers with piercing eyes. Here a case of beetles, and there a collection of butterflies; and back, far back—where the shadows gathered in the dim recesses of the place, the district attorney could discern some white object, long, bumpy—fearsome. It might be—it looked like—but of course it was not!

Harley Hixon set the lamp on the top of a rusty oil-stove and invited his guests to be seated. Somewhere, far away, near the front of the building, a little four-paned window let in sharp flashes of lightning, and the old building shook with the first rumbling thunder of a coming storm.

The district attorney shuddered and pushed aside the bottle proffered by the convivial Riley. "I should hate to be found dead here," he muttered.

Hixon took the bottle, but waited to find a glass, which he dusted carefully before pouring the liquor into it. "You wouldn't be alone if you were, you know."

"No, you bet," laughed Riley, "for whatever killed you would be apt to get us too. Harley and me would be all in, as well as yourself."

"The rain falls upon the just and the unjust," murmured Hixon softly, holding his liquor to the light, and examining its color as though it had come from the cobwebbed

vaults of a millionaire, instead of a disreputable barrel in Riley's back room.

"You would have better company than a common drunkard and a third-rate saloon keeper, whose one redeeming point is that he can see a joke," said Hixon, still contemplating his glass in the attitude of a connoisseur, "that is, a certain kind of a joke, a Falstaffian joke, to be sure, gross, palpable—but so many are incapable of that, even."

The thunder pounded so quickly after the electric flash that even Riley cringed. The district attorney's eyes refused to look elsewhere than in the direction of that shadowy space at the back, and the last sharp flash revealed that which stiffened the tongue in his mouth and made the little bristles on the back of his neck rise like a dog's in terror.

"Hixon, what have you got there—back there?" he demanded, pointing tremblingly.

"Do you care to see them?" smiled Hixon, lighting a pipe which immediately turned turtle between his unsteady lips. "It really isn't pleasant, though, especially at this time of the night, and—in such a storm—almost gruesome, don't you think? However, I have promised to show you my treasures—stock in trade, as you might say."

He reached for the lamp, but the district attorney had struggled to his feet. "Are those—do you mean to tell me—"

Hixon nodded and smiled. The lamp in his hand wavered perilously, his pipe was upside down. "Farthest one, Mrs. Flatterbush—buried only last week—just a bone, you know—carried her up myself. Next, old man Williams. That poor, old fellow hadn't a friend left when I took him up. That thickest one is Mayor Clark's mother—nice and fresh—only yesterday, as you know, of course. That required skillful handling, but Riley here—we two old chums got her up all right, eh, Riley? And you know, old fellow, '*Amici vitium si feris, facis tuum.*'"

With the lamp still wavering, Hixon advanced towards the district attorney, who recoiled under the sudden impression that he was to be dragged by force to the contemplation of the horrors in the shadowy corner. He forgot his dignity, his boasts of reliable nerves, he forgot everything save his mad desire to breathe the outdoor air. He plunged and fought in the labyrinth of decrepit machinery and discarded furniture, but owing to his own hazy condition and the uncertainty

of his path, he lost his bearings. Down went the fawn. He took an opposite tack, and something furry touched his neck. He cried out in his terror.

Once he was certain he fell over an empty coffin, and then he ran his hand through a case and felt the blood gush out as the broken glass cut his wrist.

Worse than all else, there was something fierce, powerful, terrifying, plunging after him, its hot breath on his neck, its panting always in his ears. In reality this was Riley, actuated by the same mad desire to get away which spurred the lawyer; but how was he to know this until, sprawling together at the foot of the narrow stairs, they recognized each other, and felt once more the blessed splash of the rain upon their faces.

In the chamber of horrors above, Harley Hixon chuckled weakly, set the lamp on the rusty stove, and, slinking into a chair, took out his bag of jewels. They swam before his eyes in a translucent mist, mingling and changing, and winking into sudden brilliancy when the lightning snapped through the far-away little window.

"Ah, Peggy Wendell! Peggy Wendell!" he murmured, "you are the brightest, you are the dearest of all! With your dark, mysterious side, your flashing side, your high-lights and your impenetrable shadows. How you would have laughed to see them run, and how I could have loved you in your laughter! '*Si sine amore, jocosque, vivas in amore jocosque.*'"

He fumbled for the bottle, but found it broken. "These should be hours for necessities, not for delights; times to repair our nature with comforting repose, and not for us to waste these times," he quoted, as his head sank upon his arm.

And there he slept, and there he dreamed strange, impossible dreams of Margaret Wendell coming to him—even there, in his own foul den; of her trying to arouse him; of her clasping his hands in her own; boxing his ears tinglingly in her efforts to awaken him; of his murmuring maudlin love to her; telling her that she was like a certain garnet in his possession, disclosing side by side, mysterious depths, and sudden, gleaming fires.

He seemed to remember, suddenly, of being pulled down his own stairs, supported and propelled at the same time, by a strong yet tender arm.

Once he awoke to consciousness of brilliant sunshine, a bad headache, and a withering thirst; but the place where he lay was so comfortable that he dreaded even to turn his eyes, so he slept again.

Then, suddenly, he was really awake, the fumes of liquor gone from his brain, and his far-away little window strangely near. It was open, too, and there was a scent of apple blossoms stealing through it. Through apple boughs the light of a summer moon streamed in and lay across the floor.

He was fully alive now—back to his own again, drunken audacity and versatility all gone; nothing remaining but his broken, shrunken self, with the shame of a fresh debauch added to his record.

But he could not understand his situation. Where was he? And how came he there? The window, crossed and recrossed by blooming boughs, was out of place, and so was the door; but, by groping, he found the latter entered a little passageway, found another door, which he was obliged to unbolt before passing through to a tiny garden.

If he were not still dreaming his drunken dreams, this was Peggy Wendell's garden, with its lilac bushes on either side the walk, its apple trees, its floating hint of lilies of the valley.

He had never been in it before—if he were really in it now—but he had passed it many times merely for the pleasure of the glimpse which satisfied his longings for the good and innocent.

The night breeze was cool upon his forehead, and the draught from the iron pump refreshing.

But he must go; he must not awaken Peggy Wendell; she would be frightened to death to see a man wandering about her mite of a yard.

And then he stopped still in a shrinking terror, for there was a light in the kitchen, an odor of coffee mingling with the fragrance of the apple blossoms, and Peggy Wendell herself standing in the open door.

She came down to him and laid a hand upon his arm. It was the same compelling, sustaining touch which he had felt in his dream.

"Come drink your coffee," she commanded.

He shrank away from her. "No—no, thank you, Miss Wendell—I—I don't know how I came to be here. However it was, I

have no business here. I'll—did I have a hat, or—"

He was unable to resist the clasp of the little brown hand upon his arm, and, somehow, despite his protestations, he was in the toy kitchen, drinking the coffee which was grateful to his parched throat.

"Now," she asked with some sternness, "can you listen to me?"

"Yes, Miss Wendell, but first explain how I came to be here in your innocent little house—I, a drunken saloon brawler! As I remember it, I was at Riley's—no—I was—why, I don't seem to be able to recall where I left off. And it doesn't make any difference. I thank you for the coffee; it has done me good. You will pardon me—I—will go back to my den."

"You have no den. Your den, as you call it, is razed to its very foundations. The whole town is after you, and if I—if you had not been hidden all day and all night, they would have torn you to bits, even as they have torn your den."

Hixon had risen to his feet and was moving towards the door.

"Where are you going?"

"Away from here! You don't know what you are doing—smirching your good name to save—"

"I have risked much to save you, it is ungrateful in you to make it all of no avail. They will mob you! The whole town is in a rage!"

"Miss Wendell, tell me what I have done."

"Don't you know? Don't you really know?"

"I do not, further than that I have been boozing for nearly a week, but that has happened a good many times, and they have never threatened to mob me before. You say they have torn down my den? To rout me out, I presume, like the rat that I am!"

"No, trying to find *where you had concealed the bodies*."

He sat limply down in his chair again, his haggard face upturned to hers in the lamp-light, a pitiful trembling about his lips; the eternal childishness of the masculine appealing to the motherhood of the woman before him.

"Am I a murderer, then?"

"Worse! oh, even worse! You are a ghoul! A body-snatcher!"

And then, as he sat broken under his pun-

ishment, her heart relented, as the true mother heart ever does. "How can you do it? Oh, how can you put that into your mouth which steals away your brains, your heart, your soul! You, with all your love for the beautiful, and your knowledge of it gained through culture! What wouldn't I have given for the chance you have thrown away! I was bringing chips to build the fire under my mother's wash-boiler, as she painfully earned our daily bread, while you were delving into the books I longed for! And what use have you put it to—all that eagerly sought knowledge? You have addled your brains with poor liquor, and wasted your fancies upon tipplers in saloons!"

She pressed her hands together passionately; her cheeks blazed with the shame of what she had said, and what she was about to say; there were points of white light in her excited eyes like the white glints in Hixon's beloved garnet.

"Last night, when you did not know what you were saying, nor to whom you were saying them, you spoke words of burning, beautiful love to me—to me, who have never known what it was to have a lover—until I could imagine what it would mean to be young and to be loved in that way, and talked to in earnest, as you talked in your drunken insanity last night!"

"I wonder you did not kill me," he groaned. "Insult heaped upon injury!"

"And I thought, if it were not for the liquor, you would have made some woman happy by wooing her in that sweet way of yours—not drunkenly, but earnestly, honestly—not me, of course, but some sweet woman, your mate in education and—"

"Not you, Peggy Wendell? Why not you? You have brought this upon yourself—listen then, to the confession of a drunken slink, not worthy to look you in the face! I love you. Sober, I have worshipped you from afar; and drunken, I have dreamed mad dreams of you!"

It was she who shrank from him now, hiding her face in her hands. "Don't! Don't!" she whispered.

"You must hear me out. Perhaps if I had known you earlier—but that is a weak excuse for a man—for a man? I am no man! I am a fool! A degenerate! But tell me this: If—if a disgraced sot, who had been able to overcome his weakness, say for two years, should—dare to make love, 'earnest,

honest love,' even as he made drunken love to you—"

"You must go! You must go right away!"

"There would be no hope, then?"

"Nothing of the kind has happened, or ever will happen—now you really must go, if you hope to escape at all. You must hide daytimes and travel nights. Go back to New York, to your brother—that was my plan—he will hold you, he will help you to be a man once more!"

"Goodbye, my jewel among women, my little garnet girl; and remember this: You have had a drunken lover, you shall have a sober lover; a poor, shiftless, inadequate one, to be sure, but steadfast forever. And now I am going back into the town to prove if there is any manhood left in me."

"You won't try to get away? They will kill you! They will! They will! They think you are guilty, whether you are or not! Oh, did you do it? Did you?"

She came close to him, and impulsively he put out his arms, then as suddenly folded them behind his back. "God knows, Margaret, I don't. When I am drunk I seem to have a fancy for taking everything within reach. I don't know why I took them—if I did—still—they would have been fully as much use to me, probably, as—Lane's baby-carriage—and I took that. But I must get out of here. I should hate to have them find me here in your house. It would go hard with you, in spite of what you have done for them all. 'Good name in man or woman dear my lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls,'" he quoted as he went.

She followed him out under the apple-boughs, still begging him to save himself from the wrath of the injured mayor, and the town's people; but he shook his head, smiling down at her. "I'm going back to take my medicine," he declared, then suddenly stopping, pressed a fold of her gown to his lips. "Goodbye, my garnet lady," he said, and that reminded her, and she took his beloved buckskin bag of gems from her bosom and gave it to him, warm from contact with her flesh.

"I found them scattered on the floor about your feet—and—I saved them for you. They are all you have left in the world!"

He touched the bag reverently, as if it were something sacred, and as he walked back to town kissed it and pressed it against his cheek because of its late sanctuary.

The case of The State against Harley Hixon accused of desecrating graves, was tried before Judge Oliver. The mayor strongly favored burning Hixon at the stake in place of giving him a trial of any sort, and there were many who agreed with him in his extremity of indignation, but before the trial the passion of the public had cooled to a great extent, appeased by the destruction of Hixon's belongings. Men crowded the court-room, actuated rather by the desire to hear the witty things Harley Hixon would say while pleading his own case, rather than from any feeling of anger toward him as a felon and disturber of the peace.

They had sworn great oaths and talked loudly of vengeance, while wrecking Hixon's den; and had they found that for which they were seeking, would, undoubtedly, have put their threats into execution. But their search had proven fruitless so far, and now they awaited the confession of Hixon as to where he had concealed the bodies; a confession to be wrung from him by the awesome process of the law.

Hixon took his place quietly, almost shrinkingly. There was an imposing row of witnesses for the prosecution. First and foremost, came the district attorney and Riley, the saloon keeper, to testify to the horrors witnessed that stormy night between-floors; then Witherspoon to testify, much against his will, to the intemperate habits of his clerk; lastly a dozen loafers, who had been in the saloon the night of the discovery.

On the side of the defense there were neither witnesses nor counsel; just the shrinking, pallid prisoner, with his downcast eyes and whimsical, smiling mouth, sitting alone, awaiting the opening of the trial.

Witherspoon's evidence was of but slight value to the prosecution, but Riley's was most important, and the district attorney's convincing. He knew! There was no "guessing," no "thinking," about it! What he had seen he could swear to, and when he finished the audience suffered a returning spasm of the late desire for swift and summary justice. There were muttered oaths and threats, especially in the rear near the door.

When Hixon took the stand the jury glowered at him, and the judge, a handsome old man inclined to mercy upon the slightest excuse, eyed him with unaccustomed severity. Hixon hesitated a moment before beginning

his defense, and the room held its breath the better to hear his confession.

"Your honor, when a man is drunk he is more or less a fool," began Hixon, and the house nodded, "but when I am drunk I am not only a fool, I am a thief in the bargain. Not consciously; I never know what I take, and I have never been lucky enough to chance upon anything of value. When drunk, my capacity seems to be bounded only by my ability. And this, your honor, is the point to which I desire to call your attention. It would have been physically impossible for me to accomplish unaided, the theft of which I am accused. If the crime were really committed, more than one person had a hand in it."

"Your honor," interrupted the prosecuting attorney, bristling, "the defendant infers a doubt as to the crime ever having been committed. In fact, he insinuates that we have failed to prove the *corpus delicti*. If the crime were not committed, how does he account for what these witnesses heard and saw in his apartments?"

Hixon shook his head reflectively. "Liquor and lightning, and, perhaps, a certain hypnotic influence unconsciously exercised by myself, may have had something to do with what the witnesses saw," he suggested, then waited a moment for the prosecuting attorney to proceed. But that gentleman settled back in his chair with a snort, and Hixon resumed:

"I would humbly suggest, your honor, that an investigation be made to ascertain if the bodies in question have really been disturbed. It seems strange that such an investigation has not been made before."

"Your honor," broke in the prosecuting attorney, "in the face of such indisputable evidence as to the presence of the said bodies in this man's apartments, such an investigation seemed unnecessary."

Judge Oliver conceded, however, that such an investigation was certainly in order, and, ignoring the district attorney's objection, ordered a recess that it might take place without further delay.

When the court had re-opened, and the evidence of the committee had been heard, Judge Oliver, of his own motion, hastened to render his decision. The judge was a man who appreciated a witty saying when another uttered it, but enjoyed it more keenly if it were

his own; and circumstances had conspired in a manner which made it possible for him to say a very bright thing indeed.

"From the testimony of the committee on investigation," announced Judge Oliver, with a twist in the corner of his mouth, "this court has located Corpus Flatterbush, Corpus Allen and Corpus Clark, but has failed entirely to find Corpus Delicti; therefore, the case and the prisoner are both dismissed."

Nearly two years later, Judge Oliver, pacing with stately, judicial step in front of the courthouse, was confronted by a wiry little man, who bared a bald pate deferentially as he accosted the judge.

"Good morning, judge. You remember that clerk of mine, Harley Hixon, who was up before you once charged with a serious crime?"

Judge Oliver had no trouble in remembering. He had been successfully relating that *corpus delicti* story ever since.

"A very interesting fellow—a very bright fellow!" declared the judge.

"Yes, Harley is a bright fellow, but he is up to his old tricks again."

"Hum! Too bad! Drinking, eh?"

"Oh, no, no—body-snatching. He hasn't drank a drop since that trial. But our town played him a dirty trick that time, and last night he got even with us—carried off Peggy Wendell, and he couldn't have served the place a meaner trick. Might better have swiped the whole cemetery! Why, we needed Peggy Wendell—every last one of us! The ladies are awfully indignant at losing Margaret. Couldn't indict him, could you, judge? Lots of proof this time—eye witnesses—not under the influence of liquor." The old man grinned gleefully at his joke.

Then the judge told his two-years' old story of the *corpus delicti* over again, as if Witherspoon had never heard of it before, and they separated chuckling.

THE WEALTH OF POVERTY

By Edward Wilbur Mason

WEALTH bides with poverty. The wilding rose,
Or little violet nestling by the stream,
'Tis these that set the gazing eyes a-dream,
Not all the beauties of the garden-close.
'Tis not in mighty tempest where it blows,
Nor in the sea that shouts to cloud and sail,
That music lives, but in the nightingale,
The wee, brown bird that sings at dusk its woes!

Yea, and the crowns of happiness and love,
Grace not the troubled brows of king and queen;
But, Fate's free gifts, they deck the hearts that move
In lowly state amid the quiet scene.
'Tis not rich Cræsus, owner of the sod,
But passing beggar hath the peace of God!

ONE OF THE LITTLE ONES

Anne Richardson Talbot

MISS MAHALA TUCKER had quite finished her afternoon work. Outside, the snow was falling heavily, and there was no possible excuse for giving her attention to the passin'." She was undeniably at liberty to entertain the unwelcome guest who had braved the storm for the pleasure of her company. With a sigh, she took a piece of sewing from her basket and seated herself in the old yellow rocking-chair at one side of the kitchen stove.

The chair was apparently bent to its peculiar curves in order to accommodate just such a round bent back as that of its owner. Mahala herself was very bent, very wrinkled and so much distorted by the ravages of her constant companion, rheumatism, that her hands and wrists reminded one of nothing so much as of the gnarled branches of an apple tree. Her face seemed gnarled too, with its protrusions over the eyes, its high cheek bones, and a habit she had of twisting her lips before speaking.

Miss Tucker herself was a model of neatness and precision, from the crown of her smoothly combed auburn "front" to the tips of her feet in their black flannel slippers cheerfully lined with red. On this particular afternoon, her companion was not to her taste, for Eunice Vose was, according to her verdict, "as slack as they make 'em." She noticed how down-at-the-heel one of the woman's rubbers was, but it occurred to her how out of the common it must have been, for Eunice to be able to find two rubbers in any condition whatsoever. Miss Mahala pitied Eunice Vose even as she disapproved of her. It was her habit to pity all poor "shif'us creeters," and the feeling was nearer akin to love than she herself knew; still it was natural that the down-at-the-heel rubber should act as an irritating influence.

She folded the skirt of her dress well back over her knees, and drew as near to the stove as her quilted woolen petticoat would permit,

determined that her visitor should open the conversation.

"Myry's failin'," remarked Mrs. Vose; in the drawling, complaining tone which would have been the same had she given tidings of a wedding instead of the condition of her only child.

"She wus'n usual?"

"Some consid'able. I tell 'em it'll hev to be one of us—her or me. I ain't one to complain, but I've ben so broke of my rest!"

"Sense when?" Mahala's eyes were fixed severely upon the offending rubbers. Mrs. Vose drew her feet beneath her skirt.

"O, I do lay down," she answered hastily. "Jonas he takes the nights, but land—you've ben a nuss Mahaly 'n' you know how it is—up'n and down."

Miss Tucker shook her head.

"No, I don't—I don't know nuthin' about down—with me 'twas mostly up. How's Myry's appetite hold out?"

"Pretty fair—considerin'—better'n what mine does. I don't know when I've eat a meal of victuals Mahaly—I don't really."

"How Jonas make out?"

"Well, I don't know's I've noticed; I guess he makes out."

"Haden't you better notice?"

"P'rhaps I hed. But you see with Myry failin' 'n' them spells of mine, when I don't breathe none, it ain't to be wondered at. Them spells are mostly weakness, 'n' some heart."

Mahala twisted her lips into a double knot.

"Sure's you live Eunice Vose, them spells is gas—jest gas, 'n' that mostly comes of over-eatin'."

As she finished her remark she rose slowly and painfully, and stooped for the basket which was partly hidden by the folds of her visitor's dragged brown skirts.

Eunice, starting to her feet, made a feint of recovering her property. "Now Mahaly," she exclaimed, "you aint agoin' to rob your-

self for me—no two ways about it this time.”

In the sudden movement, another of the few remaining buttons upon her already gaping basque snapped off into seclusion behind the wood-box. Mahaly closed the lid of the cake-box with a snap.

“I ain’t robbin’ myself,” she ejaculated. “I’m tryin’ to keep Jonas from bein’ robbed ’n’ Myry. You better be gittin’ ’long towards home now, Eunice—the snow’s driftin’ some.”

Mrs. Vose took the admonition, together with the well-filled basket, meekly, and went down the snowy pathway dragging her snuff-colored skirts unheedingly after her. Mahaly watched her through the kitchen window. She saw her “placate” gaped widely, and that she stooped often to pull up the offending rubber; she turned away impatiently and seating herself by the fire, took up her sewing.

While she worked, her sister entered. Mrs. Hodge lived in the “other side,” and she too had watched the visitor’s departure.

“Gone?” she questioned, seating herself opposite Miss Tucker.

Mahaly did not turn her head. She felt that self-defense lay in meeting her accuser stiffly.

“Two loaves?” queried Mrs. Hodge.

“’N’ cookies,” corrected Mahala. “’N’ half a pie.”

“Um! ’n’ pickles ’n’—”

“Cup-custards.”

Mrs. Hodge pursed her lips and nodded her head.

“That’s good. She ain’t likely to hev’ a spell ’fore she gits home is she? My! won’t Myry ’n’ Jonas have a night of it! I pity ’em!”

Mahala’s stiffness was no longer proof against her sister’s sarcasm.

“That’s why I done it,” she exclaimed hotly. “It was for—Myry ’n’ Jonas. Eunice *can’t* eat two loaves tonight,—they may git some. I don’t know’s there was ever anythin’ so slack as some folks!”

“What you doin’ Mahaly?”

Mrs. Hodge had gained the day, and she changed the subject magnanimously.

Her sister broke her thread with a snap, removed her steel thimble, and stuck her needle into her tomato pincushion before answering with a gleam of returning satisfaction:

“Lucy I’ve jest set the very last stitch in

my suit of grave-clothes, and when the time comes, you’ll find ’em second draw from the top in the parlor-chamber bureau. They won’t be nuthin’ to be ashamed of come the day of judgement, ’fur’s I know. I don’t know’s there’s anythin’ appears to me more shif’lus ’n’ passin’ away without a full suit. You see, Lucy, I’ve got the kind of rheumatiz that’s likely to ketch a holt on the heart suddin, but I’m pretty certain I should make out to live ef my grave-clothes wasn’t ready ’n’ waitin’.”

Mrs. Hodge laughed comfortably, and held the finished garment up for inspection.

“Seems to me I shouldn’t be in any hurry ’bout finishin’ of ’em up then,” she said, “why don’t you jest leave the needle stickin’ in the last stitch, the way my husband’s niece did with her last baby? She left it stuck in for luck—pretty poor luck, I call it, that ram-pagious baby of hers—clear Hodge through ’n’ through, I tell ’em—but see here;” Mrs. Hodge laid down the linen and then brought her chair around with a hitch, that she might the more easily watch the effect of her words upon her sister, “I don’t see’s it makes much odds—somebody’s moral sure to borrow ’em ’fore you hev a chance to git the good of ’em. Ben cheaper to hev ’em out of cotton, ’stead of linen.”

Mahala drew her bent form up. A flush passed over her face, and she twisted her lips nervously.

“How you talk, Lucy,” she said, “your conversation is so free it’s somethin’ like blaspheming! All comes of my jest lendin’ a few nut-cakes ’n’ a pie to a fellow creetur in distress—like’s not Eunice’ll feel to return ’em. I expect her *to*”

Mrs. Hodge smiled satirically.

“Don’t expect her to return the grave-clothes, do you? She’s about as likely to do one’s the other.”

Mahala dragged herself stiffly from her chair and took several hobbling footsteps, before her bent knees would support their burden. She turned her back upon her sister, and occupied herself in another part of the room.

“I hope I ain’t unsisterly, Lucy,” she remarked, after a while, “but I wish you’d be goin’ into your own part. I don’t feel to talk any more on this subject.”

After her sister’s departure, Miss Tucker proceeded to “press out” the precious gar-

ments which it had been so difficult for her unflexible fingers to fashion. She propelled the iron with the arched palm of her hand, and her thumb stood up almost at a right angle, yet she lingered as if she took pleasure in the work.

All the signs of increase in her malady had been growing upon Mahala of late, and they were easier to face now that her "provisions were made." When she had done she folded each article neatly and carried them to the parlor-chamber. She laid them primly in the drawer "second from the top;" then she mounted painfully to the attic where her herbs hung in bunches to the dusty beams. Among them there was lavender and sweet clover. For a moment, she hesitated, then put the clover back and carried the lavender down to lay between the folds of her handiwork.

During the evening, Miss Tucker thought often of her sister's words, until by degrees she acknowledged to herself that there was perhaps some ground for their implication. As a matter of fact, there were few people in turn who had not profited to some extent by the generosity and warm-heartedness which were hidden beneath her somewhat grim exterior. It had always been hard for her to say "no", and doubtless Lucy knew about the disappearance of the warming-pan, and the episode of the loaned preserving kettle, to say nothing of the extinction of the "new-fangled" egg-beater which had been her sister's especial envy, for Lucy was quite given to a certain process sometimes described as "swoop-in' round." Whenever she did so, circumstantial evidence was not wanting against Mahala's strength of character. But there was no one whose good opinion she wished more than Lucy's. Lucy must know at once her resolution neither to "borrow nor lend."

When bed-time came, Miss Tucker rose from her musing and crossed the small square "entry" between her own side of the house and her sister's. She opened the door and thrust her head into the room, which was lighted only by the flickering flames of the dying fire. Lucy sat in her rocking chair, quite ready for bed, but toasting her feet "the last thing," true to the custom of her life.

"Come in, Mahaly 'n' set a spell," she urged, sleepily.

"No—I can't—I'm jest lockin' up, but I come to say I shan't, Lucy—you needn't ex-

pect me to lend that suit. I don't know's anybody's got any better right to them grave-clothes 'n what I hev. I ain't agoin' to lend 'em, Lucy."

Mrs. Hodge leaning back in her chair, smiled.

"It'll save Eunice Vose dyin' then. I guess you'll be a benefactor—to her, for she's too shif'us to die, ef *she's* got to do the gittin' ready."

The next morning dawned beautifully clear, after the storm of the day before. It was weeks since Mahala had ventured out, but the warmth of the sunshine tempted her. After dinner she prepared herself, rather shamefacedly, it is true, to make a call upon the Voses. The Voses were usually on her mind, always a factor in her baking, and she had baked that morning. The abundance of food called out to her reproachfully. Her softly-shod feet made little noise when she started out, but the latch of the door was treacherous; it slipped from her cautious hold and clicked loudly. Lucy heard it, and peered curiously after her from behind that half of the outer blind which she kept closed, for the greater privacy of her observations.

"She ain't no ways fit to go out!" she soliloquized.

"She'll make out, I guess," remarked Mr. Hodge, blandly, sitting comfortably in the snugest corner by the fire. He was half-asleep over his weekly paper, but his wife's words aroused him.

"She's bound for the Vose's, I'll bet. Why Mahaly'd ruther bolster up them Vose's 'n eat her dinner, and 'tain't right. Mahaly's a good woman, but good folks hes their own ways o' bein' wicked. Mahaly's way's wast-in' of her substance."

His wife turned upon him sharply.

"You let her be Joseph," she exclaimed. "She'll pass in a crowd, I guess. Perhaps it's your way of bein' wicked, to let me go fetch an armful of wood. It's my duty not to let you, so you jest go along! Huh! I guess Mahaly'll show up 'long side of some folks!"

In the meantime, Miss Tucker was well down the road. The basket she carried was heavy, but she did not care. She had a conviction that but for her the Voses would starve, and sometimes she caught herself almost wishing that Eunice might; but common sense told her it would never be Eunice, and the

others must not be allowed to. But she could not help hoping that Lucy had not seen the basket.

When she reached the graveyard, she paused, set her burden upon the low stone fence, and proceeded to pin her shawl more closely. She no longer needed the loose and careless folds which she fondly hoped had concealed her purpose.

How pleasant the place did look! The graves were spread so neatly with their coverlid of snow, and above it the stones gleamed scarcely less white. The extreme "tidiness" appealed to Mahala. It looked "swept up" she thought approvingly. The old slate stones and the black iron fences stood out in bold relief; clusters of wild rose berries and the blackberry canes gleamed deep crimson against the snow, illumined by the low, winter sun. Mahala liked the cheerful color, and she noticed how soft the plumes of the pines were, and that their shadows upon the snow were almost purple.

"It's real sightly," she mused. "It's a mercy I'm all ready to lay down in it when my turn comes. I wonder how I should feel if I was Eunice Vose."

When she reached her destination, Mrs. Vose opened the door for her, and relieved her somewhat eagerly of her basket.

"Well there, Mahaly," she drawled. "Step right in—now do! You'll hev to excuse us. You see I've ben so upshot with Myry, I ain't caught up with my work. That's how it is; the more you hev to do, the more you hev—that's what I tell 'em!"

Mrs. Vose rambled on with one eye upon the food and one upon her guest.

"I d'clare, it almost seems to give me an appetite," she said feelingly, as she deposited the cake and pie in an untidy cupboard.

Eunice still wore the butternut-colored gown. The missing button had been replaced by one of blue glass, but the one just above it had now departed, and well-worn slippers, spread to accommodate the generous width of their owner's feet, were now in evidence in place of the rubbers. The dingy balbriggan stockings showed goodly holes at the heels. She wore no collar; her shrunken sleeves exposed her fat red arms, her sandy, lusterless hair was twisted into a loose knot from which stray locks hung in various places.

As Mahala fixed disapproving eyes upon her, Eunice tried to pull her sleeves down,

but they were too tight and resisted her efforts. Then she caught nervously at her hair, pulling a pin out here and replacing it to worse advantage. Mahala gave a comprehensive sniff, and turned her head toward the inner room, where the invalid lay.

Her hostess dived suddenly, and pulled a slipshod slipper up at the heel.

"How's Myry?" Miss Tucker asked grimly.

"O, stammered Eunice, "Myry's pretty spry—I ain't as well's I was. I guess my spells ain't overeatin', after all, Mahaly. Ef they was, it oughter be Jonas to hev 'em. I didn't sca'sly taste them cup-custards you sent."

"How 'bout the pie, Eunice, 'n' the nut-cakes?"

It was the voice of a man and it came from the other room. Miss Tucker rose when she heard it, and Eunice followed her.

"Well, Jonas, you don't expect me to starve, I s'pose, ef you be unfeelin'! I declare, I won't stay round to be so put upon."

Mahala sat down by the bed and took the frail hand of its occupant in her own. The girl was very young and very pretty, yet with an aged look in her face; the great blue eyes were restless and full of anxiety. Every now and then she pushed the mass of wavy, red-brown hair impatiently away from temples where great blue veins throbbed quickly. Her pale face flushed pitifully now, as she struggled to raise herself in bed.

"There—there! Father 'n' Mother!" she panted, "Don't! O, don't hev any words! Mother, she does a sight, Father—Father's ben so broke of his rest, Mother—don't you mind him. O, Mahala, you tell 'em how it is! You're a nurse—you know. I must be a dretful care—to—mother! Tell her it—can't last long!"

Mahala laid her gently back on her pillow and fanned her during the fit of exhaustion which followed one of coughing. After a time she looked up at Mrs. Vose. "Can't you make out a few days longer?" she asked coldly. "That's full long."

Jonas started abruptly from his chair by the bedside, and, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, walked to the window.

"That's what I tell her," he muttered almost savagely. Then, with a sudden change of manner, he turned to his wife.

"It wa'n't your fault this time, Eunice," he

said, "It wa'n't your mother's fault, Myry. I aggravated her. I won't do it again, girl—ef I can help it!"

He had gone back to the bedside now, and he laid his rough, toil-worn hand on his child's brow with infinite tenderness.

But Eunice was not appeased.

"That's jest him," she complained. "I wish he'd think 'fore the harm's done, 'n' I don't b'lieve Myry's very sick. I don't b'lieve she's so sick as what I be, this very minute. I declare ef she was to go, I should be surprised! Besides, there ain't a thing ready—not a thing! She hasn't took a stitch for months. It all comes on me jest as it hes today. I hed a sight to do today, Mahala, 'n' then there was a big wash extry. It's allers the way, sure's I hev a sight on hand, I remember there's an extry wash!"

Myra's voice broke in excitedly upon her mother's complaining.

"It's true," she moaned, "I haven't got a thing that's fit, 'n' it's goin' to be soon! O, father, I'd be glad ef it want for you 'n'—'n' mother. I'd be glad, ef I hed anythin' fit. I've always tried to keep decent—I couldn't bear to be thought shif'lus—then! Mahaly, you're so good—if I was to go—tonight—couldn't you see I was made decent?"

Jonas rose hurriedly and shuffled from the room. His flannel shirt was faded and worn, buttons of various hues held it together. He stooped hopelessly. Eunice took his chair and drew it to the window, and with her hairpins held between her teeth, sat twisting up her hair and craning her neck to see the occupants of a passing sleigh.

A cold chill ran over Mahala, but she felt the pitiful gaze of the anxious blue eyes. The hard expression, which Eunice always brought to her own face, passed. There was only a moment's hesitation.

"When you go, it shall be all right, Myry; I promise," she answered.

The girl gave a smile and sigh of relief. She turned her face away and laid her cheek upon her hand, as if to sleep. The room grew silent. After a while, Miss Tucker rose to slip away. Myra did not open her eyes. Mahala bent over her.

"I'm jest as contented!" she whispered, sleepily. "Kiss me, Mahaly—I'm agoin' home now—no—it's you, Mahaly—is it you, or me that's goin' home?"

But no answer was needed. She was asleep.

* * *

This time Mahala passed the burying-ground without a glance. Lucy met her at the door.

"Got your skirts draggled?" she asked.

"I've got father's socks over my shoes," her sister answered, "'n' Lucy, I don't feel to talk."

When she was alone, she went upstairs heavily, and examined her handiwork. Then she remembered the lavender, and replaced it with sweet clover.

"It's some younger," she explained to herself. "And I should hope I knew my duty."

When she went downstairs, she set at once to work upon just such another suit.

"Ef she does hold out," she said, "I'll give her these, but—I work so slow."

"Better save your fingers," Lucy advised, when she came in later, "I was right, Mahaly; you'll lend your grave-clothes yet. But, there now—don't you mind my talk. Why, Mahaly, I'll rejoice to see 'em so used."

At the still, cold hour of dawn, Eunice Vose came to Mahala.

"Myry's gone," she sobbed. "I can't seem to stir Jonas. He jest says 'let me be!' He's so unfeelin'! I hed to come myself, oh! she's gone, Mahaly—jest as you said. I shouldn't hev ben so surprised if it hed ben me—but Myry! O, dear! She slep' right along after you left, 'n' never woke up." O, I think she hed orter hev woke up—jist to tell if she'd made her peace. O, I do, Mahaly! I said so to Jonas, 'n' he jest stuck his head into the bedclothes, 'n' said, 'fer God's sake!' O, he's blasphemous!"

Mahala was dressing quickly. She made no response.

"Nuthin's ready," Eunice wept on, "and she'd feel so bad. You heard her, Mahaly. I was lookin' over her clothes, 'n' they ain't fit. Myry'd got so slack! She used to patch 'em; they're all patches—Jonas said I'd orter hev seen to it, but there—I won't patch—it looks so shif'lus! I'd ruther a thing would go when it needs patchin'. O, I hate to ask you but, you'll lend me your things won't you, Mahaly? I'll return 'em, I will."

Miss Mahala went up stairs, and came down with a bundle in her arms. Her face was cold and set. She pinned on her shawl, and drew

the blue socks over her boots and was ready. "Then you'll lend 'em to me?" asked Eunice.

"No," said Mahala. "I won't. I'll lend 'em to Myry, though."

As they reached the door, Lucy joined them. She was in her night clothes, but she had thrown a gaily-colored afghan over her shoulders. She laid a sympathetic hand on her sister's shoulder. "Don't draggle your skirts, Mahaly," was all she said.

Mahala walked quickly and silently, and she turned her head quite away when they passed the graveyard.

"You're real good," the companion ventured. "I'll return 'em—certain."

"I'm lendin' 'em to Myry," then with a still, cold anger in her voice: "Eunice Vose, I ain't good—I wouldn't lend 'em to you if—no—I wouldn't."

Eunice was sobbing again.

"O, Mahaly, don't. I feel so bad, losin' Myry! I'm her mother 'n' I *do* feel bad. P'rhaps I show it different—but I feel bad! *Don't* speak so! I'll return 'em—sure!"

Mahala made no reply, but after a while a great tear rolled down her cheek. Mrs. Vose saw it and her sobs ceased.

When they reached the house, the dead girl lay as Mahala had left her.

"I'm goin' home," she had said, and she had gone home, and Mahala had helped her to pass away with that ineffable smile upon her face. Such a little thing, she thought to cause so sweet a smile!

Almost eagerly she untied her bundle and, as the odor of sweet clover filled the room, she was glad that she had put it there. How strange that it should be a girl who would wear these things! And how light she herself felt; how free of pain!

Jonas lifted his face at last from the pillow where it had lain close to that of the dead girl.

"God bless you, Mahaly," he whispered, and Mahala felt as if the blessing was from God.

When Myra was clothed in the sweet folds of the garments over which Mahala had toiled so patiently, Eunice bent over her.

"She's so neat," she sobbed, "'n' comf'table. She'd like it. I'm her mother, 'n' I know what she'd like. I thank you, Mahaly, because I'm her mother."

And Mahala smiled kindly into the mother's face.

* * *

The cold winter passed, bringing the exquisite New England summer, and still Mahala was well and strong. She gave no thought to her sacrifice now, and the grave-clothes had not been replaced.

One summer afternoon, the two sisters sat together in the little square hall between their respective "parts," when Mrs. Vose appeared from behind the clump of pine trees which had once shielded Mahala from observation. Eunice carried a large bundle, and she panted from the exercise.

Lucy rose to greet her.

"Here, let me take it," she said. "You set a spell, Eunice—why, you're clean beat out!"

"I shall be all right," answered the visitor, "when I git my breath, but I've got to hurry home 'n' git supper—I try to hev a hearty supper sence—well, Jonas, he needs it, 'n' I like it punc'shal. No, I can't set out; you open the bundle when I'm gone. I done my best—Mahaly."

When she had passed out of sight, the sisters carried the package and laid it upon Mahala's kitchen table. As they opened it, there was revealed a mass of dingy linen, fashioned into a clumsy resemblance to the garments in which Myra slept so peacefully.

"She's returned 'em!" ejaculated Lucy.

"She's kep' her word!"

"But her sister did not speak.

"Look at them button-holes, jest as crooked! 'N' the seams 'n' the stitches! A child could hev kep' them stitches cleaner." Still silence.

"Mahaly—speak out! Yes, I know I'd orter be ashamed! Eunice wouldn't and couldn't hev done it at all 'fore Myry went. Eunice 'pears to be tryin', poor creetur. Look at Jonas' clothes nowadays—why, they're almost whole 'n'—now you *look* at them seams. Poor, shif'lus thing! But there—I guess she hes tried, 'n' Mahaly—it was you showed her how."

Miss Mahala was looking with far-seeing eyes off into the blue summer sky. When she spoke though, her voice shook slightly; it was as solemn as when she had smoothed Myra's death bed with her promise.

"I'm so glad!" she whispered to herself.

"She's jest one of His little ones."

SOLVING THE RACE QUESTION

By May Stranathan

ZILLAH had brought Mrs. Brown's fine laundry work upstairs and was putting the baby's white dresses in the drawer in the back room, when she distinctly heard Mrs. Brown's voice from her own room adjoining; "Yes, I like a colored girl better than I do a white one. They don't expect to be treated like anything but a nigger, but a white girl thinks she is just as good as you are and expects you to treat her like an equal."

Zillah was a neat and comely young colored girl who came three times a week to help Mrs. Brown's servant girl. She went softly out into the back hall. It was true, she thought bitterly, she did not expect to be treated white; but sometimes she had a great longing to be so treated. How would it seem? Why shouldn't she be? Was she to blame that she was black instead of fair?

She had never forgotten the question a wondering little classmate put to her the day she started to school—the only colored child in the primary class—"Do you like to be a darkie?" Zillah did not like it. There were times when she disliked it very much. At home with her own people she did not think anything about it; but at school and after she had gone to work, she felt it.

Mrs. Brown was over-bearing in her manner. There was something in the way she gave even the slightest order that emphasized her feeling of superiority. It was as plain to be seen as if she had worn a sign, saying, "I am a superior being," and had compelled her servants to wear one proclaiming their inferiority. To-day especially, it had seemed to Zillah that she had been supercilious and fault-finding, and the girl was tired and unstrung. The words she had heard capped the climax. A great wave of rebellion swept over the soul of Zillah. Why had she been born with feelings only to have them lacerated? Oh, to be white, to be the mistress of a lovely home and to have every thing she wanted, as Mrs. Brown had!

As she passed through the kitchen to the

laundry, the cook handed her a big envelope.

"Here's a letter the postman left here for you," she said.

"That's queer," said Zillah, "why do you suppose it came here?"

She took it and went on to the laundry, where she opened it and took out a pamphlet which read thus:

THE RACE QUESTION SOLVED AT LAST THE MODERN MIRACLE! GOOD NEWS FOR DARKIES!

After many years of patient research, Dr. Morcean, the celebrated scientist, has discovered the cause of the color of the skin of the negro; and, what is more important, the remedy for it. By a harmless vegetable compound which acts upon the corpuscles of the blood, you can obtain a Caucasian fairness of skin. In fact, in a few short weeks you can change yourself from a negro to a white person. Modern science has triumphed over nature. The question, "Can the leopard change his spots; or the Ethiopian his skin?" has at last been answered in the affirmative—at least the latter half of the query—and the race question has been solved forever. For this change is thorough and permanent; not only does the swarthy face become white, but it stays white. The negro is changed completely. The kink leaves the hair, and the distinct negro features are thoroughly eradicated.

The discoverer of this wonderful remedy was himself once a negro. Now he is white and has been so for ten years, and no one would suspect that he had ever been a colored person, while his health is excellent and his mind alert.

Dr. Morcean makes no money out of this discovery, but offers it to you simply from a desire to benefit those of his former race. The ingredients are expensive and

sold at a figure which barely covers the cost of compounding, packing and postage—that is \$5.00 for the full treatment—enough to complete the necessary change in the system.

This is a confidential letter addressed to you, because you have been reported to us as a superior person of your race—both intelligent and discreet—and you will therefore readily understand the necessity of keeping this remedy a secret for the present, on account of the prejudice against the negro race. Address

Dr. Morcean, Box —, Milwaukee, Wis."

As she read Zillah trembled with excitement. Her deliverance had come. No more would she be obliged to endure the slights and slurs of being a "coon", as Mrs. Brown's young son had called her.

When she got home that evening, she hastened to her room and looked at herself in her little cracked glass. She was what Will Brown called "a good looking coon". She would be a perfect beauty, she thought, if only she were white and the kinks taken out of her hair.

Zillah made \$3.00 a week at Mrs. Brown's. Half of it she gave to her mother. The rest of it she had for her own, and with it she clothed herself so well that she was considered a stylish dresser by the colored people she knew. Five dollars meant a great deal to her, but she took the money she had been saving for a new dress, and sent for the concoction that had solved the race question.

She said nothing to anyone, but began to take the treatment according to directions. In six weeks she would be a white person. The treatment, so the directions said, would last a month, but the change would not take place for some days after it was gone—some persons assimilated it faster than others—but it would surely do the work, positively not later than two weeks after the last of the tablets had been taken. Zillah decided to wait till she had the proof of it in her own person before she should tell anyone of the discovery. In her first eagerness, she had thought of nothing but that she would soon be white, but afterward she began to be troubled by the thought, that perhaps her parents would not be pleased at the change. It would be awkward to appear suddenly before them as a white person, but she

shrank from telling them beforehand. Her mother was a good, old-fashioned mammy, busy and happy with the care of her many children, and Zillah felt that she would consider it all nonsense and would not care so very much to be white anyway. Neither the race question or her personal appearance ever seemed to bother her; while her father, who was a pious old deacon in the A. M. E. Church, would doubtless think it a sin to change the state wherein the Good Lord had placed him.

When the month was gone, and also the tablets, which she had kept carefully hidden and taken in secret, she still could not see the slightest change in herself, so she wrote a letter of inquiry to Dr. Morcean, Box —, Milwaukee, Wis., but she received no reply. Dr. Morcean was most likely not at home. So she was forced to content herself with reading the pamphlet and directions carefully. The change might come at any time now—perhaps would be almost instantaneous—she might go to bed some night a negro, and wake up a white person.

As the days passed, the prospect almost terrified her. A gradual change she could think of calmly; but imagine coming down some morning, a full blown white person, in the midst of this family of darkies. Would they disown her and refuse to believe it was she? The baby might refuse to come to her. She almost wished she had not done it, but now she was in for it, for better or for worse. Of course she still wanted to be white; but as the two weeks sped by she found herself wishing every night as she went to bed, that she would not be white the next morning. Whatever would her parents say? She could only hope that she would be so lovely that the very sight of her would dazzle them into silence. Perhaps she need not tell them about the tablets, and they would think the change was a miracle of the Lord's instead of Dr. Morcean's. It looked as if she wanted to desert her own family and she felt mean about it. Perhaps, too, Mrs. Brown would discharge her when she found she was no longer colored; and she would be, for a time at least, entirely dependent on her mother and father. A hundred perplexities of which she had not thought before, came to Zillah.

On the evening of Saturday, the last day of her life as a colored person, she went to hear Rev. Mr. Barnes preach. He was a young man,

a graduate of Tuskegee. He had come to stay over Sunday at Niles, and to assist the pastor of the A. M. E. Church with the communion services. Mr. Barnes was also a graduate of a theological seminary and was going to work—as a missionary among negroes in Alabama. He was full of the hope and enthusiasm of the young man just out of school. His theme was “The Needs of the Negro,” and his heart was in his theme. He did not believe that his was a degenerate and helpless race. As a man thinketh, so is he,” said he. “What the negro needs today is faith in himself, faith in his race, faith in his God. ‘Thy faith hath made thee whole,’ said Jesus to the woman, and faith only can cure the ills of the negro race. For no man puts his soul into his work unless he has faith in the outcome. He realized that the race question was a tremendous one—tremendous alike to the white man and the black—perhaps the evils of today were in some respects a greater menace to his race than slavery had been—but things were as they were—there was no time to waste in vain sighing over the mistakes of the past. Perhaps, as some contended, the negro had suffered a great wrong in having the ballot thrust into his unready hands; perhaps the finest type of negro, the old uncles and mammys of slavery, was gone forever—but these things are not the question with which we have to deal, but with the present and the future.

Let the dead past bury its dead. The time has now come for the negro to rouse himself from his lethargy of sin and idleness and equip himself as a man, in these trying times.

Oh, that the Lord would raise up more men who should have faith in their own race!

He knew not why the Lord had made them black, but with them lay the power to make of themselves an upright people before the Lord. He believed that character could transform to beauty, even the homely face of the black man, and that, if his people were a righteous people, they could stand among the nobles of the earth and say, “I am black but comely, O, ye daughters of Jerusalem.”

The concern of the negro should not be worldly place or honor, but to fill honorably the place whereunto they were sent. It was not theirs to question why the Lord had made them black, and cast their lot with the despised and rejected of the earth; but it was theirs without question or envy or repining, with stout and grateful hearts to “embrace the

purpose of God and the doom assigned.”

There might be those, who would if they could, deny their birthright, but to his mind there was no nobler act recorded in history than that in which Moses refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, but preferred rather to stand by his own people, though they were of the downtrodden of the earth, without a country of their own, slaves—the foot of Pharaoh on their necks—yet Moses refused the honors of the Egyptian court, to cast in his lot with them.

The little congregation had never before heard such a sermon as that—their own preacher, an old man, generally preached about the Jews only. They were transformed into would-be martyrs for their race. Their black faces shone and tears ran down their cheeks. The men cried “Amen, Amen!” and the women sobbed. And there sat the poor little traitor, Zillah, stabbed to the heart by the words of this young man. Like Jonah, she was running away from the work the Lord had given her to do. On the morrow she would be without a people—an outcast and a wanderer on the face of the earth. She had denied father, mother, sisters, brothers and her whole race.

She sat there trembling with remorse and fear, and when the meeting was over she tried to slip out alone, but was dragged forward by her mother to be presented to the preacher, whose mother had been her friend in her younger days in old Virginia. And there, with the sociability of the colored race, they stood around and talked, and finally took the young man home with them to stay over Sunday. Zillah could not talk; but there was no need, since her mother gave no one else a chance to say a word. As the girl helped to bunk the younger children together to make a bed for their guest, she felt an awful misery pressing on her heart. She felt she had shut herself out from Paradise.

All through the night she lay in an agony of soul, and determined that if the change should come to her by morning, that she would go away before anyone should know of her perfidy. As the day began to break she lay, longing, yet dreading to look at herself in the glass. She raised her hand to push back the coverlet, and by chance it came before her eyes. It was still black! She sprang from the bed and ran eagerly to the mirror on her old fashioned little dresser. She was even as she had been.

Hope began to spring in her heart—perhaps she would not turn white after all. Perhaps it was all a fake. The critical time was past and she began to feel easier.

But at breakfast her mother looked across the table at her and exclaimed, "Why, child, you look peaked this morning. You're pale as can be."

Zillah's heart gave a fearful throb, and the young preacher looked at her with much solicitude. It was only the effect of a night of worry and sleeplessness, but the poor girl sat throughout the meal expecting every moment to hear them exclaim that she had turned into a white person. But when again she found an opportunity to look at herself she was reassured.

That Sunday was a day that Zillah never forgot, so tossed about was she between dread

and hope. In the morning she went to hear Mr. Barnes preach again, and afterward flew around helping her mother get up a dinner fit to set before him. That evening he sat late with his host and family, and talked of what he hoped to do in the field to which he was going, laboring with his hands as well as with his head and heart. He gave a more familiar and personal account of his plans than he had done in his public speech. He addressed himself mostly to Zillah's father and mother—so they thought—but in some way it became evident to her that his words were really addressed to herself, and another hope began that night to spring in her heart—a hope that kept her, during the whole year before he came again, from ever wishing that she did not have to be a darkey. And after that she was so busy that she never thought of such a thing.

ANNETTE

By Louise Cann Ranum

GUTHRIE DALTON, after a friendship of five years with Lettice Brayton, had asked her hand in marriage. With Guthrie, friendship had not ripened into love. His lonely life on the isolated little strawberry farm across the lake, had become unbearable; so he had asked Lettice, the one person of his acquaintance who was entirely congenial, to share it with him. With his usual directness, he had suffered her no illusions. She knew that his heart was with Annette.

Guthrie married Lettice without misgiving. She was what he termed "a sensible girl;" that is, old enough to no longer expect romance in marriage, well-educated, and so, capable of accepting a situation philosophically. Moreover, Lettice had many of the qualities he precisely admired in a woman. She was sincere, direct in speech and manner, loyal, practical. He had made her under-

stand—and she had agreed—that the marriage was to be a comradeship.

The day of their wedding, he brought Lettice to the little house on the lake shore, where he had passed ten solitary years, and where they were to live. In the big wainscotted living room, hung with skins of wild-cats, that he himself had killed; lined with bookshelves, full of his favorite books, a fire in the great fireplace was laid ready for lighting. While Guthrie ran to put a match to the heap of logs, Lettice stood at the door and looked in.

"This is what I have always wanted," she said in her low, mellow voice, "a big living room, a fireplace, and stacks of books."

Guthrie turned toward her with a smile. "Come in, come in!" he cried. "Don't stand there! I want to feel that you have really come to stay."

He placed a chair for her before the fire, which was still but a narrow tongue of flame darting between the smoke-wreathed logs.

He went to his desk to get the lamp. As he put his hand out to take it, his cuff caught on the corner of a small silver picture frame that stood just below the lamp. The frame fell over with a crash. Guthrie caught it up, fumbled with it a moment, then set it in its place. He knew the features of the enclosed photograph so well that, even in the gloom, he saw clearly the delicate, girlish face. Something like a pang shot through him as he stood for a moment, seeing before him the original rather than the picture. When he came back with the lamp, Lettice was gazing at the fire, which now crackled and roared among the logs. Guthrie sat the lamp on the table, which he had made from a big red cedar. He lighted the lamp, then said quite formally, "Will you excuse me for a few moments?" Noting the change that came into her face, he added, "I must see to the chickens."

He wanted to readjust himself. The sweet eyes of the picture, with their subtle prevision of pain—the look that had haunted him throughout his twelve years of widowhood—had gazed at him through the gloom with accusation. "But this marriage could not possibly be a disloyalty to Annette," he reasoned, as he pressed under his feet the soft sod soaked by autumn rains. Annette was warm in his heart. Surely, if she could see, she would understand. The terrible loneliness had driven him to it. Yet, when he thought of good, pleasant Lettice sitting in there by the fire, the joy in the cheer of home it suggested, tortured him. He began to think that he had made a terrible mistake in marrying. He could not get away from the thought that he was committing a sort of moral bigamy. "*I have not been steady,*" he whispered over and over again. Under the test of time, his loyalty had failed.

The terrible scene at Annette's death-bed came back to him; when, possessed by the knowledge that she was no longer to be part of the lives of those she loved, and wrenched by jealousy of the living who would take her place, she had cried, "You will not be able to live all your life alone, grieving for me. Another will take my place—Oh, I shall turn in my grave!"

And he had sworn, over her dying hands,

never to even *look* at another! Why had he not thought of all this before marriage! Before he had seen Lettice seated there in the glow of the fire, by *his* hearth, marriage with her had seemed a cold thing. She was to get his meals, keep his house, read to him evenings, keep off the chill of isolation. But now, the warmth of living close to that sturdy, soft-skinned little body of hers, penetrated the arteries that for twelve years had been chill. Yes, and the twelve years vociferated for the warmth of which they had been deprived! As his thought shifted to this change in his feelings, he forgot his pangs and returned to the house. Lettice was still gazing into the fire, but when he entered, she looked and smiled. Guthrie had always thought her smile womanly; and, in truth, it bespoke sweetness and strength.

As the days passed, the pleasantness of Guthrie's life with Lettice told more and more on his worship of Annette's memory. The house, from a mere habitation, became a home. The appetizing meals Lettice served accompanied by much pleasant chat over the happenings of the day, made the dismal, dyspepsia-haunted meals of his "baching" seem like nightmares. He put on flesh and looked younger by five years.

Evenings, she read to him with her soft, mellow voice from his "Journal of Agriculture," and she constantly surprised him by the soundness of her judgment on the new methods of chicken-raising and berry-culture. But this was not all. She had been raised on a farm; but she had also had university training, and years of teaching literature; so they read together Shakespeare, Plato, Milton—Guthrie's three favorites.

Annette's picture stood on his desk like an accusation. He never looked at it without a shudder. It reminded him of his deflection from his ideal. The moments of gloom that invariably followed were filled with painful reminiscences of his life with her. She was his mother's adopted daughter. He had returned from college to fall in love with her. He went over his mother's warnings against the marriage. Annette was too young, too fragile. It was not right for him to marry her before she had had an opportunity to know something of life and of men, and so have a standard of contrast to judge by. He went over the night of their marriage; how, on her eighteenth birthday, they had stolen

from the house in the rain, and had been married, and how, on their way back, she had cried and clung to his arm.

Then, step by step, he went over their life together. Notwithstanding their passionate love for each other, they had never attained happiness. If she had lived, adjustment would certainly have come, but she had died before fulfilment. Back of the sparkle of her eyes was always a shadow of pain. It was this expression, more than anything else, that he had kept with him throughout the years since her death. His pity for her had perpetuated and intensified his cult of her memory. With agony, he relived the long months of torture before her death in childbirth. He felt her tears yet, and the settled look of doom in the eyes she turned upon him. Phrases long forgotten, came back to him in these hours when the chill of the past penetrated the warm present.

"I shall never be happy, Guthrie; because I want the absolute."

"As if you knew how absolute is my love!"

"And yet it cannot warm the chill of death. I shall go out into the cold alone. Another will take my place."

With what pain he reflected, that he had never been able to dislodge this idea from her mind; and how her conviction of approaching death had acted like a subtle poison in their relation! Both felt, without saying so, that he was to blame.

But if Annette only knew, she would understand. He always came back to this position, and rehearsed to himself that his love was buried with Annette, that he had been on the point of losing his mind through loneliness. After the exhaustion following upon these painful recollections and still more painful self-justifications, he always returned to Lettice with a new feeling of comfort. She was so calm and wholesome and sweet; there was such reliance to be put on her strength that, like a tired child, he returned to her with an unexpressed, almost unconfessed appeal for cheer.

During these days of struggle, it never occurred to him that Lettice also was under a strain. Accordingly, when one afternoon he

returned earlier than usual, and, thinking that she might be resting, stole noiselessly into the living-room, he was shocked to find her in tears.

"Why, Lettice, dear!" He hurried over to her. A woman's tears were peculiarly painful to him. She laid her handkerchief across what he took to be a book in her lap, and turned away her face. He took her hands.

"You are not well?" He bent over her. She began to sob, and the handkerchief slipped partly off the smooth surface of the object in her lap.

"Why!" Guthrie caught it up. He had been grieving over his debt to Annette; but now, in a flash, he saw that he was a debtor also to Lettice. He laid the picture face downwards on the table.

"Oh, I have tried so hard to be satisfied!" said Lettice, her voice catching and breaking at each word. "I am a hideous woman—but I—have—tried—so—hard!" She uttered the last word with a low-toned dynamic force that revealed the intensity of her silent struggle.

"Oh, I never suspected this!" groaned Guthrie, his head in his hands. "You said you did not mind."

Lettice, with trembling hands, dried her eyes, then looked at Guthrie with a faint, flickering little smile.

"I shall try again, Guthrie." She placed her hands gently, almost timidly, on his, that lay clenched on his knees.

Vividly, Guthrie saw that with all his tenderness, he had somehow failed to make Annette happy; that that failure had been the specter that haunted his life, and that now, because of it, he was about to fail again. Because he had failed in his ideal, had somehow slipped in his allegiance to Annette, he was spoiling Lettice's life, too.

As he sat there, the warmth from his wife's hands penetrating his, her earnest, devoted eyes searching his face, he knew that the past had glided from him. He no longer felt the cruelty of the fact. The present, vital, insistent, was enwrapping him, the usurping. Now was trampling out the moribund Then.

THE MIRACLE AT MRS. SMILEY'S

By C. W. Tyler

[Reprinted by request from an old copy of the "Southern Magazine," now discontinued]

AND I wish I could 'a' gone, mudder; I thes wish that," says little Becky.

"Oh, no, no, no!" says Mrs. John H. Smiley, cheerily, from her place at the ironing table. "Oh, no, no, no," says she, "that would never have done. With all the bright lights in the church, and all the fine people, and all the richly dressed children, so happy and joyous around the beautiful Christmas tree, and my little girl the only shabby one in the whole house? That would never have done."

"I could 'a' put my feet up under me, so," says little Becky, crossing her thin legs and thrusting her feet so far beneath her faded skirt that they were no longer visible to the naked eye. "I could 'a' done that, mudder, and not a single, solitary person would 'a' seen the hole in my toe. Not a single, solitary person would 'a' seen it."

"That's all right," says Mrs. John H. Smiley. "That's all-right. Mother's going to fix her little daughter up before long, and then there will be no more hiding of holes in toes, I guess. That business will be about through with, when mother fixes her little daughter up. Times are a little tight now," says Mrs. John H. Smiley, says she, sprinkling a little starch on the garment that she is smoothing out. "Times are just a l-i-t-t-l-e tight, but times are not going to stay tight always. Times are not surely going to do that, I reckon."

"I could 'a' set all scrooched up in the corner, with your big shawl round me," says little Becky, pursuing the subject; "and not a single, solitary person would 'a' noticed my old clothes."

"Yes, indeed," says Mrs. John H. Smiley, moving the flat-iron now briskly to and fro; "yes, indeed, you could surely have done that. But it was best for my little daughter not to go tonight. It was best for her to stay at home, I think."

"I thes wish I could 'a' gone, anyhow," says the child, after a short pause, leaning back in her chair and looking up at the plaster of Paris image of the Virgin Mary that adorned the mantel. "I never saw no Christmas tree last Christmas, nor yet the Christmas afo' that, nor yet the Christmas afo' that. When my pa was here, I saw Christmas trees—lots and squares of 'em."

"Yes, indeed," says Mrs. John H. Smiley, chiming in in rather a subdued tone; "yes, indeed, lots and squares of 'em."

"When my pa was here," says the child, half soliloquizing and half addressing the Virgin Mary, who is looking straight at her and is apparently a very attentive listener. "When my pa was here, afo' he got killed that time on the Ridge, he brought a great cedar bush from out the big woods that his road run through, and he toted it plumb home from the engine on his shoulder. It wasn't this home," she says, explaining to the Virgin; "it was that other home. He toted it plumb home and set it up in our parlor, and lit it all up. And there was so many, many pretty things for me; and other folks' chillun 'sides me come and got things off it. That's what my pa done. I saw him with my own eyes. I was a little bits of a tot then, but I saw him with my own eyes."

"That he did; that he did," says Mrs. John H. Smiley, bending over her ironing table and working away for dear life. "That he did."

The blaze in the grate struggles fitfully, being but a feeble blaze, to hide its head up the chimney. Now and then thick puffs of smoke go up; thick puffs of black smoke, reminding the child of the engine over which her father, the late John H. Smiley, was called in this life to preside. No cricket chirps upon the hearth; not even a cat purrs by the fire-side to make things look cheerful and home-like. With elbows propped upon her knees,

the child sits and regards the Virgin Mary, who from her perch on the mantel in turn looks fixedly down upon the child. The wind has whipped around to the north, and it is growing colder. A little while ago it was drizzling a misty sort of rain which was discouraging to travelers; now it is sleeting, and the hard little ice pebbles may be heard pelt-
ing the unprotected window panes.

"When my pa was here," says the child, speaking now directly to the Virgin, "afo' he got killed that time on the Ridge, Santa Claus used to come to our house same as he goes now to other folks' houses. When our chimbley was bright with a big blaze of Christmas nights, and we had lots of pretty things on our mantel, and a carpet—a nice new carpet on our floor, Santa Claus used to come down our chimbley, same as he comes now down other folks' chimbleys, and fill my stockings, and set things down by the fireplace what the stockings wouldn't hold; and even fetch things for mudder, and set 'em on our table in the middle of the room. I was a little bits of a tot then, but I saw them things with my own eyes, and I know he done it."

"Yes, yes, yes," says Mrs. John H. Smiley, with a little huskiness in her voice as she bends over the iron; "yes, yes, yes; that's what he done."

Tap, tap, tap at the door, and, without waiting for an invitation, not being overstocked with manners, in walks Mr. Biddle.

"I might 'a' know'd it," says Mrs. John H. Smiley, as she turns round and greets him. "I might 'a' know'd it, Cyrus. On Christmas eve you always used to come, and Christmas eve you come still." She takes his large and rather dingy hand and shakes it cordially.

Now, Biddle is a brakeman. I wish I could say he was a lawyer, or a banker, or a dry goods clerk, or something nice and genteel of that sort; but I can't afford to stretch my conscience for Biddle, so I tell you plainly he is a brakeman. He earns his bread by making flying leaps from car to car, while speeding across country, and by tugging fiercely at the brakes when the whistle of the engineer smites his ear. On duty he is lightsome as a cat or squirrel; off duty he is rather slow and heavy and shows by his manner that he was not cut out for a gentleman.

"Deve-nin," says Mr. Biddle, in response to the widow's salutation; and then he sidles along to a chair in the corner near the mantel. Pretty soon after taking his seat, apparently feeling it incumbent on him to do something, he lays hold of the poker and is in the very act of punching the fire, when, suddenly, catching the widow's eye, and remembering that he is about to violate one of the rules of the establishment, he hastily sets the poker down again and retires within himself.

"Mr. Biddle," says the child, after a reasonable time had elapsed and no effort at conversation had developed, "I could 'a' done my feet so," and she tucks them away again. "I could 'a' done 'em so, and not a single, solitary person in the church would 'a' seen the hole in my toe."

"No odds," says Mr. Biddle, "if they had seen it."

"I could 'a' scrooched myself up in the corner," says the child, "with mother's big shawl round me, and not a single, solitary person would 'a' knowed I was there."

"No odds," says Mr. Biddle, "if they had knowed it."

"I haven't seen no Christmas tree," says the child, by no means averse to assuming the entire burden of conversation, "since afo' that time my pa got killed on the Ridge. When my pa was here, he got a Christmas tree out of the big woods, and toted it home on his shoulder, and set it up in our parlor, and lots of nice things was on it for me and other folks' chillun. I was a little bits of a tot then, but I remember that tree. Don't you remember that tree, Mr. Biddle?"

Mr. Biddle nods his head gravely and taps the hearth gently once, twice, thrice with the poker, which he has again taken into his hands.

"Yes, indeed; yes, indeed," says Mrs. John H. Smiley, again chirping in from the ironing table, "we all remember that. It would be a strange thing, indeed, if we did not all remember that."

The feeble blaze which has been struggling in the grate for some time, now dying low, and now suddenly reviving, has almost made up its mind to give it up as a bad job and go out once for all. The dim lamp at the ironing table sheds but an uncertain light about the room. Without the wind is rising, and comes now in gusts, driving the sleet before

it. The loose window sash rattles, and above and around the lonely tenement in which they sit the storm king makes his moan. The shadow of Mrs. John H. Smiley, busily plying her iron, looms up like a giant spectre against the opposite wall. A hush falls upon the little group.

"Mr. Biddle," says the child, again breaking silence, "do you believe in s-p-e-e-r-i-t-s?"

Rap, rap, rap. How particularly loud and distinct! This must be the sheriff or some high officer at the door.

"Come in," says the widow, nervously, as she opens the portal of her single-roomed dwelling a second time. "Come in, Colonel Simcoe;" and she brushes a chair which has not a speck of dust or dirt on it, and sets it close to the fire for her distinguished visitor.

"Ah-h-h!" says the smooth-voiced, smooth-faced colonel, rubbing his fat hands at the fire. "Ah-h-h!" says he; "it's a rough night, ma'am," placing one of his hands close to the flickering blaze. "It's a very rough night," applying the other and then again rubbing the two vigorously together. "It's sleeting now, and by tomorrow morning the ground will be as slick as glass. The poor are bound to suffer such nights as this;" and, rising, he takes the scuttle of coals and, turning it bottom upward, empties the last lump on the fire. This done, he withdraws the poker from the reluctant hand of Mr. Biddle, and, thrusting it between the bars of the grate, vigorously stirs the whole. The child, with sharp elbows resting on knees, regards him seriously, while Mr. Biddle is, so to speak, dumbfounded at his behavior.

"Tomorrow," says the colonel, smiling now blandly upon the little assemblage, "will be Christmas day—a day of rest for man and beast. A day on which all cares should be laid aside and the human heart go up in gratitude to the Giver of all good things. The world over—the civilized world over—Christmas day is a holiday. To be bright and cheerful and thankful on that day is a Christian duty. I hope, ma'am, it will be many a year, it will be ages, it will be centuries, before the world ceases to send up thanks and to rest from toil on the return of this blessed occasion.

"Yes, indeed, sir; I should hope so," says the widow, standing now idly and with folded hands by her ironing table. "Oh yes, indeed, sir; I should hope so."

"And the best way," pursues the colonel, serenely, "the best way, ma'am, to prepare your mind for the proper enjoyment of Christmas, is to get all business matters off hand before the blessed season arrives; to have nothing of a disturbing nature on the memory; nothing left undone that could or should have been attended to.

"Oh, yes, sir," says the widow, "oh, yes, indeed, sir. No doubt about that."

"And, therefore," pursues the colonel, in his smooth and polished manner, "on my way home from church tonight, I called by to collect the rent. I might have put it off, ma'am; I might have left undone dozens of other things that demanded my attention; but what sort of a frame of mind would I have been in tomorrow, if I had not rid myself of these matters? Promptness in business, ma'am, brings happiness and content; neglect this quality, and misery and distress will surely be the result in the end."

"Oh yes, indeed," says the widow, "you speak quite truly, sir."

As Mrs. John H. Smiley makes this last remark, she advances in a somewhat hesitating way and places in the colonel's hand a bank bill and some coin. "It is not quite all, sir," she says, apologetically, "not quite all, but I can make it up in a few weeks. Times have been a little hard on me this winter. They have, indeed, sir. The weather has been rough, and coal has been high, and Becky there had a spell, and I was bound to call in the doctor. Things will brighten up when the spring opens."

The colonel sums the money up with his eye, as he holds it in his open hand. "You were behind last month, ma'am," he says; "and you are left a little further behind this month. This is not business, ma'am. I cannot afford to build houses and pay taxes on them and then fail in my rents. Promptness, ma'am, and a strict compliance with your obligations is a Christian duty."

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir," says the widow, "yes, indeed, sir; that it is. But times are just a little hard now; just a little hard, sir. The spell that Becky had cost me more than I expected. Doctors come high, sir. It will be all right soon. I just feel it will. I just feel," says the little widow, speaking with a show of confidence, "that times will get better with me soon."

The fire in the grate begins to crackle, and

in one or two places the seams in the lumps of coal have parted, and a ruddy blaze is forcing its way up through the heap.

"I have a good sewing machine, sir," pursues the widow, still more hopefully; "almost as good as new. That shall stand for your debt. It would grieve me to part with it, for it was given to me by—by him; but it shall stand for your debt. Let me stay here, sir, during the winter, and in the spring I will pay you the last cent. I just know I will; I just feel it; and if I don't, the sewing machine shall go. There it stands now, sir, and it's almost as good as new."

"Ah, well," says the colonel, in a burst of generosity, "let it stand until then, ma'am. We Christian people, ma'am, must trust each other. We cannot introduce the harsh rules of business"—he now beams on those around him—"into all the affairs of life. There must be an exception. I will trust you, ma'am and—ah—the sewing machine."

"Thank you," says the widow, earnestly, "what you say is true, sir; what you say is very true. Thank you for your kindness."

The fire now burns and flashes merrily, as befits a Christmas fire. It sends a ruddy glow through all the room and crackles defiance to the roaring wind and rough weather without. The widow's face as she stands with hands folded a little way off, has a peaceful look. The child watches the bright blaze go dancing up the chimney, as it used to go on the happy Christmas eves when Santa Claus, with his reindeer team, stood waiting at the top, ready to come down and lavish his wealth upon the inmates, when folks fell asleep and all the house was still. The benevolent colonel, warmed by the fire and also by the recollection of a good deed done, sits with face all aglow in front of the glowing grate. Even Mr. Biddle assumes a pleased expression of countenance, and appears to be on the eve of offering a remark.

The colonel now rises and, going to the table, takes up a large bundle which he had deposited there with his hat on entering. Smiling upon the widow, he hands this bundle to her. "Open it," says he.

The widow unties the bundle and holds up to view—now what do you think? Why, one of the most beautiful dolls you ever saw in the whole course of your life. Cinderella at the ball, I am sure, could never have looked half so bewitching as this lovely creature.

"Ain't she a beauty?" exclaims the colonel.

"She is that," says the widow; "she is that very thing."

"Hold her up," says the colonel, dropping a pace or two back, so that he could the better admire her. "There! that's it! Turn the lamp up a little, and let the child get a good look at her. What do think of her, little one?"

Becky has climbed down from her chair and stands now awkwardly by it, nervously clutching one of the rounds in her little hand. Her mouth is open, her eyes are wide open, and she swallows a few times in her unconscious interest and excitement. Such a vision of glory the poor child has never before beheld. Even Mr. Biddle drops his under jaw and stares ahead of him with smiling face.

"How would you like to have such a beautiful doll in the house here with you all the time? How would you like," says the colonel, addressing in soft and seductive voice the little child, "to take her to bed and have her lie by your side all night, to wake up in the morning and find her close by you, and then to put her nice clothes on and have her keep company with you all day? How would you like that, hey? Don't you think she would like that, madam?"

The poor widow looks up at him, and gratitude, like a bright light from within, illumines her careworn face.

"Don't you think, madam, your child would be happy if this beautiful doll was all her own?"

"Oh, indeed, sir"—begins the widow, but her voice chokes with emotion and she cannot proceed.

"It's for my Helen," continues the colonel, after an impressive pause; this beautiful doll is for my little daughter. We should never forget our children, ma'am."

What actors women are by nature! The light died from the widow's face, but she gave no other indication of surprise or disappointment. Even the smile she was wearing a moment ago faded off so gradually you would scarcely have noticed its disappearance. Little Becky crawls quietly back into her chair, and looks first into the blazing fire and then up at the Virgin Mary, who now, her face lit up by the ruddy light, looks down, it seems, in tender sympathy upon her. Mr. Biddle drops his head, and devotes himself once more to the inspection of his boots.

"I got it from the Christmas tree," pursues the colonel, taking the doll now from the widow's hand and beginning to wrap it up again. "The night was too rough for my child to go out, so I went down and got this from the tree for her. Won't she be proud, though, when she sees it in the morning?"

The beautiful doll, which was to delight Miss Helen Simcoe, in the morning, is now once more obscured from sight by the paper covering which envelopes her; and the colonel draws on his gloves, buttons his thick overcoat to the throat, and, with due deliberation, being a personage of importance, makes ready to depart.

"Christmas is the children's festival," he remarks to the widow. "It takes us back into imagination, ma'am, to the time when the Saviour of the world was a little child, a helpless, little child. The wise men brought gifts to him, and we should bring gifts to our children at each return of this blessed occasion. What would Christmas be, ma'am, without the joyous shouts and the happy faces of the children? I paid five dollars for this beautiful doll, for it's real French bisque; but I will get my money back in interest in the morning, when my child sees the handsome present I have bought her. The man who does not delight in making children happy is a brute, ma'am; he is a brute, ma'am."

"Don't Santa Claus come down the chimney at your house of Christmas nights and fetch things? You're rich," says the child.

Colonel Simcoe is grieved. He is a pious man, and strictly orthodox.

"There is no such a being as Santa Claus," he says, looking firmly and somewhat severely toward the child. "We are Christian people here, I hope. This Santa Claus is a myth, a heathenish superstition, unfit to have place in a land of bibles and churches and Sunday schools."

"Then," says the child, "who was it, afo' my pa got killed on the Ridge, that used to come down our chimney? Not this chimney; that other chimney. And fetch me things, and cram 'em in my stockin', and even leave 'em for other folks' chillun right here in this house? No, not in this house; in that other house—who was it done that? It was Santa Claus; 'cause my pa said so. He told me so with his own mouth. I was a little bits of a tot then, but he told me them very words, and I remember 'em."

Colonel Simcoe looked solemnly around upon the little assemblage. He compresses his lips, and a frown of disapproval comes over his face. "Madame," he says, speaking in a low tone to the widow, "I am surprised. I thought I was in a Christian home, an humble home, but a Christian home. This child should be sent to Sunday school. Such ignorant, such heathenish superstitions should be weeded from her mind. My little girl," withdrawing his glove and laying his hand on the child's head, "it was not Santa Claus who brought you these things. It was not Santa Claus who was so good to you when your father was alive. It was—tell her who it was, ma'am. Tell this child whether it was Santa Claus who made Christmas so bright to her when her father was alive."

She hangs her head for awhile, this poor, debt-ridden woman, she hangs it for a little while, and then she shakes it mournfully.

"Then," says the child, coming down from her chair and boldly facing the colonel, "if it wasn't Santa Claus, I just know who it was. It was the Virgin Mary."

Colonel Simcoe turns abruptly and takes three hasty strides toward the door. He then turns again and gives the widow a look which is sufficient to extinguish any person of ordinary sensibility. Before he finally quits her presence, he lifts his hand and offers this impressive remark:

"Popery, ma'am, is worse than heathenism."

The poor widow closes the door behind him, and, coming back, takes her seat and looks mournfully into the fire. "It is a rough night," she says, after a little. "The ground is white and slick with ice. I'm afraid he will fall down."

"No odds," says Mr. Biddle, "if he do fall down."

Again there is a pause, and the blaze goes leaping up the chimney. Without, the wind whistles around the corner, and the sleet still drives against the window panes. The child addresses herself to Mr. Biddle:

"He married a rich widow with a large estate, 'cause my pa said so."

To this remark there is no reply. Mr. Biddle nods gravely; but whether this signifies acquiescence in her assertion, or simply that the information has been duly received, cannot be determined.

"Afo' he married a rich widow with a large

estate," continues the child, "he wa'n't nothin' but a lawyer."

Mr. Biddle nods to her again. Then he leans back in his chair and appears to be turning over something in his mind.

Mrs. John H. Smiley arises and goes back to the ironing table. There is work to be done in this world, even if the merry Christmas is nigh at hand. She sprinkles and starches and plies the iron busily. Out of doors the pitiless tempest blusters, but the bright blaze in the grate and the red glow of the coals make the room unusually cheerful and cosy and home-like. The widow feels the warmth even as far off as her table; and she works with double energy, being encouraged by her cheerful surroundings. After a while, as it is waxing late, Mr. Biddle arises to go. His flow of conversation has not gone far toward enlivening the family circle during his visit, but the widow shakes again most cordially the large and dingy hand which he presents on leaving. As he passes out, the wind rushes from around the corner as if it had been lying in wait for him. It buffets him rudely, and he has to hold his old slouch hat on his head to keep it from being blown away.

The hands of the old clock against the wall move around slowly, slowly. The blaze in the grate is losing its brightness, and the glow of the coals grows dimmer. The child nods as she sits in the chair, and, with gentle hands, she is put to bed. Tucked in beneath old, thin quilts, with some of mother's garments thrown over her to keep her warm, she struggles for a while against slumber and stubbornly refuses to close the lids over eyes from which the light is fast fading. The fire is dying low. Shadows dance fantastically about the room. The *tick, tick, tick* of the clock sounds farther and farther away. She exerts herself a little and looks hard at mother bending over the ironing table; at the sewing machine, which is almost as good as new; at the few phials on the mantel, kept for sickness; at the Virgin Mary, who has grown, somehow, astonishingly large and life-like, and, with eyes directed straight into hers, appears about to speak to her. She looks and looks, and just as she reaches that mysterious border region which lies between the kingdom of this world and dreamland, as sure as I am a good Christian—which I profess myself to be—the Virgin Mary nods and

smiles upon her. I know there are those who affirm that an unusually fierce gust of wind, penetrating a crack behind the Virgin, compelled her to nod, and that, as to smiling, she has all her days been afflicted with a sort of simper, which was perhaps intended for a smile by the genius who fashioned her. I have nothing to say of such vague fantasies as these. I confine myself to facts. I say that, while the little child is lying with eyes wide open, and just as she is slipping softly down the road to unconsciousness, the Virgin Mary nods and smiles upon her.

The hands of the old clock against the wall move around slowly, slowly. The widow sits by the dying fire and muses on bygone days. Viewless forms from out the past come and take their places beside her, and are gone again. Ashes gather over the coals in the grate, as they have gathered over the hopes and plans of other years. She draws closer and closer, as the embers grow cold, and she dreams and dreams, as mortals will. The fierce energy of the storm has expended itself; the wind has lulled, and the world awaits in silence, as the festival of the birth of Christ draws nigh. From her place above the mantel, the Virgin Mary, still smiling through the shadows, looks down upon the weary mother. The old clock gives a premonitory rattle and prepares to strike. *One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven*—she looks up as the last note, *twelve*, falls on her ear. Christmas day has come. The weary woman rises and prepares to lie down beside her sleeping little one. Hark! a knock at the door. Who comes at the midnight hour to this lonely house? For a while she holds back through fear; then, stepping forward, unbars the bolt. Before her stands a sable imp with glistening eyes and white, shining teeth. He hurriedly thrusts a package into her hands, and then—before a man hath power to say "behold"—the jaws of the darkness do devour him.

She holds the bundle in uncertain hands for a while, then, bolting once more the door, she unwraps it. There are warm stockings for a child; there are nice new shoes; a little hood for the head; a long cloak intended to come down almost to the feet; and, lastly, (her eyes brim with tears as she sees it), there is a large doll with curly hair and great, bright eyes, staring the widow nearly out of countenance, when the two first meet. She

is gaily, perhaps somewhat flashily, dressed; and pinned to her skirt there is a paper which, when it comes to be read, bears this mysterious inscription:

"FOR LITTLE BECKY
FROM THE VIRGIN MARY."

She falls upon her knees—'tis a woman's instinct in the hour of sudden joy or great trouble—and her heart goes up to the Throne of Grace in prayer. She cannot know who the generous donor is. It must be—yes, he is a little pompous and the world calls him selfish, but God puts things into people's hearts. God has shown him at this holy season that there can be no sin in the simple faith of a little child. God has taught him that, though correct of creed, he cannot render true homage to the infant Christ without some love of his neighbor. Reverently she places the Christmas doll on the mantel close by the side of the Virgin Mary. She kisses over and over again and washes with her tears the thin face of her little one, and lies down to rest beside her.

* * *

Are not these the church bells a-ringing, ladies and gentlemen, and is not this the blessed Christmas morn? Locked in the embrace of the ice king, the world is beautiful. The laden branches of the trees bend toward the earth as if in silent worship, and the long icicles gleam in the sun. The sky is blue and clear, the frosty air keen and nipping, the breath of the speeding church-goers ascends as incense toward heaven. Troops of happy children skip and slip along the smooth streets. Full of life and spirits, they romp and call to each other, and their laughter makes the morning glad. Who is this that comes now, accompanied by a plain and rather diminutive middle-aged lady, and hugging a great, wide-staring doll tight in her arms? Have the kindness to observe that there are no holes in her toes, and that this is not mother's big shawl which enwraps her little scrap of a body. Ah, no; she is neatly and most comfortably clad from head to foot, and everything about her is spic-span-new. See her bright and happy look, her shining morning face, her honest pride in her own appearance, her admiration for the beauteous creature she carries. Others may fancy themselves fine on this occasion;

but I say unto you that, if to be clothed on with thankfulness and well wrapped in the sweet garment of content go for anything with Him who regardeth both the outer and the inner man, then Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like our little Becky.

The church bells ring, ring, and here are rich people and poor people, quiet, genteel people, and loud, flashy people, all trooping in together. Here, as I live, is Mr. Biddle with his large, dingy hands, looking, I am sorry to say, altogether too shabby for the occasion. He has been saving up money, his friends know, to buy himself a new overcoat for Christmas; but he has on no overcoat today. In his faded every-day clothes he has not the audacity to take his seat in the midst of the congregation, but, slipping in unobserved, tries to hide himself in an obscure corner. Here is Colonel Simcoe, smooth and orthodox as usual and well dressed, you may depend upon it, from his neatly brushed silk hat down to his polished boots. As he passes in, the grateful widow drops a little curtsy to him, and addresses him in a low, earnest whisper: "The Lord will reward you, sir. The Lord will reward you." Manifestly not understanding her, Colonel Simcoe looks down upon her in surprise, and by a frown rebukes her familiarity. His stylish wife and daughter regard her with a blank stare, and are shocked that one in her station should presume to interrupt gentle folks in church.

The organ peals, and the poor widow sinks into a seat. As the loud swell of the organ rolls over her, it seems to lift her up and bear her onward with it, and her dim eyes fill with tears of gratitude. As she kneels down with her little girl, she humbly thanks God that he has put it into the heart of someone unknown to remember the child on this blessed Christmas day. The music swells again, and human voices with words now broken, now prolonged, but always unintelligible to her, mingle with the notes of the organ. As she stands and listens, the voices in the choir seem to be crying out to her, over and over again: "For little Becky, from the Virgin Mary; for little Becky from the Virgin Mary; for little Becky from the Virgin M-a-a-ary." Time and again it seems to her the tenor and the soprano, and the rest of 'em, drone and shout these words at her until they fall now on her ear with startling distinctness, and she

trembles almost with awe as she hears them. "For little Becky from the Virgin Mary; for little Becky from the Virgin Mary; for little Becky from the Virgin M-a-a-a-y."

Now the parson opens the lids of the Book wherein no lie is writ, and, as he reads in sonorous tones of the visit of the angels to the poor shepherds on the first Christmas eve, she hangs on his words as if the story to her were a new one, and wonders as she ponders the tale afresh if the age of miracles has passed forever.

And here I, for one, having my Christmas dinner waiting at home, and my Christmas turkey browning in the oven, am compelled to leave them. If you demand of me to know what kind soul it was that brightened the humble home of the Smiley's, on this Christmas morn, I tell you candidly that I do not know. I might have my guess on the subject, and so may you, or anyone, but as for

knowing, that's a different thing. Little Becky is firmly of the opinion that her new doll, with the staring eyes, came directly from the Virgin Mary, for didn't the paper that was pinned to it's dress say so? For my part, I express no opinion on the subject. There was the shiny-eyed imp—or whatever it was—at the widow's door on the very stroke of midnight, when Christmas day was being ushered in. There, too, was the singular behavior of the Virgin herself just before the child dropped off to sleep on Christmas eve. All these things, to my mind, should be weighed carefully before a conclusion is reached. It is my present intention to report these weighty matters to the Psychological Society, at Boston, and I shall not be surprised if hereafter among the transactions not to be accounted for except upon the theory of supernatural agency should be set down—"The Miracle at Mrs. Smiley's."

WINTER BOUND

By Edward Wilbur Mason

AROUND me, to the far horizon's rim,
The snowdrifts lie in spotless purity.
But all day long I dream of violet dim,
And of anemone.

The million silences forever sing;
The winds of winter lift their organ note.
But all day long I sigh for flame-struck wing,
And for the song-thrilled throat.

All day I see the sunlight on the plain;
I know that winter's patient peace is best.
But my poor heart goes mad for April rain,
And springtide's wild unrest!



MY HOUSE—OR MY BOY—WHICH?

By Anna Huber Kent

S O many times I fret and grow
Discouraged, for it seems each day
That now I've got the house so clean,
It surely clean will stay
Until the morrow. But, alas!
The morrow comes, and with it brings
For me to do, in endless round,
The same old, common, homely things.

I look around each morning; there
Upon the tables and the chairs,
I find cut paper, strings and nails;
Oh me, the same old, humdrum cares!
While whittlings litter up the floors,
And here's a cap, and there's some shoes
To put away. Does it seem strange
That I, sometimes, my temper lose?

I think how nice the house would look,
And how much easier work would be,
If I had nothing out of place,
And everything from dirt was free;
No strings or toys to be picked up,
No misplaced cap, no muddy shoes;
Then life would be a happy dream,
And I would never have the blues.

But when the shades of night are drawn,
My day's work done, I sit me down
To read or write, 'tis then I'm tried;
'Tis then I try to think, and frown
Because of Grandpa and the boy,
Who laugh and chatter, blithe and gay.
Dear me! I wonder who could think?
They drive my every thought away.

But when I think of how I'd feel;
If nevermore should come my boy;
If he should go far, far from me,
Would not my pleasure, all my joy
In life go too? And then I know
That I had rather keep my boy,
With all his litter in the house,
Than all my happiness destroy.

For oh! how desolate the house
Would seem with him afar away.
How quiet always would I be;
How I could think by night and day.
No, no, I would not have it so;
A life like that would be no joy
To me; I'll take the strings and nails,
The misplaced things, and keep my boy.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

WASHING WOOL SHAWLS

By Gertrude C. Whitacre, Alliance, Ohio

Many people having yarn or wool shawls (knit or crocheted) find that they stretch out of shape and present a hopelessly stringy appearance after washing. I have a white and pink shell pattern which has been washed many times, and always looks like new.

Lay your shawl out, perfectly flat, on a piece of cloth sufficiently large to cover it, and baste with heavy thread several times around, until held firmly in place. Cover with another piece of cheese cloth, and baste this enough to hold well in place. Wash in good suds of wool soap, squeezing rather than rubbing; rinse well, pressing out as much water as you can without wringing; hang on line to dry. When properly dry, remove covering, and you will find your shawl in perfect condition—light and fluffy, and not stretched at all.

CURE FOR TOOTHACHE

By M. E. G., Memphis, Tennessee

A cure for toothache is made of equal parts of oil of cloves, laudanum and creosote. This should be used with great care.

A LUSTROUS STOVE POLISH

A pinch of sugar dropped into the stove blacking greatly heightens the lustre.

WHITE KITCHEN FLOORS

A white kitchen floor is obtained only by the use of cold water and common soap. Hot water and washing powders tend to make it yellow.

HOW TO KEEP FURS

By Mrs. E. B., Dayton, Washington

Sprinkle dark furs well with black pepper, wrap up in brown paper, and put away in hat-box, and you can keep for years with no fear of injury from moths. To keep white furs, use white pepper, and when time to use again, hang out and shake out well.

TO RENEW LINEN

By Mrs. R. B. Beckes, Belma, Washington

Linen suits often become badly faded while the fabric is still good and servicable. To renew or freshen to make over for children, fill wash boiler half full of nice, clean hay, boil an hour or more in sufficient water to cover the hay; strain through coarse cloth into jar large enough to entirely submerge the goods. Wash them and put to soak for twenty-four hours. Be sure it is well covered with the tea, (best to weight it down); rinse in cold water and dry in the shade. The result will be a nice shade of green linen. How durable the color is, anyone who has tried to wash grass stains out of cloth will know.

APPLICATION FOR APPENDICITIS

By Mrs. James M. Merrill, Grant, Michigan

Equal parts of water and spirits of turpentine. Heat and apply hot fomentations, until all inflammation is relieved. At the same time take internally, sweet oil in teaspoonful doses at frequent intervals.

GARGLE FOR TONSILITIS

By Janie Brown, Bloomington, Nebraska

Put a few drops of spirits of myrrh in half a glass of water, and gargle the throat often.

FROZEN FEET

Make a poultice of soft soap and corn meal, and bind on feet

REMEDY FOR POISON IVY

If poisoned by poison ivy, paint the affected parts with iodine.

CRANBERRY POULTICES

By Helen Perkins, Canton, Ohio

Cranberry poultices are cooling, and afford speedy relief to those suffering from erysipelas; poultices made from cooked cranberries, applied hot, often relieve cases of inflammation of the bowels.

BOILING CABBAGE

A couple of little red peppers dropped in the kettle with cabbage will keep the odor from going all over the house.

TO CLEAN A CHIMNEY

By Mrs. W. O. Merrill, Sergeantsville, N. J.

To clean a chimney, place a piece of zinc on the live coals in the stove. The vapor produced by the zinc will carry off the soot by chemical decomposition.

EVERLASTING FENCE-POSTS

To make fence-posts durable, take boiled linseed oil and stir into it pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint; put a coat of this over the timber and it will never decay.

RENOVATING BED-CLOTHES

After washing and thoroughly drying bed-quilts and "comfortables," fold and roll them tight, then give them a beating with the rolling pin, to liven up the batting. It will make them soft and new.

NEW USES FOR RUBBER TAPE

By Jennie W. Root, Brandon, Wisconsin

If rubbers tear down at the top, draw the edges together neatly with strong linen thread, using the "ball stitch," then on the inside of rubber apply a strip of adhesive tape large enough to extend well beyond the threads. The inside lids of trunks and suit-cases can be repaired with the tape very successfully by passing an iron, slightly warmed, over the tape while held tightly stretched in the proper position. It makes a "hinge" superior to that usually found on a new trunk.

CLEANSING WATER BOTTLES

By K. Oldfield, Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, Manitoba

A little salt and vinegar mixed together is splendid for cleansing the inside of water bottles, etc.

MOTHS' ENEMY

Equal parts of coal-oil and turpentine mixed together are splendid for painting the inside of wardrobes, cup boards, etc., to keep away the moths.

FRESH LETTUCE

Lettuce will keep for days if washed and wrapped in a dry towel and laid on ice or on a cold cellar floor.

PLUM TARTS IN MID-WINTER

Take good, ripe plums, (they must not be at all bruised) put into gem jars, screw down tops and put into the oven leaving them there till the fruit cracks; take out and fill jars up with boiling water; screw down tops and put away. These will keep for months and are most delicious.

FOR IMPROVING THE NAILS

Rub cold cream on the nails at night; this will soften and improve them.

PREVENTS DISAGREEABLE ODOR

When any liquid boils over on the stove, a little salt sprinkled on, will prevent a disagreeable odor.

TO COOK SWEET APPLES

By Emma F. Dalbow, Pennsgrove, N. J.

If, in cooking sweet apples, one will put a spoonful of vinegar to a small saucepan of fruit, they will cook to pieces as well as sour ones.

REMOVING AXLE-GREASE FROM COTTON

By A. E. B., Joplin, Mo.

Rub a little stale butter on spot, and lay away over night. Rinse out next morning with cold water and any good laundry soap.

KEROSENE AS A CLEANSER

By Mary E. Caldwell, Sandy Hill, New York

If one gets fresh paint on a garment, wet a cloth in kerosene and rub it off. Unless the fabric is very delicate, it will not injure it, and soon evaporate.

If a paint brush gets hard and stuck up with paint or varnish, soak it in kerosene to clean it.

If one gets axle grease or varnish on their hands, which will not wash off, wash them in kerosene, then in hot water and soap.

RAILROAD BREAD

At dinner time save out about a pint of mashed potatoes and enough of the water in which they have been boiled to make about one and one-half quarts. At bed time, add three tablespoonsful of sugar, one compressed yeast cake, or any good yeast; let it be in a warm place over night. It should have more or less white foam on the top if the yeast is good. Add a pinch of soda. Then put in the bread-pan a pint of boiling water, two tablespoonsful of salt, half as much butter or lard. Stir it thick with flour; now add the potato water, and more flour, mixing it hard. When light, put into tins, and bake when the loaves have about doubled in size. This will make four large loaves, which should be done for dinner. Very easy and good.

TONIC FOR THIN PEOPLE

By Mrs. K. S., Leavings, Alta, Canada

A teaspoonful of olive oil is an excellent tonic for thin people. It is very good for a sallow complexion, as it acts directly on the liver. Taken for costiveness, it is very good, as it acts on the bowels without producing any griping pains.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM TABLE LINEN

By Fannie Blodgett, Ripon, Wisconsin

Dissolve five cents' worth of oxalic acid in a pint of water; also dissolve five cents' worth of chloride of lime in a pint of water. When the tablecloths or napkins are washed ready for the boiler, dip the stained parts in the solution—first the chloride of lime and then the oxalic acid; then boil and finish as usual. Years of experience have proved the recipe infallible.

ONIONS IN DIPHTHERIA CASES

By Mrs. C. A. Sires, Iowa Falls, Iowa

A pan of sliced raw onions, placed in a room where there is diphtheria, will absorb the poison and prevent the disease from spreading. The onions should be buried every morning and fresh ones cut up.

TO REMOVE STAINS

First rub tar stains with a few drops of salad oil. They can then be completely removed by the application of benzine.

Cold rain-water and soap will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

TO KEEP MEAT FRESH

Fresh meat beginning to sour will sweeten if placed out of doors over night.

TO SOFTEN BOOTS AND SHOES

Kerosene will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water, and will render them as pliable as new.

TO CURE A COLD

By Mrs. J. N. Wilson, Lower Lake, California

Put one ounce of camphor gum in a half pint of good whiskey and inhale the fumes often; also sniff it up the nostrils. I have known it to break up a cold, if used in time.

KEEPS THE HAIR FROM FALLING

To stop the hair from falling out and to cure dandruff, put a tablespoonful of flour of sulphur in a quart bottle, and fill the bottle with rain water; let stand until the sulphur settles to the bottom of bottle, then use the water to wash the scalp two or three times a week. You can wet the tips of your fingers and rub the scalp, and not wet your hair, if you do not wish to. There will be no odor of sulphur, as it seems to be deodorized when it settles.

CLEANS KNIFE HANDLES

Do you all know that a half a lemon dipped in salt and rubbed over the discolored white handles of knives will make them white like new ones?

NEW BATHING HINT

Do you know that bathing in water made strong with bicarbonate of soda will prevent any odor of perspiration and help to cure rheumatism?

TO LAUNDER LACE CURTAINS QUICKLY

To launder lace curtains quickly, and easier than pinning them to the carpet, wash and starch rather stiff, then pin them on the clothes line by each scallop in one edge, full length; stretch and smooth out nicely and leave them to dry, and when dry lay a damp cloth on the scallops that were pinned on the line and press them smooth. That will be all the ironing they will need, and the curtains will be crisp and look like new ones.

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL PEPPER

Do you know that the "coral gem bouquet pepper" makes a beautiful little pot plant for the house in winter, and the peppers are good to season anything in which you would use common ground pepper.

CLEANING SILVER QUICKLY

By Irena Y. Edwards, Harris, Colorado

To save much labor in cleaning silverware, stir whitening in alcohol to the consistency of cream; put on with a woolen cloth; when dry rub off, and the silver is cleaned, unless very black, when a second application may be necessary.

TO REDUCE A FEVER

By Mrs. J. F. Currier, Orienta, Wisconsin

Nothing is better to reduce a fever than hot sage tea with a few drops of spirits of nitre in it. The dose of nitre varies from three drops for an infant to a teaspoonful for an adult.

TO KEEP YOUR GRANITE WARE CLEAN

In a hurry, sometimes you would like to put your nice granite ware pan over the fire, but you don't like to blacken it. If you just rub the bottom first with lard, you will be surprised how easily the black will wash off.

TO CLEAN WHITE FURS

By Neeta A. Johnson, E. Eddington, Maine

Buy ten cents' worth of plaster of Paris, and with the hands rub into the fur until every part is reached; then hang on a line and beat gently (I use a rattan beater), until the powder is all out. Repeat the process, using corn-starch instead of plaster of Paris, and you will find your furs are white and fluffy as when first bought. The work should be done, if possible, in the open air.

SHEARS USEFUL IN THE KITCHEN

A Subscriber, Guysboro, Nova Scotia

Have a pair of shears in your kitchen, or better yet, what we use ourselves, narrow-bladed barbers' scissors, (which cut anything, from a piece of thread to tin and zinc) and find out by experience how much better they are than the generally dull knife for neat service, in cutting into shape any kind of meat or pork for frying.

Especially useful are the scissors when preparing fish for cooking, as they cut through the tough skins of either salmon, haddock, codfish, pollock or mackerel, or any frying fish, so very easily and to whatever shape or size desired.

WORTH TRYING

By D. D. Smith, Yorkshire, New York

When you put your bread to rise on a cold night, try placing your dish on a warm soapstone.

Put horse-radish through a meat-cutter, instead of grating it.

When eggs are scarce, put a dessert-spoonful of corn-starch for every egg in your rice pudding.

Try putting a teaspoonful of baking powder in your buckwheat batter.

In baking juicy pies, put a teaspoonful of tapioca in each pie. It prevents juice from running out.

To open a fruit-can, try placing a warm flatiron on the cover for a few minutes.

When scraping fish, hold it under water, to prevent scales from flying.

When cleansing rice, wash it twice in warm water; it is said to be more effective in removing starch than several washings in cold water.

In frying doughnuts, drop a few slices of peeled Irish potatoes in the fat. It will prevent the cakes from absorbing too much grease.

Try alcohol to remove grass stains.

FOR TIRED FEET

By Rev. F. B. Nelson, Wheelock, Vermont

Persons afflicted with tired, painful feet, will find relief by frequently changing from one kind of shoes to another.

ABOUT THE SINK

By Mrs. H. E. Firth, Spokane, Washington

Should the lead pipe become clogged, take a piece of hose about two and one-half feet long, with a coupler on one end, and couple onto faucet. Insert the other end in pipe (after removing strainer), hold down firmly, turn water on full force, and you will find it does its work well, removing the obstacle.

MAKES TOUGH STEAK TENDER

Should you have a piece of tough steak, try this method of making it palatable: Pound well, dip in vinegar quickly and fry in very hot butter at once. You will have tender meat.

WASHING WOOLEN UNDERWEAR

Before washing, turn wrong side out, hang on line out of doors, whisk thoroughly and leave out to air. You will be surprised how much nicer they wash and press.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

By Ida P. Messick, Belle Plaine, Kansas

Gasoline is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. Rub the afflicted parts thoroughly with the gasoline, taking care not to be near a fire or a lighted lamp.

HOT WATER FOR BRUISES

Bathe all wounds, bruises, cuts, etc., in hot water to prevent discoloration.

CURES STOMACH TROUBLE

A cup of hot water taken before each meal and on going to bed, is a sure cure for constipation and chronic stomach trouble, if persistently taken. I cured myself of stomach trouble of twenty years standing.

TOO MUCH SALT

If in cooking one gets the food too salty, add a teaspoonful of sugar. The sugar counteracts the taste of the salt.

WASHING WOODWORK

To make the washing of windows and woodwork easy, take a pailful of tepid water, put into it a tablespoonful of kerosene; wash thoroughly with a cloth wrung partially dry; then rub with newspapers until bright and shining. In wiping off furniture, wring the cloth out as dry as possible, wipe off all dust, and then take a soft, dry cloth and rub hard and dry. One does not need furniture polish.

FOR CAR-SICKNESS

For sickness caused by traveling in the cars, take a sheet of writing paper and place on the chest next to the body.

TO STOP HICCUGHS

By Harry M. Rouzer, Montgomery County, O.

No matter how severe or how long the spasm or hiccough, by eating freely of ice cream you will have no difficulty in stopping it very soon.

TO PREVENT INK FROM BLOTTING

To prevent ink from blotting or running, after erasing mistake, or scratching out with knife, scrape over the spot a small quantity of rosin and rub over and in well, with a clean handkerchief on end of finger. Then place over spot a smooth piece of paper, and having removed the rosin, rub hard with some smooth article. You may then insert the desired word with ink without fear of blotting.